

LAST WEEK.

THE BLOOD RECKONING.

FOUQUIER TINVILLE used to amuse his leisure by the training of canaries. Robespierre liked to have a bouquet of flowers upon his table, which served as a paper-weight to the Reports of the Committee of Public Safety. Mr. Thomas Hopley, F.S.S., who flogged the wretched boy, Cancellor, to death the other day, at Eastbourne, because water on the brain drowned his power of learning the four first rules of arithmetic, was a great philanthropist—a professional lover of his species—a man with what they call a mission. Last year, whilst the skipping-rope was hanging up in his study, and he was taking pleasant sea-side walks up to Beechey Head, with the walking-stick in his hand with which he afterwards killed poor Cancellor, he was engaged in hitching together fine words which were to put all our social sixes and sevens to rights.

The world was out of joint. Oh! cursed spite
That ever he was born to put it right!

Hopley, the Humanitarian, gave his little book the title of

"WRONGS WHICH CRY FOR REDRESS."

The word "wrong," in the original, is printed in capital letters so big, that you would almost fancy the fellow was about to bring the strong points of a new-fangled coffee-beggin under your notice. He writes for the "Men and Women" of the United Kingdom! He says nothing about the children. He had another way of leading them to correct opinions upon "solemnly momentous questions"—such as Practice, and Vulgar Fractions. He announces himself to his readers as

"Thomas Hopley, F.S.S., Author of 'Helps towards the Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Elevation of all Classes of Society,' 'Lectures on the Education of Man,' etc."

The "etc." perhaps points to his doings in the way of manslaughter—occasion arising. T. H. in his title-page scorns the old-fashioned plan of borrowing a motto from any of the great worthies of our book-shelves. He boldly quotes himself, and hoists as his flag a little dirty rag of nonsense from his own Lecture iii., page 36. The rag is all covered with slang; the kind of slang which people talk when they set up in the philanthropy line, just as more honest men open a ham and beef shop. Hopley tells us that "the true educationist is the bigot of no political party, of no class section." When a man keeps a school, he might know that there is no such word in English as "educationist." It is not so bad to murder your own language as to kill little boys; but still it is best to write English, even if you flog your scholars to death. The true "educationist" of the Hopley school must be a very fine fellow. The Chief Justice who set Hopley to work the other day amongst our penal serfs couldn't hold a candle to him. The fight of the "educationist" is "against cold-heartedness, wherever it exists. His struggle is against the selfishness of the world. . . . He casts his eyes around, and whenever he beholds any infringement of the Creator's laws—those laws which are ordained to regulate the con-

duct of the human family—whether the infringement be the deed of the wealthy, or the indigent, of the many or the few—"How one feels that the lecturer has got into his stroke; he is full of what is called "second-wind," and could go on mumbling this stuff for hours. Well, "the many or the few—whether it affect the mental constitution by acting on the body, or bodily constitution, by acting on the mind; he knows that such infringement must lessen human happiness, and he feels it his duty to lift up his voice and say. 'These things are contrary to the laws of God.'" Well done, Thomas Hopley, few of us could go off at score in such style as that; the world is not good enough for men like you. How small a poor fellow would have felt now if he had gone down to Eastbourne and taken a walk with the F.S.S. upon the edge of the cliff, and listened to him humming away at his philanthropy like a tea-kettle on the hob. How pleasant it must be for such a man to sit before his own fire of an evening, and groan over the wickedness of his fellow-men, until the time comes for ringing the bell, and saying to Alice Deacon—"Alice, my dear, tell Master Cancellor that I should wish to have the pleasure of speaking with him in the library!" It may be that the "educationist who is the bigot of no class section" would then proceed to lessen the sum of human happiness in a way which would make common people open their eyes pretty wide.

The little book is filled with the grievances of oppressed milliners and dress-makers, hard-ware manufacturers, and others. It is very true these poor folks have too often a hard time of it; but Thomas Hopley and his kind will scarcely mend matters for them. However, it is a pity the lawyers who were handling his case down at Lewes the other day, did not know what his own ideas were about murderers and murder. At page 15 of "Wrongs which cry for Redress," there are these words:—"Fathers and mothers of England, you have no right to place your children, or to consent to their being placed at any occupations whatever which you know must prove destructive to them. Let your country's laws say what they may—*permit* what they may, the laws of God instruct that if you do so place them, or consent to their being so placed, you rank yourselves with murderers." What happens when a schoolmaster flogs a boy to death, and takes two or three hours about the work? One scrap more from the "Wrongs, &c." and we will just bring Hopley's acts and his words together. He had been very busy scolding the bleaching and scouring people, up one page and down another for over-working the poor children. It is strange, now we know the man for what he is, to see the way in which he gloats over the sores and sorrows of these little folks; but bad as things may be, I, for one, should have been sorry to have been a child in Mr. T. Hopley's "Bleaching, Scouring, and Finishing Works for Cottons, Woollens, &c." if he had gone into that line of business. However, when he has told us all about the sore-feet, and the other pains and aches of the poor creatures—this humane school-master bursts out in fiery indignation with these words:—

Think of all this, ye apathetic legislators. And think of this livid and wan child, ye cruel men of mammon. Her little hands can ply her task no more. "The spoil is in your houses." Oh! but how dare you heap up sin on sin? How dare you with such spoil establish schools? What! you give Bibles to the working classes! you erect churches! Oh, ye poor blind guides! Alas for you, ye poor blind money-changers! And can ye not then see yourselves of those for whom the Saviour made the scourge of cords to drive you from the presence of his holiness? Repent ye: repent ye. Heap no more burning coals upon your heads. Your churches may stand, your schools may flourish; for even Herod when he slew the innocents, helped on Christ's kingdom; but "I say unto you that except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom." Oh think of it: oh think of it. Heap no more burning coals upon your heads. "Whoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Think of it—think of it, ye worshippers of mammon. "What can it profit you if you gain the whole world, and lose your own souls?"

And now just a word or two about the case itself.

It seems pretty clear by the evidence of the nurse, Ellen Fowler, and the housemaid, Alice Deacon, that the beating must have continued about three hours. Young Cancellor died hard. Think of this poor stupid fellow, with the water pressing so heavily upon his brain, that for the life of him he couldn't make out what happened when seven and nine were multiplied together,—and how he was punished because he couldn't find out. The lawyers say that they could not have pressed the capital charge against Hopley with any reasonable hope of a verdict; but if by the law of England intentions are inferred from acts—and if it is proved that a man continued beating a boy for three hours, and death followed, it looks a good deal like murder. If the school-master had simply given the boy a good thrashing, and there an end, and the boy had died, there would have been less to say. As a reasonable being, he was not bound to know that he was putting the boy in peril of his life. It is another thing when the torture is kept up for three hours. What would the doctors say, if they were asked the question, "Take any boy at random, of young Cancellor's age, and thrash him for three hours, as young Cancellor was thrashed, and what would be the probable—almost the inevitable result?" What a tight hand the brute must have kept over his household. Here were three women—Mrs. Hopley; the nursemaid, Ellen Fowler; and the housemaid, Alice Deacon—who all heard the child's screams whilst the Philanthropist was knocking him about with the walking-stick and skipping-rope, and yet none of them dared to come to his help. The nurse slept in the next room to Cancellor; and here is her account of what went on after the boy had been dragged up to his bedroom; this was after midnight. "I had a clock in the room, and I got out and looked at it. The boy kept screaming and crying while he was being beaten; but all of a sudden there was a complete stillness in the room, and about ten minutes after-

wards I heard a slushing of water, and then some person went upstairs." This was the murderer, who had done his work; young Cancellor was killed before he had found out the value of seven times nine. No blame is to be fastened on the wife because she helped to wash away the marks of her husband's bloody work; but one wonders how a woman could sit up "doing her hair," or reading a good book, whilst the house was ringing in the still hour of night with the screams of the poor boy in his death-agony. The wretch has got four years of penal servitude before him—a sharp punishment, but scarcely sharp enough for the offence.

It is not worth while to dwell on any cases tried at the recent Assizes which are not in some way to be distinguished from common murders. But surely the case of that unfortunate gentleman who was put in the dock the other day at Lewes for having given a dose of prussic acid to his mother deserves more than passing notice. It appeared very clearly by the evidence produced that he was entirely guiltless, and that he was living on the most affectionate terms with his mother. He had been trained to the profession of medicine, and had prescribed small doses of prussic acid for her, as she was afflicted with spasms in the stomach. On the 11th of July he gave her a dose of the acid, which relieved her sufferings. She went out for a walk; and, on her return, as she was still in pain, he gave her a second dose. In five minutes she was dead, killed by prussic acid. There are two degrees of strength at which prussic acid is sold; and if your doctor orders you one kind, and the chemist's boy serves you out the other, the Lord have mercy on you! In two or three minutes you will have done with this troublesome world. "Great amusement was created in court"—that is the usual phrase—on account of the answers of the apothecary who sold the prussic acid. He did not measure it, but gave what he considered to be one-fourth part of the bottle. He seemed to have the haziest ideas as to the difference between a drop and a minim; he couldn't tell what was the strength of the acid which he had sold, although at a venture he would be inclined to say about four per cent.; a pleasant condition this of the prussic acid market! A patient would not do ill if he told his doctor that he altogether declined to put his life to the hazard of such a game of pitch-and-toss.

Although the case does not fall strictly within the compass of last week's work, it may not be amiss to say a few words about the Child in the Well. On the 12th of the present month, Ann Barker, a servant, was tried before Justice Byles, at Oxford, for having thrown her child into a well. At a place called Berrin's Wood, in the parish of Ipsden, near Henley, there is an old well—it is now dry—cut in the chalk. It is supposed to be the handiwork of the Romans, and is by measurement 134 feet in depth—and of the uniform diameter of three feet three inches. It is such an outlying curiosity that few people ever go near the spot from year's end to year's end. Into this hole Ann Barker dropped her child, and fled from the spot. You would have supposed there was an end of that child as far as

this world went. Two days afterwards a blacksmith's apprentice, a stranger in the neighbourhood, happened to be at Berrin's Wood. He met a man named Grace, who was going home from his work, and the two fell a-talking. Grace said there was a queer old well not far off in the wood, and as the young blacksmith had not any particular business on hand, he answered that he should like to see the place, if the other would show him the way. Most probably, for months, no one—save Ann Barker—had been near the spot. When they got to the well the blacksmith threw a large stone of about two pounds or three pounds weight down the well, and they heard it strike the bottom. Grace next tried his luck, and threw down a smaller stone; but this time, instead of the expected "thud," they heard, or fancied they heard, a child's cry from the bottom of the well. The two men acted with great judgment. In place of flinging any more stones they knelt down, and listened, and soon satisfied themselves that it was not a mistake; there really was a living child lying down at the bottom of that old Roman hole. They went for ropes, and first tried to let a lantern down, but it knocked against the side of the wall, and went out. At length they succeeded in rigging up the proper machinery, and a boy of fourteen years of age was let down by ropes to the bottom of the well, and when drawn up again he produced a child, which, as it was afterwards discovered, had been lying there for about forty hours. The child was thirteen months old. Though cold, and stiff, and sore, it soon revived. Grace took it home, and his wife gave it a few teaspoonfuls of wine and water, and then, more judiciously, bread and milk. The child was afterwards taken to the workhouse, and is now thriving and doing well. Neither starvation nor exposure, nor the big stone, nor the port wine, had killed it; and, as it was produced in court, it is described as "a fat, healthy, and handsome child." Here is a scrap from the report: "The prisoner, during her trial, fell down from her seat in the dock, and was unable to cast a look at her infant, who sat smiling in his nurse's arms, unconscious of his mother's shame." Her account was that she had stumbled against the stump of a tree, and the child had flown out of her arms, and so into the well. She was found "Guilty," as of right.

The mysterious case of child murder at Road is veiled in deeper mystery than ever. On Friday last there was a protracted investigation before the magistrates at Road into the charge against Miss Constance Kent, the half-sister of the murdered boy. It will be remembered that the main ground of suspicion against this young lady rested upon the disappearance of a night-dress, which was supposed to be the one she had worn on the night of the murder. This point now rests as follows: Sarah Cox, the housemaid in the service of Mr. Kent, deposed, that on the Monday morning after the murder she found a night-dress on the landing, in the place where Miss Constance Kent's night-dress was usually thrown. This she took, and counted the linen. As she counted the articles the Misses Kent entered the numbers in the washing-book. The night-dress which was lying on the

landing was thrown into the basket with the rest. There were three night-dresses in the basket, none of which belonged to Miss Elizabeth Kent. This was between ten and eleven. The laundress came for the clothes between twelve and one. The basket was left in the lumber-room, and the room was unlocked. Miss Constance came to the door of the lumber-room after the clothes were in the basket; and, whilst standing on the landing-place, asked the nurse to step down stairs and get her a glass of water. The girl was not absent a minute, and when she returned found Miss Constance standing in the same place. There certainly does not seem to have been time in this brief interval for any one to pull a particular article out of the heap of dirty linen; but, at the same time, it must be remembered that the basket was left in the unlocked lumber-room for more than an hour, during which time Sarah Cox was absent at the inquest, while the family were left in the house. The housemaid was very positive that she put three night-dresses in the basket, one of which belonged to Miss Constance. Miss Constance's night-dresses were easily distinguishable from the other Miss Kent's, as they had plain frills, while the others had lace and work. On the other hand, Esther Hobbs, the laundress, swore that she and her daughter examined the basket within five minutes of their arrival at their own house, and that there was a difference between the account and the articles of one night-dress—missing. She sent to the house on discovering its absence, but whether she sent immediately, or the same evening, or the day after, is not clearly stated. There is an ambiguity in the report which there may not have been in the evidence. But she was positive that her three daughters were present when she examined the clothes that she brought from Mr. Kent's, and all three might have been called if there had been hope of shaking their mother's testimony. The amount of the housemaid's evidence was this: "I am certain I put the night-dress of Miss Constance into the basket, but I can't swear it went out of the house, because I was not in the house at the time."

There the matter rests for the present. There were no grounds for detaining the prisoner, and she was discharged on her father's entering into recognizances of 200*l.* for her appearance if called upon.

THE LAST CRUSADERS.

QUEEN VICTORIA and Louis Napoleon are now about to play over again the parts acted in former days by Richard the Lion-Hearted, and Louis the Saint. England and France must needs attack the Moslem in Palestine once more, just as they did five or six centuries ago. We cannot help ourselves. All "political and diplomatic considerations," as they are called, must yield to the overwhelming necessity of saving the lives of those who are attacked, because they profess the Christian Faith in one form or another. If you see these men in turbans in the act of murdering a man with a round hat, and you have a revolver in your pocket, you do not stop to ask yourself what the effect of your interference will be on the minds of the political chess-players at Washington or

St. Petersburg,—but you blaze away. The illustration is a fair one as far as the district of Mount Lebanon and its neighbourhood are concerned at the present moment. There may have been mistakes, and suspicions upon one side or the other; but the fact remains that, ever since the Crimean War, there has been a deliberate intention upon the side of the followers of Mahommed to attack the followers of Christ wherever they have, or think they have, the upper hand. The mutiny in India, and the atrocities at Djedda, were but scenes in this bloody play, and we have not yet arrived at the fifth act. The government of the Sultan is one thing, the Mahommedan population of the Levant, and of the East generally, another. The Sultan and his advisers have not the strength, if they have the desire, to restrain the fierce fanatics of their creed from deeds of violence. It is stated that the Porte will decline the intervention of the European powers; but intervention must proceed, whether the Porte acquiesces or no. We have no choice in the matter—we must needs act, even if the end of our action be the destruction of the Phantom which occupies the throne of the companions of the Prophet and their successors. The present troubles in the Lebanon nominally began in the first days of May with assassinations and reprisals between the Christians and Druses as reported to Sir H. Bulwer by Consul-General Moore on the 18th of that month; but in reality these were but incidents in the last struggle of Mahommedanism against Christianity, and the struggle must be fought out. This generation will live to see the expulsion of the Turks from Constantinople, whatever may be the form of government which may arise on the ruins of their power. Meanwhile, who can read without indignation the report of the Tragedy of Hasbeyah, and of the treachery of Osman Bey, the Turkish Kaimakam? After they had been worsted in their conflict with the Druses, Osman Bey told the Christians to give up their arms, and he "would make it a high point of duty to protect them." They did so in reliance upon his promise, and he ordered them to retire within the Serai. On the eighth day, the Druse sheiks came and had a conference with Osman Bey. When it was over, he ordered the Turkish troops to collect the tents and stores in a place by themselves. When this was done, the soldiers gathered the Christians together and drove them out into an open space before the Serai, where the Druses were waiting for them. Then there was a slaughter, by the side of which the Cawnpore Massacre fades into insignificance. First there was a volley from the fire-arms, and the work was finished up with cold steel. The number of the slain is reckoned at about eight hundred. Throughout the whole district these bloody scenes have been repeated, and now the wretched Christians of Damascus have suffered the same fate. Can any miserable jealousies between France and England stand in the way of retribution for such acts as these? Let us not deceive ourselves. Diplomatic people talk of "putting pressure"—that is the phrase—upon the Sultan, and compelling him to do the work which must now be done. He cannot do it if he would.

Khoorshied Pasha's comment upon the whole affair represents the true failing of the Turks. "*Mâda ma mâda*." "What is done is done." It is so: the past cannot be recalled, but the future is the heir-loom of energetic men.

GARIBALDI.

Why should not the Italians be permitted to take their own way in their own country? The Russian Emperor announces that he distinctly objects to the principle that the people of a country may choose their own ruler. Be it so. The objection smacks of the North Pole, and will scarcely be held as of much weight in regions where the intellect of the human race stands at a little above 32° of Fahrenheit. We Englishmen find no fault with the principle. Our forefathers upon more than one occasion acted on it, although it is true that in 1688 the appearance of Dutch William on the scene enabled them to reconcile traditions with realities to a certain extent. If the French Emperor disputes it, he must in conscience make way for the Duke of Bordeaux. As a question of policy, and looking to the future destinies of the tribes and nations which live about the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean, the resurrection of Italian power would seem to be a great thing for the world. At present the knot cannot be untied. Constantinople is a bone of contention, and England, France, and Russia are growling round it like three angry dogs. Possibly, the re-appearance on the scene of a Power which was supreme in the Mediterranean in former days might help us to a solution of the enigma. The interest of England in the matter is but to secure a free thoroughfare to India. We cannot afford to let Russia or France stop the way. The one is dreaming of Asiatic conquests, the other never pauses in its design of converting the Mediterranean into a French lake. The Italian peninsula, could it be purged of its priests and Austrian Satraps, would be an efficient make-weight amongst these opposing forces. Garibaldi is the man who is just now doing the work of the human race, whoever may be doing the work of the diplomatists and politicians. He is at a critical period of his fortunes. Most probably the citadel of Messina is to be taken from Naples. All reports from Naples seem to imply that the Royal power is but as a dead leaf in autumn, blown hither and thither in the swirls and eddies which come before the storm breaks. Count Cavour thinks that it is best to make sure of Sicily, and leave the young Bourbon tiger-cub to another spell of power on the mainland. The people of Naples have had such bitter experience of how others of his race visit upon their people the crime of belief in Royal promises, that it is scarcely probable they will try the experiment a fourth time. It is not a question in which England ought to interfere, or to tolerate the interference of others. We had long since broken off diplomatic intercourse with Naples on the ground that the conduct of the late King of Naples to his subjects was a scandal to humanity. The cruelties of the son equal, if they do not exceed the cruelties of the father. If we would not help a people against their King, why should we help a King against his people?

LAST WEEK.

RAG FAIR.

RAG FAIR is a power in the State just now. Never mind the people who go about clothed in purple and fine linen. Rags are your only wear. The beggars throughout the British Islands had best look to themselves, for the eyes of the paper-makers are upon them. They believe that unless they can procure rags in plenty they must throw their mill machinery out of gear, and try their luck in some other kind of trade. Now, we should not smile at the sorrows of rich men when they employ their riches in a gainful way to the country and to themselves. If a manufacturer in any branch of industry can make money breed by setting a thousand pairs of arms to work, so much the better for himself, and for all. The big paper-makers have killed the small paper-makers, because, as the trade advanced, it was found that the machine helped man, more than man helped the machine. And yet there are more hands employed in the making of paper now—even relatively to supply—than in the days of the small-mill men. It is just the old story of the spinning-jenny and the threshing-machine told over again with other names. Skill and capital were brought to bear upon the trade. The small men were thrust off the path, and the capitalist and the engineer came in; and had it all their own way. There is no use in whining over this. The human race can't afford to make a bad debt here; and to pay a double price for an article there for the profit of a few. We have put off our mourning for the small paper mill owners, and we shall not spend another farthing upon crape, even though the owners of large mills are in a scrape, which, after all, perhaps, is more one in appearance than in reality.

We all remember how it was said, in 1845-46, that the British farmer was ruined because he was exposed to the rivalry of the corn-grower in the United States and the vast plains of southern Russia. It was proved to us, as plain as figures could prove it, by Lord George Bentinck and others, that the English soil must fall out of cultivation when the British farmer was involved in this unequal contest. Is not the British farmer a more thriving man than ever, now that fifteen years have flown by, and he has tried conclusions fairly with his foreign rivals? The corn-growers of Tamboff have not answered Lord Derby's expectations. The same dismal prophecy was uttered by the workers in glass, and their friends, when the late Sir Robert Peel set the glass-trade free. Who would not be glad, at the present moment, to have an interest in a glass-factory of good repute? Now the turn of the paper-makers has come. They say that if they are exposed to the competition of the foreign paper-maker, under equal fiscal conditions,—that is to say, when there is equilibrium between the excise and custom duties—they must infallibly be ruined. This terrible result, as they say, depends upon the fact that the foreign paper-maker has access to a larger rag-market than themselves, and although he is perfectly willing to supply us with the manufactured article, he altogether declines to let us

have his rags, save they be weighted with an export duty which will place them beyond the reach of the British paper-makers altogether. In other words, there is cheaper paper to be had on the continent of Europe than here. If so—why are we, the public, not to have the benefit of this cheapness? As long as it was a question of revenue, there was not a word to be said. Mr. Gladstone was scarcely justified in throwing away 1,500,000*l.* of revenue at a time when there is such a heavy gunpowder bill falling due. However much the consumers of paper might desire to have the article at the cheapest possible rate, they felt that the time was not well chosen for tampering with the public finances, even though any change proposed might in the end work for good. This, however, was not the view of our patriotic paper-makers. So the Chancellor of the Exchequer had given them a penny protective duty to keep out the foreign article, they would have been quite content to see the excise duty leviable upon home-made paper knocked on the head. We should not in that case have heard much of the sweet minstrelsy of that Dying Swan, Mr. Thomas Wrigley, nor of the unsuccessful experiments of the Taverham Mills. The simple fact is this, the manufacture of paper is one of the few monopolies left in the country. It is in the hands of a few capitalists who have destroyed or bought up their smaller rivals. At considerable expense, but with enormous advantage to themselves, they have erected machinery which is admirably adapted for tearing rags into pieces and reducing them into pulp, but which could not be brought to deal with any other materials. Of course they don't like a change—why should they? The udders of the milch cow were in their own hands; why should they let in the foreign milkmaid to share their easy profits? Can any one say what argument can in fairness be urged in favour of the British paper-maker which has not been urged a hundred times over in favour of the British farmer, the British ship-owner, the British glass-blower, or the British monopolist of any denomination! We are just dealing over again with the ghosts of the old fallacies which, as we all supposed, were laid for ever in 1845-46, and were consigned to the Limbo of nonsense for ever.

This is sad stuff they are talking about the raw material. Is a rag raw material? Sow it in the earth, and see if other rags will spring up. Or is it raw material in the sense that iron and wool are raw materials? It is nothing of the kind, but the mere refuse of manufactured articles past service. There is such an abundance of this refuse even in our own country, that it is largely exported to the United States. The price of rags, no doubt, is thus raised in England. So much the better for the rag-merchant; so much the worse for the paper-maker; above all, in the long run, so much the worse for the consumer. Are we therefore, out of regard to those gentlemen, who are no doubt making a good thing of it, to be compelled to purchase our paper of the maker who only has access to the dearest rag-market? We cannot compel foreign nations to take the duty off rags. But if this Treaty with France had never been heard of,

it would have been equally right to set the trade in paper free. As far as the revenue is concerned, it is a matter of perfect indifference to the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he receive the money under the head of Customs or of Excise. There may possibly have been a certain amount of blundering in the negotiation. Had Mr. Cobden held out a little longer, and played off the French Rag-merchant against the French Paper-maker, he might have made better terms for the British paper-maker. Even so, are the public to be sacrificed because Mr. Cobden might have let him down a little more easily? If it can be proved that the revenue of the country is not damaged to the extent of one farthing by the proposed change, why should we not be allowed to buy our paper where it may be had cheapest?

Again, we say the British paper-makers tell us they must infallibly be ruined if they are brought into competition with the foreigner, because the foreigner has access to the better rag-market—and because paper cannot be made out of any other material than rags—that is, so that the trade shall be remunerative. Now, is this so? They say that “any raw material possessing the quality of fibre requisite for the manufacture of good paper would be available also for the manufacture of those articles out of which good paper is now made, and the latter as a matter of course would be the more profitable application of the two.” Now, it is clear enough that a substance may possess so much toughness of fibre that it may be converted into excellent paper, and yet it might not be strong enough for other purposes, as for the making of ropes and cordage. At the present moment there is a weekly journal of enormous circulation published in this town which is *printed on straw*. Captain Sherard Osborn, in his interesting little work called “A Cruise in Japanese Waters,” tells us that in Japan paper enters far more largely into the uses of ordinary life than among ourselves. The Japanese build houses out of paper; they make carriages out of paper; they use their shavings of paper for tying up parcels as we use twine, and the paper stands the strain. There can be no doubt that you could hang a man with a strip of Japanese paper. Would the British paper-maker consent to rest his case upon the result of this ordeal? Let the trade choose a champion, and let Mr. Gladstone suspend that champion—pinioned of course—by a strip of Japanese paper to a lamp-post in Palace Yard, and leave him standing on a stool two feet above the ground, with the power of kicking away the stool if he chooses. If the rope breaks then the manufacturer is right, and we must yield to the point of the argument. If it holds he is wrong, and there is an end of his mistake and his misery. It seems clear that other materials than flax enter into the composition of Japanese paper; indeed, it is doubtful if it be made of flax at all. Upon examination here the conclusion seems to be possible that hair or wool, or some other such animal substance, is employed; but this statement is given rather as curious than material to the immediate argument. We are told that there is plenty of fibre in the short furze for paper-making purposes,

—still more in the common broom,—in the bine or stem of the hop—in the thin leaves which protect the ear of the Indian corn. Then there is the wool of the silk-cotton trees of tropical America—the refuse fibre of sugar-cane mills—and the bad short cotton of India. These articles are enumerated by a writer in the “Gardener’s Chronicle” of March last, together with “wood-shavings, the fragments of the basket-makers, the worthless thinnings of coppice woods, weeds, the valueless pulp of beet-sugar works, old mats, damaged hay, worn-out gunney-bags, all sorts of coarse grapes; to say nothing of straw.” In addition to the substances enumerated we have before us all the chances of tropical vegetation. Rags have hitherto been the substance chiefly—nay, almost exclusively employed by the British paper-maker; but it is notorious that a large fortune was made by a gentleman at the time connected with the trade of Manchester, who had the good sense to go round to the various mills, and offer the proprietors a certain sum for the cotton refuse, which was thrown off by their machinery, and which they had been in the habit of regarding as a mere nuisance. All that is wanted is a good pulp containing a short, and not necessarily a tough fibre. It is really quite immaterial whether this is made out of rags, or whether it is a broth of mahogany trees.

The British paper-makers, just because they have not been exposed to the free air of competition, have been taking this matter easily, and have been content to jog on in the old senseless way to the detriment of the public. Sleepy Hollow has proved an El Dorado to them, and they are not very pleased with any one who gives them a rough shake, and bids them look to themselves. Their machinery is only adapted to the reduction of rags into pulp; if they should be now called upon to deal with other substances, they must invest,—nay, risk capital upon the purchase of fresh machinery. They have been enjoying all the ease and mental tranquillity of carrying on a close business. They should now confront the rivalry of the whole country and the whole world, and come off victors in the contest, or quietly retire out of sight. Let no man look his fellows in the face, and assert that the ingenuity and energy of England are not equal to carrying on a brisk business in paper, even if the continent of Europe works up all its old rags. The inevitable result will be, either that this rag-fear will turn out a mere panic, or that before many months have passed away we shall have discovered various materials, which will make us independent of the rag-merchant altogether. It is a farce to speak of rags as worthless; they are just worth the labour which has been spent upon collecting them, which is considerable, and we shall probably do better than rags. At any rate, there is no reason why England should continue to buy paper in the dearest market for the benefit of the British paper-makers; to make no mention of the fact that the supply is so defective under existing arrangements that it is not without difficulty the quantity necessary for trade purposes can be procured.

THE IMPERIAL LETTER.

COBBETT, in his English Grammar, takes King's speeches as models of bad English. After laying down rules for writing or speaking English, he shows his pupils by the force of examples how they may be kept, how they may be violated. Royal speeches furnish him with a plentiful crop of blunders. "This is what his Majesty said," "This is what his Majesty meant to say," is the burden of this rough grammarian's song. Louis Napoleon's letter to M. de Persigny is not stuffed with errors of this kind. It is written in remarkably good French, almost as good as the French of M. Thiers or George Sand. It is not interlarded with phrases such as "*The inexorable logic of facts*," "*France under the influence of a generous idea*," and so forth. The Emperor's meaning is clear enough; and what a meaning as far as the French people are concerned! He writes as though France were his own in fee-simple. Louis XIV. would have found a few graceful phrases to humour the self-love of his subjects. Louis Napoleon has not one. It is all "what I intend," "what I do not intend," "my armies," "my fleets." The egotism of Louis Napoleon is the egotism of a Virginian planter rather than the self-assertion of a nation's chief. In this familiar letter he has thrown off the mask altogether, and whether he lets us into the secret of his true designs or not, he shows us the cabinet in which they are worked out. The jealousy of foreign statesmen, or of foreign nations, gives him uneasiness to a certain extent—the jealousy of his own people, not a thought. We know, at least, now what our security is—it lies in the intentions of the French Emperor—in the breast of a single man whose chief characteristic is his heroic capacity for silence. It is probable that he speaks sincerely for the moment. The worst is, that admitting all his facts to be true, we can draw no inference favourable to our own security from such truths as those. Napoleon the Unready could fight Magenta and Solferino on a six weeks' notice, and carry his Lombard campaign through to a reasonably successful issue. The day might come when we, too, might find him equally unprepared, and equally driven by the force of circumstances to attack us in our turn. In this matter we are somewhat unjust to Louis Napoleon—very unjust to ourselves. Our security lies in our own state of preparation, not in the French Emperor's want of it. He is perfectly right when he says that *his* army, and *his* fleet, are not more numerous than they were during the days of the monarchy; although it is one thing when a rifle is in the hands of a rifleman, another when it is in the clumsy grasp of a grocer. The ruler of France, exposed, as he always is, to the chances of a collision with the great military monarchies of the Continent, must keep a considerable army a-foot. We cannot blame him for this. As long as France was governed by a parliament and in a constitutional way, this gave us no cause for alarm; but now things are changed. One man, alone, can restrain that army within its camps and cantonments, or let it loose upon the world; therefore we must be prepared. The very worst thing which could happen to us, would be

that Louis Napoleon should take us at our word, and agree to a disarmament upon both sides. Two years hence, it would take us a twelvemonth before we could put on our war-paint again; in a fortnight the French Emperor would be in fighting-trim. This is the most momentous of all deceptions. Whatever measures we adopt for our own security, let them be taken with reference to our own weakness and power: not because we attribute strength or weakness to our rival. When the continental nations adopt such a system of internal government as will leave them without a fear of danger from within, they will be able to disarm—not before. As long as one remains in arms, all will remain in arms. As long as the Continent is armed, England must look to her own security. Meanwhile, nothing can be more contemptible—nothing more unworthy of the English character than the periodical panics which run like wild-fire throughout the nation. Why should England fear France, or indeed Europe? We have but to *will* our own security, and the thing is done. At the present epoch of the world's history we must be content to pay a small percentage on our income in the way of insurance against foreign aggression—a small per centage indeed—and the thought of attacking England would never enter into the mind of any foreign statesman. Not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of the world, we should do this. What would be the condition of Europe if England were drawn within the maelström of military oppression? At the same time that we determine to put ourselves in a state of defence we should also resolve that not a penny shall be wasted by the various Boards which preside over our military and naval arrangements. It seems monstrous that we should be called upon this year to pay a gunpowder bill which, including the cost of the Chinese Expedition, and the quota to be expended upon fortifications will amount to something like 35,000,000*l.* This is for gunpowder which may be let off. We must add something like 28,000,000*l.* more for gunpowder which has been let off: in other words, for the interest of the National Debt incurred to meet the expenses of past wars. Here we have 63,000,000*l.*, or thereabouts—a heavy tax indeed upon the productive labour of the country. There is thus much of truth in the letter of the French Emperor, that his last thought would be an attack upon England. He will never run that awful hazard until he is reduced to his last throw for empire. The letter to M. de Persigny is, however, undignified enough—and not likely to earn him much favour in the eyes of Englishmen. It is the return move to Lord Palmerston's speech when the vote for fortifications was first asked from the House. Surely England may resolve to put the sea-fronts of her arsenals in a state of defence, without arousing just susceptibilities! What about Cherbourg?

THE CROWNING MERCY.

THE battle of Melazzo has been Garibaldi's "crowning mercy." With a small force of irregular-regulars, and with a swarm of Volunteers, he has inflicted a complete defeat upon the best

troops the King of Naples could bring against him, though they had all the advantages of preparation, of position, of artillery. It is idle to say that the Bourbonists had no stomach for the work in hand. Though, individually, each soldier who fought under Bosco may have cared very little for Francis II. or his throne, each one cared very much that there should be no "solution of continuity" in the region of his own throat. What they may have been before, and what after, the battle matters but little. Whilst it was raging the Bourbonist soldiers had to look to their own lives. All that they could do to beat the Garibaldians they did, and all was in vain. Fifty guns—100,000 rounds of ammunition—the evacuation of the fortress of Melazzo—the possession of the town of Messina, were the immediate and not very contemptible fruits of the victory won by the great Guerrilla Chief. He must be an awkward opponent at a military chess-board, for he sees, at a glance, all the results which may be derived from the derangement of a single pawn. The blunder once committed, it is irretrievable, for the next moment the deluge is upon you. The battle of Melazzo was not the result of a preconceived plan, although no doubt Garibaldi had his plan for the reduction of Messina. He was quiet at Palermo when he heard by telegraph of the inconclusive fighting between Medici and Bosco. In a moment his resolution was taken. The enemy had given him the chance, and a few hours sufficed to conceive, mature, and carry out his attack. He ordered a re-inforcement of 1200 men to embark with him on board the City of Aberdeen, and with morning's dawn had accomplished the little voyage along the coast, and was present on the spot where the decisive blow was to be struck. His mere presence seems to exercise a magnetic influence upon his men. He infuses a portion of his own spirit into every soldier who fights under his orders. Who would turn back in the presence of such a leader as that? In the annals of warfare you will scarcely read of a more bloody and hopeless advance than that of the small party of Genoese Riflemen who were ordered by Garibaldi to clear the cane-thickets of the enemy. They could not see the enemy, and were seen themselves. They were shot down without the power of returning a shot themselves. Man by man they passed on in single file, whilst the thickets were glowing with the fire of the foe. At last the work was done—but of the little company who entered the cane-wood, scarcely half returned to tell the story of the struggle. It is with regret we read of Garibaldi's personal encounter with the enemy, for how much hangs at the present moment upon his single life! Were a stray bullet to strike that noble heart Italy would fall back again into the crucible of diplomacy, and ten years would not suffice to accomplish the results which he will achieve in as many weeks. Garibaldi is a man of a single idea—and that idea is, that without looking to the right or left, and without calculation of remote consequences, Italy must be purged of her foreign and native oppressors. It is an error to give this gallant soldier credit for a kind of subtlety and forethought which are foreign to his character. As sure as he

lives, so surely will he go from Sicily to Naples—from Naples to Rome—from Rome to Venice in the end, or perish in the attempt. He puts the King of Sardinia's letter in his pocket, with the simple remark that he, being on the spot, is the best judge of the situation of affairs. The battle of Melazzo is the answer to the Royal letter. The affairs of Sicily once arranged, he will pass over to the mainland and exact from the young king an account of his stewardship—nor can the result be very doubtful. Naples, however, is but the stepping-stone to Rome. General Lamoricière, before the autumn is out, will have to look to his arms, though the presence of the French force in the city of Rome itself is an obstacle which can scarcely be overcome. All persons who have the honour of Garibaldi's friendship—or even of acquaintance with him—must be well aware that he never loses an opportunity of declaring that in his view the temporal power of the Pope and the priests has been the cause of misery and abasement to Italy for centuries. The Pope and his belongings are—as our own Cromwell would have said—the root of the matter. Garibaldi, moreover, has some recollections of what occurred twelve years ago, or thereabouts, in the neighbourhood of Rome, and no doubt he will be anxious to complete a task which he was then unable to carry through. Can we have any hesitation in saying that the sympathies of England are with him in his work? Even the French Emperor, in his letter of the other day to M. de Persigny, says that he is anxious to take measures in concert with England for the settlement of the affairs of Southern Italy. Let us hope it is so. Our answer cannot be other than that the sound policy is to leave the Italians to themselves. If the French Emperor will heartily unite with us on this point it would be a great re-assurance to Europe after the unfortunate blunder of Savoy. Meanwhile the "Moniteur," on Friday last, published the text of the convention signed at Messina between General Clary and Colonel Medici. It is a military convention for the evacuation of Sicily, and purports to be based simply upon motives of humanity. So far it is well; but when we read, under date of August 3rd, from Naples, that the King and his ministers are occupied with the convocation of parliament, and are disposed to grant even more than the constitutionalists ever asked, we cannot but doubt if that parliament will ever meet, according to our own usual phrase, for the despatch of business.

It looks, this time, as though the problem which has been the great enigma of Europe for centuries was upon the eve of solution. The Austrian Emperor declines yet to renounce the style of Lord of Lombardo-Venetia, and his officers declare that before a few months they will be back in Milan. It may be so; but such a result does not look very probable just now. Upon the birthday of Francis Joseph, now just at hand, Austria is about to enter upon the path of constitutional reform—at least it is said so. Louis Napoleon was about to despatch Kossuth during his Lombard campaign to Hungary—even without Kossuth, Hungary will give work enough to the Austrian Caesar.

LAST WEEK.

PRIMUM IN INDIA.

AFTER the division in the House of Peers of Friday night last, the principle of the amalgamation of the two services may be considered as out of further peril. The point, which is a capital one to the future security of the empire, has been carefully considered since the suppression of the great mutiny. There is a great conflict of authorities upon the subject. On the whole, a majority of English statesmen are for the change—a majority of Indian statesmen against it. Of English statesmen, the supporters of the present government are for it,—the leaders of her Majesty's opposition against it. Lord Clyde and the Queen's officers are, for the most part, for it,—Sir James Outram and the Indian officers, for the most part, against it. Is not the inference from this plain statement of facts, which are beyond all dispute, almost irresistible! Each of these statesmen—each of these officers, although jealous of his country's honour, and giving utterance, no doubt, to his honest convictions, regards the subject from his own point of view. The prejudices, the aspirations of his class, even the political incidents of the time, operate upon the minds of each of the speakers and writers; and to say this is but to say that all are men. We had rather not dogmatise upon a point on which statesmen, and officers of the longest experience and of great fame are at issue; but yet we think that, on the whole, the country will be content with the decision at which the Houses have arrived. It is idle to suppose that the military service of India can ever be carried on without a large co-operation from the native forces. At the present moment there are actually 46,000 of the old Sepoy force under arms in the provinces which were the seat of the mutiny; of Sikhs and Native Irregulars, in addition to these, about 30,000 more. We have not done with the native soldier, and never can have done with him as long as we hold British India. The question, however, is not whether we shall govern with or without the assistance of native troops—not even, with regard to the European local corps, of whether the *status quo* shall be maintained; but whether the system of local corps shall be indefinitely extended to the practical exclusion of the soldiery enlisted for the general service of the empire. The local system does not appear wise or prudent, either as far as the stability of things Indian, or the general security of the empire is concerned. As far as India goes, our recent experience of the ability of local European soldiers is not very encouraging. Taking a broader view, and regarding the empire as a whole, it seems as though India is the natural parade ground of the British nation, as much as Manchester is its chosen spot for the manufacture of cottons, or Portsmouth is its arsenal. Is it a good thing for a soldier or officer to gain experience in his profession, send him to India. If you want trained officers to guard the empire in any sudden emergency, draw them from India; or from the men who have served there. The Duke of Wellington learnt his trick of

fence in India. Again if India is to be held by British troops, there will be the less necessity for that intimate knowledge of the habits of the natives, and even familiarity with their language, than heretofore. The grand ignorance of the British soldier—may we venture in all courtesy to add—and officer will almost prove an additional security, inasmuch as it will lessen all chances of seduction, or even hesitation in his allegiance to the Powers that rule in the little island beyond the sea. The task of reconciling the millions of India to our rule by gentle means, had perhaps best be entrusted to other hands. In addition to these considerations, we should not banish from our recollection the part which the railway, the screw-steamer, and the electric telegraph will play in our future relations with British India.

THE DOVER VOLUNTEERS.

WE cannot hope that any words we may write will be of much avail to help the mourners who are now deploring the loss of the two Artillery Volunteers, killed on Thursday evening last by the explosion of a gun at Dover. We would, however, offer an expression of sympathy with their sorrow, and we are very confident that in so doing we represent the feeling of all our readers. Mr. G. T. Thompson, a solicitor of Dover and coroner for the town, one of the Lieutenants, and Mr. G. Manger, a tobacconist of the same town, were killed upon the spot. Mr. Harris, the commander of the corps, received an injury from which concussion of the brain followed; and he lies in a precarious, but not, at the time we write, in a hopeless state. Mr. Hadlow, a painter, Mr. Gilfillan, a tailor, and a young man named Boulding, are sufferers, though in a less degree. As far as the facts have yet been ascertained, no blame is to be imputed, either for want of skill or negligence, to the sufferers from this lamentable accident. The damage arose from a defect in the gun, which had been too long in use. Very severe tests are applied to a gun to ascertain its fitness when it is fresh from the manufacturer or founder's hands. We know not what precautions are exercised after the weapon has once been brought into use. How carefully after each journey the soundness of every wheel in every railway-carriage is tested and ascertained! It is not held sufficient that they were known to be fit for use when they were delivered in the first instance from the maker's yard. Be this, however, as it may, we have now arrived at a point when we are made painfully aware that the Volunteers of England have taken upon themselves a duty which involves serious risks even before they are called upon to meet an enemy in the field. In the discharge of their self imposed duty, they should be supported by the full strength of public opinion, and public feeling. These young men lost their lives in the service of their country. It is no exaggeration to say so, when they were killed in the discharge of their duty, and whilst engaged in the exercises necessary to prepare themselves for conflict with an enemy, if any such should ever venture to attack our shores. The families of the sufferers by this tragic occurrence ought to know that their private loss is regarded by all as a public affliction.

BLOOD AGAIN.

LAST week has been unusually fertile in savagery. Of course the occurrence of the assizes revives the wretched blood-chronicle of the last six months in all our minds; but independently of this we have a crop of fresh horrors. We have just had another case as bad as that of the infamous Mrs. Greenacre, in the person of a schoolmistress who was doing her best to torture to death a wretched little girl whom she had adopted, from what other motive than a good one, in the first instance, one cannot see. She seems to have revelled in the spectacle of the poor creature's sufferings. We must not soil our pages with full details of the case; but when the child was exhibited at the Southwark Police Court, it bore upon its body such marks of violence, that every one present shuddered at the sight. There was nothing to suggest insanity as a palliation of the prisoner's brutality. We are left to the conclusion, that a woman may be of sane mind, and yet feel a kind of sensual gratification in the agony of a child. The other day a coroner killed himself on his wedding-tour. The other day, too, a ruffian of the name of Foley was brought up at the Bow Street office charged with having committed a series of the most savage assaults on his wife and daughters—the youngest daughter, a child nine years of age, he had literally thrown on the fire. John Fenton has just been hung for the Walkeringham murder, and a gentleman who was present at the execution hung himself next morning. The number of the "Times" for Monday of last week (August 6th), contains such a catalogue of murders and attempts at murder, that it is clear enough our civilisation is not worth so very much. The first of these was tried at Carlisle before Baron Martin. George Cass was charged with the murder of Ann Sewell at Embleham on the 26th of March last, and substantially convicted on his own confession. We would invite particular attention to this confession, inasmuch as it gives some little insight into the clumsy workings of the ruffian's mind. Here is the autobiography of George Cass at the only interesting period of his brutal life. The fellow's intelligence is obviously scarce higher than that of a bullock. He thinks as much of the three halfpence out of which Sarah Dixon cheated him when he sent her for the 'bacco, as he does of the blood he had spilt. How differently a fashionable novelist would have dealt with the phenomena of the murderer's mind! As far as our own recollection extends, this document is what collectors of *bric-à-brac* would call *unique*, and certainly is a literary curiosity. Here it is:—

George Cass saith,—"How it was done you know. She made me mad, you know; and I was coming from righting a ewe. She was in the passage or lobby, as some folk call it, coming out of the front door, leading into the yard opposite to the stable. I had been in the orchard righting the ewe. She wanted me to do something with her caulkers; and then, you know, as I would not bother with her caulkers, and then she began to bother and call me. She had a knife in her hand, and I was standing between the stable-door and the house-door, and then she threw the knife at me, and the haft just catchel me on the left cheek, just below the cheek-bone. Well, then, I clicked it up in my madness, and I just took it up and threw it at the deceased Ann

Sewell. She was then standing just within a yard from the door in the passage, and it struck just about there (prisoner pointing to the apple of his throat); somewhere about the part of the throat which projects out. Well, then, you know, she ran from there down to the bottom of the passage. She did not scream out 'Oh, dear.' She says, 'Come here and put me away altogether.' She said she could not find it of her heart to go out again. Well, then, I said, I did not like. She begged and prayed of me either twice or three times to do it, and then I just took up t'knife, which I had in my hand, and just came a stroke across the left side of her neck. When I was coming a second time she put her hand up to the left side of her face, and she said it did not seem to go far enough in. 'Give us another.' I gave like a second one, when she asked me: and then she stood a little bit, and then she dropped. She never said nout (nothing) more after she dropped, and she laid there. Then I came up into the kitchen, and I took the knife up with me and thought I would wash it, and then I rued—I would not; and I just went and put it into her hand, and there was just a drop of blood about the size of a half-penny on here (pointing to his waistcoat), and then just with that John Robinson came up to the door. I was in the back-kitchen at the time washing my waistcoat-bread with my hand. I just stepped aside till he went away, and he went into the stable, and then he came out again and went away home. When I saw him off I washed my hands and waistcoat out, and then I went like down into the kitchen and went out of the front window into the orchard, and then I got my mare out of the stable, and then when I got her into the field she would not stand until I got the gear on. She went galloping back into the fold. Then I went and brought her back and yoked her. About a quarter of an hour after that, I saw Mr. Boys going down. A little bit after that there was a young lad went down on a cuddly donkey, and then I saw nothing more till Mr. Boys' girl came to take me home that night. Then, when I got home, Mrs. Fearon told me to go in at the front window, and I said, 'No, I could get in at the back door.' I had got in many a time at it, and then I opened the door for the mistress. I opened the door with that piece of iron that Mr. Brown had there. [Cass was here cautioned a second time, but said he only wanted to tell the truth.] Then at night, after we had all gone to bed, I went up-stairs into Ann Sewell's room. Her and me was down at Cockermouth one night before that a bit, and she wanted to get some things, and she had forgotten her purse, and she asked me if I had any money in my pocket, and I said I had a half-crown if that would do aught for her, and so I lent her it. So, as I thought I had lent her the half-crown, I thought I would have it back again. Then I just looked into her box, and there was a little bag, you know, that they hang over their arms, and I opened this and I found a purse in it, and I just opened it, and there was just eighteen-pence in it, and then I just put the eighteen-pence in the purse in my pocket, and then I groped her frock-pocket, as I thought there might be something more in it, and there was a half-crown in it. I put that in my pocket. In the morning I was putting the half-crown into the purse with the eighteen-pence, and at one side of the purse there was a little hole in it, and a sovereign in it. I did not know what to make of the sovereign, and I owed our folk a sovereign, and so I was over home on Wednesday night after I got the sovereign, and I just left the purse and sovereign with my mother. Then I spent the half-crown, and got some drink on the road. And then I had eighteen-pence left; and then I ran out of 'bacco, and sent for another ounce. Then I had like fifteen-pence left. But Sarah Dixon,

the person I sent for the 'bacco, only gave me three-halfpence, instead of threepence. I had given her a sixpence out of the eighteen-pence. That is all, I think. I do not wish to add anything more to this statement. I have made it voluntarily, and of my own free will."

After hearing the statement read over, the prisoner said, "That is all, I think. It would be as near half-past three, as near as I can tell, when this happened. There was no one with me. I have done it all myself, and I was very sorry, too, after I had done it."

"GEORGE CASS."

He took exactly four shillings by the transaction. Some years ago, a fellow was executed at Brussels for committing a murder in the Wood of Noigny; he had realised by the business exactly three half-pence, and the handle of an old knife—the blade was gone. George Cass was found guilty, and left for execution.

On the same day we have the report of the trial of one Thomas Sowerby, for the murder of Simon Manassa at Penrith. This is the case which has been spoken of as the Penrith murder. It turned out that there was no ill will between the men; nor had his little stock of money been removed from the pockets of the dead man. The discovery was brought about curiously enough. On the 10th of April last, very early in the morning, George Pattinson was going to his work, and was going over a field, when he picked up a stick covered with hoar-frost. The hoar-frost melted, and, on examining his hand, George Pattinson found that it was bloody. This roused his suspicions; he looked round him, and saw the body of a man lying in the corner of the next field. The prisoner was within fifty yards of the place at the time Pattinson made this discovery. When hailed a second time, Thomas Sowerby turned back, joined Pattinson, and looked at the body. He said he had seen it before, and promised to give information. Suspicion afterwards fell on him, and when his clothes were examined, blood was found upon his leggings, upon the cuff of his kyle, and upon a button of his coat. He subsequently admitted that he had killed Simon Manassa; but that the death had been the result of an affray betwixt them, in which Manassa had been the assailant. When attacked Sowerby had thrown his opponent a cross-buttock in old Cumberland fashion, and without intending his death, had afterwards beaten him with a stick. It was held that his story might be true. He was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to eighteen months of imprisonment, with hard labour.

Again, on the same day, we have a report of the trial of Francis Price, at Warwick, for the murder of Sarah Platt, his sweetheart. He seems to have been a very respectable young man. He was the son of a "minister of the Gospel"—probably of a Dissenting minister. He had been a prize-walker in his youth, and was actually a shoemaker by trade. There was some dispute between the lovers as to a woman with whom the deceased had associated, and whose acquaintance Price had wished her to give up. After a fruitless effort at reconciliation, upon the 18th of April last he sent for her to the house of an old woman named Agnes Hone, and when Hone had turned

her back for a moment, Price cut Sarah Platt's throat in the passage with a shoemaker's knife. Almost immediately afterwards he said: "Is she dead? It is Mrs. —, and Mrs. —, and them women, that are the cause of it. I shall not tell you a lie about it. I loved her as I loved my life. I know my fate. My days are numbered!" His right hand was stained with the blood of Sarah Platt—even whilst he was speaking.

The crowning horror, however, of this week has been the Walworth murder. William Godfrey Youngman stands charged with the wilful murder of his mother, his two young brothers, and his sweetheart, Mary Wells Streeter. As the prisoner has not yet taken his trial, we abstain from all comment, which might have the effect of prejudicing his case. His defence is, that his mother had slaughtered the three other victims, and that, to save his own life, he had taken hers. Youngman had effected an insurance of 100*l.* upon the life of Mary Streeter, payable to him after her death.

WITH THIS—OR ON THIS.

THE Spartan matrons have been fairly outdone by our fair countrywomen, if all tales are true which pass current at Paris just now. It was all very well for a classical virago to send out her sons to death or victory, but in order to make the heroism perfect, she might have gone herself. A high-spirited lady might tap her son's shield, and say to him in a significant way,—"*Agasippus*, my dear boy, with this, or on this—you understand your poor old mother:" but it would have been far more edifying had his parent added, "and I will go with you!" There has been a good deal of talk lately about our national defences. Despite of Sir Frederick Smith, backed as that gallant officer has been by the professional experience of Mr. Edwin James, we are about to fortify Portsdown Hill, and look after the defences of our arsenals. What with regular troops, and militia-men, and volunteers, we are doing our best just now to take care of Lord Overstone's till. We trust that in a short time we shall be beyond the necessity of following his advice, and offering the Zouaves a ransom if they will be good enough to march out of London. All these clumsy precautions of armies, fleets, fortresses, volunteers, &c., &c., are quite unnecessary—at least so we are told upon excellent French authority. The fact is, we are safe. Our countrywomen have volunteered *en masse*, shouldered their rifles, and stand ready to answer any overtures from the perfidious Gauls with a Minié bullet, or the point of a bayonet. "Brunettes, form square to repel cavalry." "Blondes, advance in loose order." "Orders from General Charlotte to Colonel Louisa to silence that battery." The Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Afrique will soon learn what they have to expect from the stern coquetry of the British female.

There is published every week in Paris an illustrated newspaper, called "*Le Monde Illustré*." In a recent number, the editor has favoured his readers with a full page cut which represents three of our fair countrywomen in Knickerbockers, and Mandarin hats, standing at ease and leaning upon their rifles. These three ladies are described as samples of "*LES RIFLEWOMEN (ou les bataillons*

de Volontaires féminins en Angleterre.)" It must not be supposed that this is what would be called in the rude language of camps "a shave." The intelligent editor heartily believes in his own announcement, and by this time our French neighbours are perfectly convinced that our countrywomen have really turned out with arms in their hands, in defence of their helpless fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, nephews, and male cousins. The editor is courteous, sarcastic; grave, merry; witty, and exceedingly dull at our expense. "There is a fact," he says, "which France would refuse to believe, if it was not supported by the evidence of photography, 'ce témoin irrécusable.' England, not satisfied with raising with one effort an army of 150,000 Volunteers, has pushed the principle of patriotism a little further; one may even say, has exceeded the limits assigned by right reason even to public spirit. This is the turn which things take amongst a people disposed to mistake exaggeration for enthusiasm." After this fine moral reflection, the editor adds:—"But let us come to the point; it is time to give an explanation to those amongst our readers who may be stupefied by a glance at the engraving in the next page." The engraving represents the three ladies in the Knickerbockers, &c. We can't do these things as well as they are done in Paris, and so let it be understood that what follows is written not with English, but with French ink.

A society of English ladies, who had been dreaming of Zouaves, has risen up like a single man (the irony is italicised in the original), and has determined to go halves with the Riflemen in the defence of the country. It is not exactly proved that the fatherland is in danger, but it would be cruel to say a word which might calm these alarms, and so deprive these ladies of the "*prétexle complaisant*" for playing at soldiers. Their fancy is quite harmless. The intelligent writer does not seem to apprehend any serious danger to an invading force from the efforts of these heroines. He does not even see why they should not be thoroughly drilled, if only precaution is taken that their rifles shall not in any case be loaded. Here is a box on the ears for the British female. The writer is a sad fellow, and proceeds with his odious sneers. He is pleased with the thought that this institution of the British Riflemen will throw a little variety into our military pictures. MM. Horace Vernet, Yvon, Dumaresq, and all the modern Vander-Menlens must set their pallets afresh. At the next exhibition M. Albert de Lasalle's prophetic soul foresees "Bivouacs of English Ladies," "Patrols of English Ladies," &c. Who would not lead a forlorn hope against such enemies as these? One would think that M. de Lasalle might have left the poor things quiet after grinding them down to the dust in this way. Not a bit of it. He pretends to fear that our legs of mutton may get scorched, and that poor Paterfamilias's false collars may sometimes need a button, whilst his martial spouse has gone where glory waits her, and is perfecting herself in the principles of "*la charge en doux temps*," whatever that may be. *Mais que roulez-vous? . . . Il*

fallait opter. When called upon to choose between the welfare of the country and that of the stew-pot, the British female could not hesitate. After pelting our wives and daughters with these pitiless sarcasms, M. de Lasalle turns round upon us, the men of England. He tells us, that there is compensation in store for us. Although our roast mutton may be burnt, and our "dickies" may be without buttons, we shall escape with fewer turns of service whilst our fair countrywomen are doing duty for us. Besides, there is this farther advantage, that whilst they are on guard, we may learn how to look after the cooking, and—oh, death! oh, fury! oh, vengeance!—how to darn stockings.

After he has treated us in this shocking way, M. de Lasalle proceeds to soothe our wounded pride in more courteous tone. He says: "At the bottom of all this, as at the bottom of all things English, there is a serious thought, and the sentiment which has inspired the idea of the formation of a force of Riflemen is most praiseworthy. The spirit of the ancient Amazons, and of the women of Sparta, has animated these ladies, whom we may regard as funny in their military costume, but ridiculous—NEVER!" Thank you, M. de Lasalle, for this scrap of consolation. A strong head and a kind heart always go together. Would that you had persevered in this view! Why, after half lifting us from the ground with one hand, do you knock us down again with the other? Why tell us, that if an intelligent Frenchman was inclined to be calumnious, he might just suggest that feminine coquetry might realise heavy profits out of this martial arrangement. The elegance of the costume worn by the Riflemen—which, to M. de Lasalle's personal knowledge, was a powerful recruiting agent—might, if a man was inclined to be ill-natured, inspire him with certain ideas, not to say convictions, upon this critical point. *Voilà plutôt comment on se met dans ce joli bataillon!* Then follows a description of the uniform of the Riflemen; and as it will be quite as new to our readers as to the well-informed French public who rely upon the "*Monde Illustré*" for their facts, here it is. "The hat is of circular form, something like the Spanish *sombrero* (it is, in fact, our old friend the Mandarin). The coat fits tight at the waist, and is embroidered and fashioned like that of the old *mousquetaires*; unmentionables à la Zouave; and from the garter downwards (Fie! M. de Lasalle!) discloses the form of the leg, which is covered by tight elastic hose. In the hat there is a plume, which is the sport of every wind. *On serait jolie à moins!*" So far M. Albert de Lasalle.

May we venture to suggest to him, that he has mistaken a pretty little photograph, which is just now to be seen in our shop-windows, for the indication of a serious fact. As well might we suppose that all the matrons of France and Belgium have taken to dancing the *cancan* because engravings of "*La Reine Pomaré*" engaged in that delightful exercise are still extant. Let our French neighbours come over to us as friends, not as enemies, and no doubt they will surrender at discretion before the sustained fire of our Riflemen; but at least, in such a case, defeat will be agreeable, and death without pain.

LAST WEEK.

THE TWO SICILIES *v.* BOURBON.

MANY Englishmen may not know why the Sicilians and the Neapolitans dislike the Bourbons. A few words upon the subject just now may not be amiss, for the chances are, before these lines are published, the warning on the wall may have received practical fulfilment. Young Francis II., the pitiless son of a most pitiless father, has been weighed in the balance long since, and has been found wanting. The ships are waiting in the offing to take him away to Austria, the asylum of deposed kings. Empire has passed from his hands.

Now, in talking of Neapolitans and Sicilians, we are not speaking of people like ourselves. This quick, impulsive, sensuous race does not breed Hampdens and Sidneys. Northern nations are gluttonous, metaphysical, and hard to guide. The old Viking blood moves in our veins still, and the sturdy Saxon spirit fires us to action. Englishmen are discontented, and a Cromwell expounds their grievances, or they seek a home on the other side of the globe—say in North America, or in Australia. We are an unmanageable set. Not so with these warmer and more comfortable fellow-creatures of ours, who are content to bask all day under a Calabrian sun, and to wander about at night under the great moon which silvers over their beautiful bays and creeks, or to watch the fiery play of Vesuvius or *Ætna*. Give the peasant in these regions a handful of macaroni and a slice of melon to sustain his body, and a little image of the Virgin all over spangles to inspire his poor soul with devout thoughts, and you have done enough for him. The macaroni is his here—the little doll his hereafter. Of course this description does not apply to the number of highly intellectual and highly educated men whom Naples has produced. England and France might be proud to insert the names of many of the Neapolitan historians and men of science on their bead-roll of worthies. The tyranny of the Bourbons, however, has been so impartial that it has struck at both classes. It has paralysed the intellect and tortured the mere muscle of the country. With the story of Poerio and his companions so freshly before us no one would attempt to deny the cruelties that have been systematically practised by the Government of Naples upon the educated classes. But it has been the fashion to say that, however harsh the Government of the late and the present king has been wherever they found or suspected brains, still, on the whole, and as far as the peasantry were concerned, it was a good, sympathetic, rollicking sort of rule enough. Had this been so, both Ferdinand and Francis might have snapped their fingers at the advocates and men of letters. A hundred Garibaldis would not have sufficed to drive the young Bourbon from his throne if he had the peasantry of the country on his side. To say the least, there would have been two parties in the country; but the only Royalists in the country known as The Two Sicilies—leaving the Camarilla and the mere hangers-on about the court out of the question—have turned out to be Austrian recruits, and the rump of the Swiss regiments. This requires explanation.

Now a few words may not be amiss as to the causes of the discontent which seems to be universal. The mission of the Bourbons apparently is to put loyalty out of fashion. In France, in Spain, and now in Naples it is the same thing. When Murat had been disposed of at Pizzo, by the easy process of putting half-a-dozen balls through his head, the restored Bourbons had it for a while all their own way. Their own was to trust the management of their affairs to one of the vilest scoundrels who ever disgraced the human form. The name of this wretch was Canosa; he was the head of the secret police. To be sure, not much could have been expected from a royal race, who in the temporary eclipse of their fortunes had suffered Cardinal Ruffo to organise assassination into a system within the dominions which had been theirs yesterday, and might be theirs again to-morrow. Fra Diavolo was their trusted agent. This robber and cut-throat is a very romantic personage, when introduced upon the operatic stage: but in reality he was a most sanguinary ruffian. In the year 1821, Canosa caused the Sicilians to be murdered by hundreds for alleged complicity with the Carbonarist societies. Del Carretto was the successor of Canosa; now, here, upon very trustworthy authority—namely, that of the historian Colletta, is an account of what this man did in Sicily, in the year 1837—twenty-three years ago. "Order had been restored in Sicily, but he instantly instituted courts martial to try the offenders. A thousand of the Sicilians were summarily sentenced to death, and more than a hundred executed. The leaders had escaped, or fallen in conflict, but Del Carretto hoped, by the number of his victims, to strike terror, prove the magnitude of the revolt to Europe, and justify the subsequent acts of the Government, which had been already decided upon. Such was the haste with which the executions were conducted, that in one instance there was found one too many among the dead. A lad of fourteen perished, besides many priests and women, while to add to the horror of the scene, a band of music was ordered to play during the executions. Del Carretto passed his time in feasting and dances to which he invited the wives and daughters of those who had fled, or been compromised." It is needless to say what was the object of these invitations. Now after 1848, these horrors were renewed. Can any one wonder that Garibaldi found so hearty a welcome in Sicily?

For forty long years this sort of work has been going on, both in the island and upon the mainland. For a few years after the Congress of Vienna, the Neapolitan Bourbons were kept quiet by the public opinion of civilised nations. But with 1820, the hanging, shooting, imprisonment in loathsome dungeons, and bodily torture, commenced. From 1820 to 1830, Ferdinand I., and Francis I., under the dark shade of the Austrian banners, had it all their own way. Then barricades were erected in Paris, and the nations of Europe had a short breathing-time. As a set-off against this, the late King of Naples, Ferdinand II., succeeded to the throne; and in the year 1833, when the revolutionary spirit had been somewhat stamped out in Europe, he opened

his shambles. From 1833 to 1847, there were several attempts at revolution within the Neapolitan dominions—all put down in sanguinary fashion enough. This, however, does not appear very strongly to confirm the view that the humbler classes of Neapolitans were attached to the King's government. With 1848, the revolutionary spirit again broke out yonder in Paris, at the end of the *Rue des Capucines*. The Tiberius again became the Policinello of Naples. For a short time he was hail-fellow-well-met with all classes of his subjects; but if there was one amongst them dearer than another to the Royal heart, it was the one who had given some evidence of liberal opinion. Wonderful to relate, he won back the confidence of his subjects; but the delusion was a short one. On the 15th of May, 1848, he got up a sham *Émeute* in the streets of Naples, and turned his great guns upon his people—sent in his drunken soldiers as husbandmen, and the lazzaroni as gleaners. The pavements of Naples were red with human blood on that day—and then, for a while, there was terror and silence.

If any one wonders why the Neapolitans are not so quick as the friends of order and compromise might wish to believe in the promises of the son, let him consider how the father kept his word. On the 10th of February, 1848, this worthy sovereign, being in much the same kind of position as his son at the present moment, took a right Royal oath. Ferdinand II., being by the grace of God King of the Two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, and many other places, in the first place swore very heavily to defend the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Religion—and, so far, no doubt he was sincere. He then went on with the swearing, as thus:—"I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be inviolably observed, the constitution of this Monarchy, promulgated and irrevocably sanctioned by me on the 10th day of February, 1848, for the same kingdom. I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be observed, all the laws actually in force, and the others which shall be successively sanctioned within the limits of the said constitution of the kingdom. I promise and swear never to do, nor to attempt, anything against the Constitution, and the laws which have been sanctioned, as well for the property as the persons of our most loving subjects. So may God help me, and preserve me in His holy keeping!" This is pretty hard swearing;—the gunners of the 15th of May were the commentators upon the Royal oath.

We are speaking of only twelve years ago. These matters are fresh in the recollection of the Neapolitan people. Trust to the word of a Neapolitan king! Why, upon the 24th of May, when he had blown a good number of his subjects off the face of the earth, and further hypocrisy was quite needless, Ferdinand II., of blessed memory, published another proclamation in which he declared it to be his fixed resolution "to maintain the constitution of the 10th of May pure and unstained by any kind of excess, which, being the only one compatible with the real and present wants of this part of Italy, will be the Holy Ark upon which the destinies of our most beloved people and our crown must repose." After this

preliminary falsehood, Ferdinand II., in an unctuous paternal kind of fashion, tells his subjects to resume their usual occupations, "to trust with effusion of mind to our loyalty, our religion, and our holy and spontaneous oath, and live in the fullest assurance, &c., &c., &c." The good King wanted to catch his loving subjects, and he caught them. In 1851, when Mr. Gladstone visited Naples, there were still between 15,000 and 20,000 state prisoners in the two Sicilies, although a good number had been worked off in the interval. Settembrini and the other leading prisoners of the time have left an account of what these prisons were; and how they were dragged through the streets by the hair of their heads, beaten, spat upon, pinioned for days together, and made to sit in chairs in the presence of soldiers, who told them they had orders to shoot them. Settembrini, after being sentenced to death, was confined in a room fifteen feet square with eight other persons—one of them a notorious assassin. Poerio, with fifteen others, was shut up in a small room, where they were chained two and two together. It is well to remember these things at the present time, when there seems a probability that the Neapolitans may be able to rid themselves of a family, where the son is like the father—and this is what the father did.

Ferdinand II. for a quarter of a century and more murdered and tortured his loving subjects, and Francis II. has only held the reins of empire for a short time, yet in this short time he has contrived to bombard Palermo, and do a few other acts which would lead one to dread the contingency of another 15th of May in Naples itself should he ever gain the upper hand again. Before concluding it is proper to recur to the fact that the government of the Two Sicilies has been—with short intervals—a government by the secret police. A rumour of disaffection is held to be a sufficient title for a man's arrest. Special commissioners are appointed for political trials—one of whom is a lawyer, but without deliberative voice. The decisions of the commissioners are without appeal. The impeachment, the defence, and the trial of the accused are secret. The statements of the police prove the crime. The police may liberate or detain any individual in prison without sanction, and even though he has been acquitted of the charge on which he was originally arrested. The police may flog prisoners at their pleasure. Espionage is enforced so strictly, that not to be a spy is a crime. The police may penetrate into prisons, and extract confessions from prisoners. Such has been the Magna Charta of Naples in use for well-nigh half a century. Does not all this explain Garibaldi's Sicilian successes?—and if the Royal authority at Naples should melt away upon his approach as wax before fire, who would wonder at it?

This miracle of the liberation of Italy from foreign and domestic tyranny has been so much a miracle, that one sometimes doubts if it had not been better if the march of events had not been quite so sudden. Last week there was talk of a simultaneous attack from two quarters upon the Papal forces, to be accompanied by a general rising of the Pope's

lieges, and, at the same time, Garibaldi was to disembark upon the mainland. On the other hand the Austrian has again been giving signs of life. Let us hope that Lord Palmerston's speech upon the National Defences has not misled the opinion of the present Cabinet of Vienna as to the state of feeling between England and France, as some expressions of Lord Malmesbury's misled their predecessors at the beginning of 1859. It is said that the Austrian army has repaired its losses, and could again hope to take the field with advantage, if not against France, at least against any military power which Italy could bring into the field.

A SINGULAR SESSION.

SIR RICHARD BETHELL, on Friday night, being engaged in a little passage of arms, or tongues, with his learned brother, Mr. Edwin James, said, that the peculiarity of the present session was, that it was a "singular" one. The singularity consisted in the fact that 650-odd gentlemen had been sitting together in council now for well-nigh seven months, and had not much to show as the result of their labours. No one can say that the members of the House of Commons have been idle. On the contrary, they have been the hardest-worked men in London—but they have done nothing. Like the King of France, in the old chronicle, they have marched up the hill, and down again—repeating the manoeuvre as often as you please. The toil of a session has produced a Penelope's web at last. The very point at issue between the learned gentlemen on Friday night afforded a fair example of House of Commons work. With infinite labour and pains, the Attorney-General had introduced a Bill for the amendment of our Bankruptcy Law. There was an enormous amount of what was valuable in it. As it was mainly drawn in harmony with the views of the commercial classes, it seemed probable that it would endure for ten years at least, at which period of existence any English system of bankruptcy seems to reach the last stage of decrepitude. That would have been a great gain. The House of Commons very properly refused to pension off the existing officials on the extravagant scale proposed by the author of the measure. The Attorney-General got huffy. They declined to allow non-traders who might be debtors to the extent of 20*l.* to be made bankrupts with little or no ceremony. The Attorney-General got huffier still, and in his huff withdrew the bill. There was an end of that. Then the Government had introduced some seven or eight bills for the consolidation of the criminal law. They were sent down to the Lower House by the Peers at so late a period of the session that it was judged useless to proceed with them. This time the Solicitor-General was cast for the part of Saturn with a commission to devour his own progeny. It was so said, and so done. The Solicitor-General, as he looks into the waste-paper basket to which he has consigned these most useful measures, must say with a sigh, like Brummel's valet with the tray-full of cravats, "These are Sir Richard's failures!" These bills, however, were simply useful, and it would have been of the utmost advantage to the public if they could have been converted into Acts of Parliament. They

had no political significance whatever. This, however, is not true of Lord John's failure, which was the monster failure of the session. What about the Reform Bill? It came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb. As the event has shown, the cautious prophets who told us that we should find in the end that the English mind was indifferent to the subject, have turned out to be right. The bill is gone, and nobody cares to inquire where. Then, how much valuable time was consumed in the discussion of the excise duty on paper! The abolition was carried by the Nine Muses; but despite of this tuneful support—no sooner was the proposition brought under the notice of the Peers than it was summarily rejected. A collision between the Houses seemed imminent. Brave words were spoken, and tame deeds followed. Lord Palmerston proved himself to be the best slack-rope dancer of the age. His lordship's lips flowed with milk and honey, for everybody's benefit except poor Mr. Gladstone, whose financial labours were pronounced a failure. Mr. Gladstone walked out of the House while his leader was still speaking. It was decided by the quid-nuncs of the House that a dissolution of the Cabinet was imminent. Mr. Gladstone walked back again. So it has gone on throughout the session; and when it is at an end, we shall just have the Indian Forces Bill, the vote for the Fortifications, and the French Treaty, with its corollaries, to show as the practical result of labour done by 1000 legislators, who have been bending to the oar morning, noon, and night, for seven months. All the rest has been strenuous idleness—crank work. With considerable felicity of expression, Sir Richard Bethell has characterised the present as "a singular session." May it never become plural!

THE WALWORTH MURDER.

THE same story which had been told the other day before the police magistrates was repeated on Thursday last before Mr. Justice Williams and a jury. The result was, that William Godfrey Youngman was found guilty of the murder of his sweetheart, Mary Wells Streeter, and condemned to death. Had not the evidence produced in support of the indictment proved sufficient, there were three others hanging over the prisoner's head. Besides killing the poor girl to whom he professed attachment, he had murdered his mother and his two young brothers. The matter happened on the morning of the 31st of July—just about three weeks ago—and already the murderer is convicted, and sentenced to death. We do these things expeditiously in our time. The story of the murder has been told often enough, and it is needless to go back to the shambles in Manor Place, where the wholesale slaughter took place. If we notice the subject at all, it is on account of the evidence given by Dr. Duncan, in whose service the prisoner had lived from the 18th of April until the 16th of July last. Now, after speaking to what little he knew about the facts of the case, Dr. Duncan gave it as his deliberate opinion, that it was possible for a man to have an impulse to destroy another, while at the same time possessed of his reason. "He might commit the act, although aware it was a wicked one;—in fact, he

might be unable to control the impulse to destruction." Now it is not a little remarkable, that in this instance, and despite of this testimony, the gentleman who conducted the prisoner's defence—and who, to judge by the report, really did for him all that could be done, which was not much—seems to have felt that he could not substantiate the plea of insanity, and therefore did not produce any medical witnesses on the trial. We are accustomed in such cases, in the Criminal Courts, to the presence of such gentlemen as Dr. Conolly, Dr. Forbes Winslow, and others, who have devoted particular attention to the pathology of the human mind. No man of professional mark was forthcoming, although it had been elicited from the prisoner's father, in cross-examination for the defence, that his wife's mother was a lunatic, and that she had died in Peckham Lunatic Asylum; that one of his own brothers (that is, an uncle of the prisoner's) had died in a lunatic asylum; and that his own father had been two or three times in a lunatic asylum. Surely, if all this was true, here was a very good foundation on which to rest a plea of insanity. All that would have been needed would have been to carry this kind of evidence one step further, and to have shown that at some period or other of his life the prisoner himself had given signs of mental aberration. Here was proved insanity on both sides—it may almost without stretch of propriety be said in such a case that the burden of proving sanity rested on the prosecution. What could be done was done. Dr. Duncan, in whose service he had lived for three months, was produced in the witness-box, and he stated that he had never noticed anything in the prisoner's conduct which could suggest that his mind was in any way affected. "Of course," said Dr. Duncan, "I saw him very frequently, and I did not notice anything peculiar about him." More than this, it was shown that the prisoner had made a proposal to the Argus Insurance Company to insure poor Mary Wells Streeter's life for 100*l.*, and that on the 19th of July he came to the office in the company of a young woman who paid the premium. The policy was delivered to the prisoner. This was scarcely the act of a man whose mind was deranged. Ignorant of law he may have been, but it is most probable that the same degree of ignorance would be found in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred amongst all persons in his own class of life. Of course, it is not worth while to murder your mother, your two brothers, and the girl whom you are courting, for the sake of 100*l.*—(what is the exact sum for which murder does become a gainful speculation?)—but at least here was a motive such as would be likely to have weight with an unscrupulous ruffian in full possession of his reason. William Youngman, for aught we know to the contrary, was quite as sane at the time he committed the crime, and during his trial, as any other murderer who has stood in the dock at the Old Bailey.

It is needless to insist at length upon the point that in reality a jury must be told in all cases that every man is presumed to be sane, and to be possessed of a sufficient degree of reason to be responsible for his crimes until the contrary is proved

to their satisfaction. This cannot be too emphatically expressed; but when this is done, surely the old doctrine, with regard to insanity as a plea in criminal cases, is lax enough, and favourable enough to a prisoner without introducing the modification proposed by Dr. Duncan. It is but justice, however, to Dr. Duncan to give him the benefit of a letter which he addressed to the editor of the "Times," and which was published on Saturday last in the columns of that journal. In them he states that, so far from wishing to prove the prisoner irresponsible for his acts, "he was prepared to give a very positive opinion as to an entire absence of any symptom of insanity, or even eccentricity, during the period of his service." So far in the particular case Dr. Duncan has put himself right with the public, but he adheres to his general doctrine. He gives it as his belief that a person "may have his intellect perfect, while his emotions, at the same time, have become morbidly deranged." Again, he says, "The possibility of homicidal mania is no more to be discarded than the kleptomania, or the *irresistible impulse* so frequently indicated by some ladies of purloining." If this be so, what is society to do with an offender who murders a fellow-creature, and pleads "irresistible impulse?" Every murderer may be acting under irresistible impulse. How is the intensity of the impulse to be measured? We do not profess to have a scientific knowledge of the pathology of the mind, but would suggest it as a probability, that wherever true homicidal mania exists, other symptoms of mental aberration will not be found wanting. In Oxford's case, what Lord Denman said to the jury might, at first sight, bear out Dr. Duncan's view; but how carefully the Chief Justice afterwards guarded his first proposition. "If some controlling disease is, in truth, the acting power within him which he cannot resist, then a man will not be responsible," or, as Dr. Duncan puts it, "he may be unable to control the impulse to destruction." Lord Denman, however, went on to say: "The question is, whether the prisoner was labouring under that species of insanity, which satisfies you that he was quite unaware of the nature, character, and consequences of the act he was committing; or, in other words, whether he was under the influence of a diseased mind, and was really unconscious at the time he was committing the act that it was a crime." That is a very different thing. Consciousness, as above, or unconsciousness, is the true test of criminality, not the degree or intensity of the homicidal impulse. The old course is the proper one, which is simply to ask the jury if a prisoner has—or rather had at the time when the crime was committed—a sufficient degree of reason to know right from wrong. We might well tremble at the consequences if it was once established that a man's mind might be right in all points, save a tendency to commit murder. It is idle in cases of insanity—as far as the administration of criminal law is concerned—to lose ourselves in fine-drawn distinctions. If a man knows what he is about when he commits a crime, he is amenable to justice, no matter how strong his inclination may be to violate the law.

LAST WEEK.

POISON.

THOMAS WINSLOW has been acquitted by the verdict of a Liverpool Jury. He was charged with the murder of Ann James, by administering to her antimony in small doses, whereby her death was hastened, if not caused in the first instance. This crime of poisoning is on the increase amongst us, and we had best look round and see what steps we can take to ensure ourselves against the murderer who approaches the bed-side of his victim as a husband, as a wife, as a friend. Your burglar or highwayman is, by comparison, an honest villain—a right gentle ruffian. He kills you with a bludgeon—you kill him with a halter. He levies war upon you, and is ready to take the consequences of defeat. When one thinks of Palmer and his doings, Rush is almost worthy of canonisation,—always, be it understood, with the murderer's doom as the first stepping-stone to glory. The modern poisoner has discarded the rough agencies of his earlier brethren. He treats you *secundum artem*, and gives you the benefit of the latest discoveries in toxicology. He considers your circumstances—your little peculiarities of constitution—your habits, and then passes his arm under your own, and, with soft expressions of sympathy and commiseration, blandly edges you into your grave. He knows that the business in hand is a ticklish one. He is playing a game of chess—with poisons and antidotes for his pieces—against Mr. Herapath of Bristol, and Dr. Alfred Taylor of Guy's Hospital for his adversaries, and must give them check-mate—or stale-mate at the least—under very sharp penalties in case of defeat. The two gentlemen named are supposed to possess some skill at the game.

When one comes to think out the details of these crimes, it seems as though the mere bodily tortures which the victim must undergo, form the smallest part of his sufferings. He is struck down apparently by disease, and acquiesces in his infirmity as the mere condition of mortality. We must all part. The last half-choked words must be spoken sooner or later, so that in idle grief there is no use. That which alone can soothe—even whilst it aggravates—the pangs of those last few days or hours is the consciousness that those whom we have loved are around us, and doing what they may to conjure back the grim spectre which is standing at the bed-head, and claiming us as its own. Human affection is immortal, and cannot pass away like a dream or a tale which is told. But what if a moment should come when, upon comparison made between the pangs of yesterday and the pangs of to-day, a horrid suspicion stings the brain sharply and venomously as though a wasp had done it? "Is that a murderer's hand which, a few minutes back, smoothed the pillow and the coverlid, and which is now wiping off the clammy moisture from my aching head. It is the hand which was pressed in mine at the altar—it is the hand which, over and over again, exchanged with mine the cordial grasp of manly friendship—but now! My murderer is waiting on me. In place of medicine they give me Death. In place of food they give me Death. I cannot breathe my sus-

picious, save in the ears of the person who is killing me. I am lying helpless in the midst of millions of my fellow-creatures, who would rush to my rescue, if they knew how hard I am bestead. Under the window there is the measured tread of the policeman, but I cannot call him to my help." Such things have been, although in most cases there is the doctor, and to him, at least, the doubt may be expressed—though the expression is, for the most part, deferred until it is—too late. Those secret murderers are the most merciful, who do their work quickly. If our relatives and friends must poison us, at least let them economise suffering, and not give us time to be aware of what they are about. One would willingly compromise for a bullet through the head, or the quick, sharp streak of the assassin's knife.

One would suppose that Science was ever more powerful for good than for evil. The same skill which discovered fresh poisons, should discover fresh antidotes—or at least, where the operation of the poison is too quick, fresh tests, so as to render impunity well-nigh hopeless. On the other hand, juries do not like to hang scientifically, so to speak—that is, upon the bare testimony of men of science. They say that the discovery of to-day is the error of to-morrow. No doubt mistakes have been made. Doubts have been expressed, if the ruling of Mr. Justice Buller was correct in the famous laurel-water case. It is now admitted that the tests employed to ascertain the presence of arsenic, when Mary Blandy was arraigned for the murder of her father, only proved the presence of some innocuous substance with which the arsenic was adulterated. The Scientific Chymist may make mistakes—the Hangman makes none. All this is true enough; but juries are apt to lay an over-stress upon it. Witnesses may bear false testimony. Circumstantial evidence may be wrongly interpreted. The Analytical Chymist, at least, intends to be honest; and the processes he employs are less likely to result in error, than ordinary reasoning upon ordinary events. He stops short, to be sure: his testimony only goes to the extent of indicating the presence or absence of the poison; and after that the question falls within the scope of ordinary men. It is not, however, very common in cases of poisoning, that any great doubt prevails as to whether poison was the cause of death: the real difficulty always is, "Who gave it?" This Liverpool inquiry was no exception to the usual rule. The victim's death was caused—or at least her death was much accelerated by small doses of antimony. So far, there is no doubt. Nor in this case, as in that of Smethurst, could there be any hesitation as to the intention with which Thomas Winslow administered the drug—supposing that he administered it at all. There could be no idea of *mala praxis* in this case. If Winslow put antimony at all in the poor woman's broths and potions, his intentions were evil. One of the most alarming features in this case is, that the poisoner had the discretion to avoid all violent, or heroic effects. You could not say that Mrs. James was poisoned on this day or that day in particular. She was afflicted with a somewhat sharp illness, and the poisoner assisted

the ailment by lowering her system, and disabling her powers of resistance. The enemy was active enough without the walls, and the traitor within damped the powder of the defenders. How is this form of injury to be met? It is idle to talk about the improbability that any person could be found capable of carrying out such wickedness. People are found capable of carrying it out. By some singular twist of the human mind or feelings they actually acquire a morbid taste for witnessing the effect of their drugs upon their victims. The Thugs of India took a professional pride in their work, and enjoyed a case of judicious strangulation. So it was with the child-poisoners of Essex a very few years ago. They would take the little creatures home, and pet them, and poison them—giving them now a kiss, and now a little arsenic. It was the same thing in the Borgia days—the same thing in those of Brinvilliers. At a later date Madame Laffarge brought poisoned cakes into such fashion in France that the position of a French husband had its drawbacks. We may be astonished that Miss Madeline Smith did not find more imitators; and there was good reason for fearing that Palmer might become the founder of a school. Although they did not make as many proselytes as might have been anticipated, it is grievous to be compelled to add that the crime of murdering by poison is on the increase, and that it is carried out for the most part in a way which makes detection difficult, if not impossible. We hear of certain cases—too many of them, indeed—but the general opinion is, amongst those who have had the best opportunities of looking into this matter, that a large proportion of murders by poison are never heard of at all. It is better to look the truth boldly in the face.

Now this method of attack upon the citadel of life is so treacherous, and so easily carried out, that all precautions you may take against it are insufficient. You may throw difficulties in the way of procuring poison—you cannot wholly prevent the sale. You may establish a careful system of registration on death, and require certificates as to the cause of it in every case, but these precautions are constantly evaded. Something more might possibly be done in either case; but when all is done we have only checked, not rooted out, the evil. Another point of very considerable importance would be if juries were a little more alive to the extent of the evil, and would resolve to do their duty with unusual severity whenever the crime of poisoning was in question. They seem to do the very reverse, and to reserve all their indecision and all their reluctance to incur responsibility for the cases in which they should be most decided, and least disposed to tamper with the obligations of their office. It is very possible that the fear of consequences, and the apprehension of death are not very powerful agencies for the prevention of crime which arises from the play of violent passion, or the pressure of extreme poverty. A man in a frenzy of excitement, or one who is driven desperate by destitution is very apt to leave results to chance. Not so with the poisoner. He, or she, pre-eminently calculates consequences. When such marvellous precautions are taken to

escape detection, one may be very sure that all considerations which may affect the murderer's safety are fully taken into account. Were the chances of acquittal upon reasonably clear evidence but slight, a poisoner would walk about for some time with the antimony, or whatever it might be, in his pocket, before he would dare to use it. When the chances of acquittal are considerable, of course precisely opposite results are produced. The poisoner, as matters stand, is aware that independently of the natural reluctance felt by jurors to convict upon a capital charge, there is the additional and still greater reluctance to convict upon scientific evidence. He is perfectly aware of this. It is a fact well known to all persons who practise in our Criminal Courts, that the behaviour of the poisoner in the dock is very different from that of any other prisoner who is charged with murder. He is neither depressed nor elated—neither stolid nor rash in admission. He knows that he is playing for his life, and plays the game out with his wits about him. Impress, therefore, upon this class of offenders that the crime with which they stand charged is so heinous in the eyes of their fellow-creatures that every effort will be made to bring them to punishment, if their guilt is established, and you at once deprive them of one strong incentive to crime in this particular form—namely, the strong probability of impunity. No one can read the evidence given last week before the Liverpool jury, and not feel considerable misgivings as to the propriety of the verdict. It was clearly established that the death of the unfortunate woman, Mrs. Ann James, was much accelerated by small doses of antimony. Her strength and system were so reduced by this treatment that she was unable to hold out as long as she would otherwise have done. It was proved that the prisoner was accustomed to the use of antimony, and knew its effects. Antimony was traced into his possession. It was shown that he occasionally prepared food for the deceased, and that she was violently affected after partaking of food prepared by his hand. In particular, there was a cup of sago which Thomas Winslow had prepared and placed at the bedside of Mrs. James in which antimony was found. He had a strong interest in her death, inasmuch as by a will she made during her illness, Townsend was left her sole executor, and he alone knew of certain property which she had in the Savings' Bank, and in gas shares. Antimony was found in what passed from the poor woman's body during life, and antimony was found in the body after death. Nor can it be said that anything like grave suspicion rested upon any other person, who had access to her bed-side during her last illness. Townsend, indeed, endeavours to cast suspicion upon her niece, one Jane Caffarata, and her husband; but the method of his so doing, only served to fix suspicion more heavily on himself. It would be well that jurors should reflect upon the consequences of their acts, before they allow this crime of poisoning to go unpunished, if for no other reason than this, that the poisoner is seldom or never a man of a single crime. It seems to be a law of mental pathology, that when you have poisoned one person, you poison several. Where

there is not much chance of detection, and still less probability of conviction when you are detected, it seems so easy to get rid in this manner of any one who may stand in your way. Thomas Winslow, after he was discharged upon the indictment, was again taken into custody upon another charge of poisoning. It is said that three other members of Mrs. James's family have died within the last year from the effects of antimony. He is described as a small, thin, under sized man, of mean appearance. His head is small, his hair dark. There is intelligence in his face, but yet more cunning than intelligence. His forehead is low, his under lip projects. He is about forty years of age. It is said that he was very "sidgetty" during his trial.

Of course it may well be, that the effect produced upon the minds of the spectators, who had an opportunity of watching the demeanour of the witnesses, may be different from that derived from a mere perusal of the printed reports of the evidence. Few persons who merely read the evidence, will doubt that the Liverpool jury might have weighed the matter a little more carefully before bringing in a verdict of *Not Guilty*, in the case of THOMAS WINSLOW, indicted for the murder of Ann James, by poison.

JUSTICE'S JUSTICE.

SURELY Dogberry resides in the green county of Hertford. Perhaps he is mayor of St. Albans. The peculiarity about the Dogberry system of administering justice consists in this, that it proceeds upon reasonably correct inferences from imperfect or muddled premises. It is right as half a story is right. It holds water like an Irish bull. Granted that all that was passing in the justice's mind were true, and that nothing else were true, the Dogberry decisions would do well enough. Here is a case in point. Quite recently a little girl about twelve years of age named Ruth Harrison was charged with an assault upon Elizabeth Kirby, a child about five years old. The whole affair was a squabble amongst children. The first witness called was a certain Mrs. Elizabeth Biggs, who deposed that about five o'clock in the evening she was sitting in her house in Sopwell Lane, in the good town of St. Albans, when she heard some children crying. The good woman went out, when a little girl named Jane Lambeth told her that a little girl named Ruth Harrison had been beating a still smaller girl named Elizabeth Kirby. Jane was eight years old. Ruth was about twelve years old. Elizabeth was five years old. Hereupon the truculent, excited, and incautious Ruth made the admission in the presence of the witness that she had slapped Elizabeth, and, so far from feeling any repentance for her offence, she was prepared to do it again. Jane was present. Jane stated to the Worshipful the Mayor of St. Albans, and to his two yoke-fellows of justice, that about six P.M. on the previous afternoon she, Jenny, being engaged in her own lawful affairs, was in Sopwell Lane. She there witnessed the outrage which was the subject of contention before the Court. Ruth had hit Bessy a crack with her fist upon the back. Jane then went in-doors, but on coming out, she was greatly pained at witnessing a repetition of the offence. Ruth being called

upon for her defence, in effect pleaded *non assault demesne*, and *molliter manus*. It appeared that Ruth, just before the commission of the offence, was engaged in the lawful and praiseworthy occupation of collecting dung in a basket. Bessy, being of malicious mind, and intending to obstruct her, Ruth, in the course of her business, came up and kicked her basket about. In point of fact, Bessy was the original assailant. Whereupon, Ruth, being moved to anger, "hit her twice with her hand,"—it is to be presumed, slapped her. There was no evidence forthcoming to show that Ruth's statement was untrue in any respect, or at all over-coloured. Hereupon his Worship the Mayor, admitting that the case was a trivial one—in which respect he was perfectly right—decided that, as an assault had been committed, the prisoner must pay a fine of sixpence, with ten shillings costs. In default of payment, she must be imprisoned for ten days. Ruth's mother hoped the Mayor would send the child to prison at once, for work was so bad, that it would be impossible for her to pay the amount. The Mayor, in mercy, informed her that fourteen days were allowed her to pay the fine, but at the expiration of that period the child must go to prison if it was unpaid. The fourteen days have not yet run out, but it is to be hoped, in the name of common humanity and common sense, that some one in St. Albans has paid the fine, and liberated the child from the danger of being sent to prison. Her whole life would, in all probability, be vitiated if she were sent to a gaol. She would be marked for ridicule and contempt amongst children of her own age, and it is not very likely that she would ever lose the style and title of a gaol-bird. It is a very serious thing to send a child to prison, and to give a wrong bias to a whole life. Reformatories and Industrial Schools are admirable institutions, but they are intended for a very different class of children. If a child within the appointed limits of age has been guilty of any offence which brings him or her within the grasp of the law—and it is clear that the parents are unable to give the child such a training as will cause it to abstain from crime—the Reformatory is a place of refuge, rather than of punishment. So of the Industrial School, where the child is proved to be a mere vagrant—a little Bedouin of the streets. The Industrial School may, and probably will, prove its salvation. It is strange that these grown men who, as a mayor and magistrates, must be presumed to be persons of ordinary intelligence, could have arrived at such a decision. Supposing one school-boy to hit another a box on the ear, would they really treat that as an offence against the criminal law? Where offenders are of a certain age, punishment is best left in the hands of the schoolmaster or parent.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

If the attention of Europe were not so wholly directed to the turn which affairs are taking in Italy, this sad business in Syria would be more thought of and discussed. The assassinations committed by the Sepoys during the Indian mutiny, however horrible and shocking to Englishmen, as our own countrywomen and countrymen were

the victims, were comparatively trifling when contrasted with the wholesale massacres of Syria. Whole towns have been laid waste; in others, the Christian quarters have been turned into a mere shambles. Men have been murdered in cold blood after they had been persuaded to give up their arms, by hundreds,—ay, by thousands. Children have been slain as the ruffians of the Indian Bazaar slew them recently, or as the soldiers of the Duke of Alva slew them in by-gone days. Of the fate of the wretched women, one would rather not think, save in so far as the exertions of the European Powers may avail to liberate the survivors from the hands of their brutal captors. Many, indeed, escaped: but the fashion of their escape seems to have been but a lingering form of death. Here is a picture drawn by the intelligent hand of the gentleman who has been deputed to report from the spot to the "Times" upon the state of affairs in Syria. He was present at Beyrout when the refugees of Damascus arrived there. There was a column, mainly of women and children, composed of from 2000 to 3400 souls. "They were widows and orphans, whose husbands, fathers, and brethren had all been slain before their eyes, with every indignity and cruelty the most barbarous fanaticism could devise, and whose most comely maidens had been sold to gratify the brutal lust of filthy Arabs." The Syrian sky was glowing like brass. The fugitives were parched with thirst, choked with dust, afflicted with ophthalmia, covered with flies. Here a poor creature was overtaken in labour; there, another fell down dead. Little children strove, and strove in vain, to draw nourishment from breasts which could supply none. Old men and women sank down exhausted, and when water was brought to them at last, their strength was so far gone that they could not reach out their hands to take the cup. The prevailing character of this mournful company, however, was apathy. Man had done his worst upon them,—the well of tears was dried up. Where they fell—there they lay. The survivors staggered on, glaring before them with glassy eyes, and had no pity for any one, neither had any one pity for them.

How has all this crime come about? What is the meaning of this active antagonism, which excites the followers of Mahommed to try conclusions in so sanguinary a way with the followers of Christ? There is a kind of mental epidemic which seems to have seized upon the Eastern world. It broke out in India. There is now little reason to doubt that the Mahommedans were at the head of the Indian mutiny—the Sepoys, mainly recruited from Oude, were but the raw material in their hands. At Djedda it was the same thing;—now this horrible tragedy has taken place in Syria. We hear that unless vigorous measures of precaution be taken, similar occurrences may be expected in other provinces of the Turkish empire. We are very apt to exaggerate the degree of enlightenment of these Eastern nations, and to attribute to them intelligence, if not like our own, at least differing from ours rather in kind than in degree. It is not that we have deliberately arrived at this conclusion; for, in point of fact, if we reflect for a moment,

upon the course of events, and the gradual decadence of these Eastern nations, it is clear enough that for centuries past human intelligence must have been on the decline among them. The Western European will, however, scarcely be prepared to admit the depth of their delusions. Evidence upon this point can only be furnished by those who have dwelt amongst them, and become familiar with their real feelings and opinions. Now it so happens that a French missionary who was at Damascus previous to the massacre, and probably at the time it occurred, and who has spent many years of his life amongst those Eastern tribes, has thrown a little light upon this obscure matter. M. Jules Ferrette has addressed a long letter to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," which has been published in the number for the 15th of August. He tells us that during the Sepoy mutiny there was imminent danger that the massacres which have just now taken place in Syria might have occurred. The Syrian tribes believed that the Mahommedans of India had invaded the British frontier and had pillaged our capital—London. The British Queen and her Viziers had been driven away, and had taken refuge at Constantinople. Russia was asking for their extradition, in order to inflict upon them condign punishment for recent transgressions in the Crimea. The Sultan, however, could not readily be moved to grant the humble petition of the Russian Emperor, because it had been represented to him that not long since, when the Russians were troublesome, the British Queen had displayed great alacrity in sending an army and a fleet to the assistance of the lawful suzerain at Constantinople. For this service, and for similar services, Queen Victoria, the French Emperor, and the King of Sardinia had been relieved for the space of three years from the necessity of paying the tribute which is due from all infidel vassals to the Commander of the Faithful. Opinions were divided in Syria as to the policy of this act of clemency, but the inclination of Syrian judgment was against the course taken by Abdul Medjid. All the zealots, all the men whom we should describe as "earnest politicians," thought that the Sultan had made a mistake, and that the moment had arrived for utterly exterminating the Infidels—even as it had been done in India. The bombardment of Djedda occurred at a very opportune moment, and somewhat modified the tone of public opinion. It must also be remembered that, on their side, since the Crimean War, the Christian population in the Turkish provinces have been looking up. They have cast aside the black turbans, and the sad-coloured raiment which had been worn by their forefathers, even as our own Quakers are discarding their peculiar hats and coats, though for very different reasons. Christian women—and this seems to have filled up the cup of their offence—have actually appeared in trousers of green silk—green, the very colour of the Prophet's standard! Again, the Christian population generally, taking advantage of the recent concession extorted from the Sultan, have refused to pay money in lieu of military service. These grievances have tried the patience of the Wise Men of the East.

LAST WEEK.

THE BARREN SESSION.

THE Session of 1860 is at an end. Our legislators have not much in the shape of definite results to show for the labour of seven months. In publications more especially devoted to the discussion of political events, the Session which has just been brought to a close has been already stigmatised as the Barren Session. Towards its close prayers might well have been put up in our churches for laws, as they have been offered for rain. For months and months nothing was heard of but fruitless discussions upon a Reform Bill, concerning which not even John Bright was in earnest.

Some thirty years ago, or thereabouts, Lord John Russell carried a Reform Bill when the alternative was a revolution, and therefore he thought it his duty to carry a Reform Bill in 1860, when the alternative was to let it alone. Fifteen years ago the late Sir Robert Peel carried the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and a general change in our commercial system from Protection to Free Trade; therefore, in 1860, Mr. Gladstone endeavoured to burn up the last rags of Protection, and to make a complete end of the task which the great English statesmen had taken in hand in the years 1845-46. Again, more than thirty years ago, Catholic Emancipation became an acknowledged fact; in other words, the nation solemnly decided that religious opinions should not, in any way, affect the political status of British subjects. From that time, down to the present, there have been spasmodic attempts made in Parliament to emancipate the Jews from the miserable restrictions which savoured of the Ghetto, and the yellow gown of the middle ages. Of these, too, there is an end; but it is only in the Session which is now concluded that the oath administered to a Jewish member has been placed upon a footing which relieves him of all humiliation when he takes the seat to which he has been elected by the free choice of a British constituency. Here, then, are three great principles which were not acknowledged in our statute-book without three solemn struggles which shook the structure of English society to its very foundation. They were carried in fitting order: First, there was Religious Freedom; secondly, there was Political Freedom; thirdly, there was Commercial Freedom. In the days when these great matters were at issue—matters which stirred men's hearts and made their blood leap madly in their veins—naturally there was great turmoil and contention within and without the walls of Parliament. In those days a political Dilettante was out of place. You would as soon have expected to find a loungeur of the St. James Street clubs in the ranks of Cromwell's Ironsides. Fathers turned aside from their sons if they "went wrong,"—that is, if they fell off from the political traditions of their family, whatever these might be. The Whigs and Tories carried on their party-strife with an inveteracy which was greater than the hatred of private life. They ranted against each other on the hustings—they dined against each other at Pitt and Fox dinners. Country-gentlemen, in order to carry country-

seats, ruined themselves, or at least, saddled their magnificent estates with burdens from which they would never have been relieved but for the improved value communicated to their estates by the introduction of steam. Railroads have been the panacea for the political unthrift of the last century. Old George Stephenson, and that brave band of mute Paladins, who clambered up behind him from the darkness of the north country mines, to the light of day, have been the true saviours of the Squirearchy and territorial aristocracy of England. The party-contests, which had been for awhile suspended, by the imminent dangers of the war between Europe and the first French Empire, were renewed with increased bitterness in 1816. Between that date and 1846 we saw the fullest development and the extinction of party strife. Whigs and Tories carried on the war as though they were born to be each other's natural antagonists. A Radical was a mad dog to be hunted down by the Attorney-General and his law beagles, amidst the general applause. In those days the late Earl Grey was a probability; Lord Eldon a possibility; William Cobbett a necessity. We could not, if we would, handle again either the rapiers or the bludgeons with which our elders ran each other through the body in a gentlemanlike way, or broke each other's heads in a rude but thoroughly efficient manner. Now-a-days we should think of Earl Grey as Polonius; of Lord Eldon as an intelligent Druid; of William Cobbett as a "rough." There is a great gulf between the England of 1815 and 1860. There are no longer struggles for the three great principles of Religious Freedom, Political Freedom, Commercial Freedom. Our heads are upon the pillows which our fathers have made smooth, and it is only in dreams we can take part in the gigantic struggles of opinion in which they were engaged. When we meddle with such matters we are but feeding upon the scraps which have fallen from their table. We are crossing their *l's*, and dotting their *i's*. We are wearing their old coats, and writing postscripts to their letters. We are painting their lilies and gilding their gold.

Does this therefore mean that we have no struggle before us?—and that because our fathers toiled we can fold our hands in sleep, and give ourselves up to disgraceful lethargy? Not so. We have our appointed task as they had theirs; but our task is different in kind. Let us, however, see what it is, and not, because we mistake the Past for the Present, say that there is nothing left for us to do. We might as well whine over Stonehenge, as lament over the decay of parliamentary strife and the decline of party spirit. What if the life and brain of England have passed from Parliament into the nation, is that any great loss? Our elders fought for thirty years that this very result might come to pass. Of course we shall not henceforward have as many gladiatorial displays within the walls of the two Houses, but we shall have more magnificent achievements performed by the nation collectively—and by the individuals of whom it is composed. Here we have a nation of 30,000,000 of energetic people—leaving India and the colonies out of the question

—who can say what they like, write what they like, and do what they like, so they do not infringe a few very simple laws enacted for the common benefit of all. The old English blood has not stagnated in our veins. The population of the country is rapidly increasing despite of the enormous drain of emigration—nor has the race degenerated in any respect. Most of the suits of armour in the Tower would be found too small for the stout limbs of the young Cumberland recruits who join the ranks of our Household troops. The duration of life has increased. It is a mistake to suppose that the increase of luxury has sapped the vigour of the English people. We have still a practical monopoly of the coal and iron of the world, and increased skill in using them. Better still, we have absolute freedom of action and thought. It is, then, natural enough, and scarcely a conclusion to be regretted, that the thoughts of Englishmen are more intent upon private enterprise than upon the “struggles,” as they are called, of political life—where struggles there are none. Let Parliament go wrong—that is, oppose on any vital point the desires of the nation, and there would be little doubt as to the result which would instantly follow. Let us not, then, blame our legislators too much if from this Session of 1860 we have not reaped an ample crop of laws. The tendency of Parliament is to become every year more and more a mirror in which the forms of public opinion are represented.

To say this is not to say that the British Parliament has degenerated, but that the nation has increased in intelligence and power. The British statesman has still a noble task before him in the conduct of our relations with foreign powers. It is still his province to carry into effect such changes in our laws as may be rendered necessary by the altered circumstances of the times. His place is still in the vanguard of the nation. The position is still one of such honourable distinction that it must be coveted by all men who are endowed with aptitudes for public life. Occasion arising, no doubt men will be found in abundance equal to the necessities of the time. So it is with Parliament generally. Why should we sneer at this poor session of 1860? Have not the two Houses very fairly represented the political ideas of the nation during the current year? Some of us were for trying a Reform Bill. The majority of the nation were indifferent to the subject. These two views, and in due proportion, were adopted by Parliament. We have all run mad—judiciously enough—about volunteering. Parliament has patted the volunteers on the back very handsomely. We all felt that the question of our military arrangements in India, should be placed upon some stable and permanent footing. Parliament has settled the matter in the way which had upon its side the weight of superior authority. We all of us are casting anxious glances at the continent of Europe, and feel, that, come what may, England must be put in a state of security. Parliament has voted the money necessary for the defence of our great arsenals; and in other respects has gone quite as far as the bulk of the nation were disposed to go. Upon the conclusion of the treaty with France, the

opinions of men were divided; but, as far as may be gathered from the tone of our public writers, opinion seems to be gravitating towards the conclusion that, although not strictly correct on economic principles, on the whole it was worth our while to assist the French Emperor in his praiseworthy endeavours to vaccinate the French nation with a little matter drawn from the healthy arm of Richard Cobden. This matter also was discussed at great length, and finally settled in a manner of which the nation approves. To be sure we should have been glad if Sir Richard Bethell had carried his Bankruptcy Bill, and his proposals for the consolidation of the criminal law; but these may be looked for early next session. Even with regard to the first named of these measures, how justly the Commons intervened, and checked the great lawyer in one or two injudicious provisions which he had introduced into his bill! If these bills, and a few like them, which were not calculated to call forth any serious division of opinion, had been carried through, we should not have had any serious reason to quarrel with this barren session of 1860.

There has, no doubt, been a great deal of idle talk, but it will probably remain a difficulty until the world's end to collect together 650 men and give them well-nigh unlimited freedom of speech without danger of this evil. On the whole, honourable gentlemen have talked a certain amount of nonsense, but have acted much good sense in the session of 1860.

HE COMES.

THE cry at Naples whilst these lines are being committed to paper is still of the proximate arrival of Garibaldi, at the head of the revolution. Before they are published there will probably be an end of the dynasty of the Neapolitan Bourbons. Every one is falling off from the king. He has no longer even the lazzaroni of the Neapolitan quays, or any considerable body of foreign mercenaries on whom he may rely in the hour of his need. Empire has literally passed from the hands of Francis II. He is now but titular sovereign of the Two Sicilies, as he claims to be titular sovereign of Jerusalem. Domestic conspiracy has been added to the miseries and misfortunes of the last days of the Bourbons in Naples. The Prince Luigi, than whom a man more contemptible could be found with difficulty, even upon the bead-roll of emaculated Italian princes, would have succeeded to his inheritance before he was dead. Francis II. overcame that difficulty, but he cannot overcome the greater difficulty of Italy in arms and Garibaldi at its head. Had the race of these Neapolitan Bourbons been one whit less treacherous and blood-thirsty, one might look with something like compassion upon the last fruitless struggle in which he is engaged, even whilst we write. An army is there which wears his uniform, and will do everything but fight for him. A fleet is still under his flag, but is just waiting for the moment to haul it down. He is inhabiting his palace still, but the Austrian frigate in the offing is his only home. He makes promises which no one believes, and receives in return lip-homage which is only a mockery. But for the tyranny of the first few months or weeks of his rule, and were it not that

the yet unburied corpses, and blackened walls of Palermo testify against him, his fate might awake some little sympathy in the hearts even of those who had suffered from the cruelty and bigotry of his father. What a destiny it was to be born the summer king of that lovely land, where the blue waters of the Mediterranean wash the rocks upon which the orange trees grow; where the air is so delicate and light that one draws in contentment and happiness with every breath. So very easily ruled are the people in this southern paradise, that it was not necessary to be a great, nor a wise, nor a good king; but simply to abstain from the most violent forms of tyranny and wickedness. From the days when old Tiberius fixed his last abiding-place on the summit of Capri, till those when Ferdinand II. filled his dungeons in Ischia and Procida with state prisoners, the Southern Italians have been well broken in to masterful rule. They would not have been shocked at trifles. By religion, by temperament, and by tradition they were accustomed to acquiesce in the guidance of a strong hand, and were not ready to challenge any exercise of power so it did not drive them to desperation. The Neapolitan Bourbons, however, have tired out the patience of this people, and it needs but the presence of the deliverer to drive the young sovereign from that splendid throne, which he might have held throughout a long life, had he simply abstained from walking in the steps of his father.

The march of Garibaldi from Reggio to Naples, will probably be as the march of our own William from Torbay, or the march of Napoleon from Cannes. When the Neapolitan "difficulty" is disposed of, we shall probably hear that the Pope, in his temporal capacity, is melting away like a snow-figure in the sun-shine—afterwards, what? Let us trust that the Italians will retain moderation in the midst of their triumphs, and not be too ready to invoke a contest with a coalition, which now seems to number in its ranks the united Powers of Germany and Russia. Providence is too apt to be on the side of the best drilled grenadiers. The condition of Italy since 1815 is a convincing proof of this lamentable fact.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUMS.

WHAT a pity it is that all our National collections of pictures, of statues, of antiquities, of objects of Natural History, should be shorn of half their value from the meanness of the various buildings in which they are exhibited to public view, and from the confused manner in which they are huddled together. We have, in London, but one room which is really worthy of the purpose to which it is devoted, and that is the new Reading-room of the British Museum. This, indeed, is a magnificent apartment—a credit to the country, and a great boon to all men engaged in literary pursuits. It was well-nigh impossible to work out any literary task in the room formerly set aside at the British Museum for the use of students. The Museum head-ache had become a by-word. How was it possible to extract, from the over-tasked brain, the due execution of the daily task, when the atmosphere in which the labour was performed was little better than a foul and unwhole-

some stench? This blot, however, has been removed, and Englishmen may now point, with honest pride, to the home which has been prepared for their students. Almost equal praise must be given to the manner in which the book-department of the Museum generally is conducted, under the careful and intelligent management of Mr. Panizzi. There is not a more useful public servant to be found.

Here, however, there must be an end of praise. In the Museum we have the finest collection of Greek sculpture in the world,—but in how paltry a manner it is displayed. The continental traveller—and everybody is a continental traveller in these days—thinks with shame upon the difference between the arrangements which he finds at Rome, Florence, Paris, and elsewhere, and those which are deemed good enough in London for the exhibition of the noblest works of antiquity. No doubt, in magnitude and in numbers, the Roman collections are superior to our own; but even at Rome, there is nothing which we would receive in exchange for our own Elgin marbles. In the Vatican they would be enshrined in a magnificent temple, worthy of such precious relics of the genius of by-gone days. The sculpture-room at the Louvre may well put us to shame, although the Parisian collection is not to be mentioned by the side of our own English treasures in marble. Even the little collection at Munich is shown to such advantage that it is doubled in value. Passing from the works of the ancients to those of modern artists, is it not wonderful that English sculptors can be induced, year after year, to exhibit their works in that dismal little hole at the Academy, which is thought good enough for the reception of the fruits of their annual toil? The portrait-busts, in particular, are so arranged that they would be almost ridiculous if light enough were admitted into the apartment to permit of a judgment upon the general effect.

It is the same with regard to our pictures. Let us be frank—the National Gallery is a national disgrace. Of course, as far as the number of pictures is concerned, we cannot yet boast of being upon an equality with some of the continental nations, but we possess many pictures by the hands of the old masters which are of the very highest merit. Our national collection is small, but in the main it is good. There is not in it, even comparatively speaking, anything like the same amount of inferior pictures as may be seen, for example, in the great gallery of the Louvre. The rooms, however, in which the English pictures are hung are, in every way, contemptible, and unworthy of the purpose to which they have been assigned. If a suitable frame serves to bring out the beauties of a picture, so also does a suitable room serve to bring out the full beauties of the pictures when framed. Light is, of course, a vital question. Even the light at the National Gallery is admitted in an insufficient way. It is easy enough for Londoners to appreciate the difference which good hanging and good light may make in the apparent value of pictures. Not so long since, the magnificent collection of his own works, bequeathed by Mr. Turner to the nation, was exhibited in the dull,

dingy rooms of Marlborough House. Every one was surprised at the little effect which they produced. They were then moved up to Brompton, and although the rooms in which they are now hung are but part of a temporary building, we can there see, for the first time, what the works of Turner really are. Our modern oil-painters are equally cramped for space in the rooms devoted to the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy. The old and the modern painters cannot live under the same roof any longer, unless that roof covers a very different building from the National Gallery at Charing Cross. Some time back we heard of a proposition for converting Burlington House, and the surrounding space, into a series of galleries for the use of modern artists, as painters in oil, painters in water-colours, sculptors, &c. In that case the idea was to give up the National Gallery at Charing Cross exclusively to the collection of ancient masters. It was not intended at first to pull down the building, and erect a new one which should be worthy of the purpose and of the nation; although, if the great gallery of the nation is to remain in that spot, nothing will be done until that is done. For the present everything is at a dead-lock, and the explanation is this. The Court are anxious that the collection of ancient masters should be moved up to Brompton. This proposition was distasteful to the public, and when it came to be inquired into by commissioners appointed by the Crown for the purpose, the opinion of the majority of the commissioners so appointed was in favour of leaving the great National Collection at Charing Cross. To have acted upon the Burlington House idea would have clenched this suggestion—and that is not a thing which will be done. The partisans of the Brompton scheme are biding their time patiently, and moving up by dribblets, and without attracting public attention, as many pictures as they may. Meanwhile, and on account of this difference of opinion, nothing decisive will be carried out, or even attempted for some time to come,—and we must content ourselves with our miserable picture galleries with the best grace we may.

Looking back from these to the collections of natural history and of antiquities at the British Museum, we find the same lethargy prevailing. The time has come when we must make up our minds either to sever the collections, or to increase the building in Great Russell Street to an enormous degree; or, finally, to acquiesce in the practical inutilty of the various collections. We had rather not adopt the third alternative; the second seems out of the question on the score of expense, as the price of land in the immediate neighbourhood of the Museum is so enormous;—the third remains.

During the session of parliament just concluded, a select committee sat to inquire into the subject, but they have not done much. The pith and marrow of their suggestions just amount to this, that the matter should be left as heretofore in the hands of the trustees. But it is in the hands of the trustees that matters have come to their present pass. Therefore, the decision to leave the affair, as heretofore, in the hands of the

trustees amounts to an adoption of the third alternative. Mr. A. H. Layard addressed a letter last week upon this subject to the "Times," in which he describes the miserable condition in which he found the Assyrian collection, as well as the relics of Greek art lately brought from Halicarnassus. The students of natural history also complain, on their side, that the collections from which they are anxious to derive information are in such a confused state, owing to the defective nature of the accommodation, that their value is much depreciated, as far as the student is concerned. The natural remedy would appear to be a severance of the collections. It was proposed before the committee that the collections of natural history should be separated from those of antiquity and art; but this proposition, which seems reasonable enough, was summarily rejected.

Undoubtedly it would be a grand thing if at South Kensington, or on any other suitable site, there could be erected one or two great buildings which should contain the national collections of painting and sculpture. One would wish for a more central situation, certainly; but London is extending itself so rapidly in all directions that it is not a little difficult to say where the centre of the town will shortly be. Besides, if the scheme of metropolitan railroads be carried out, as intended, South Kensington will shortly be but a quarter of an hour from anywhere.

The question obviously seems at present to lie between that site and Burlington House. If either of the two collections is to be removed from the British Museum, it seems a pity not to select that one for removal which would best serve to complete the national collection of sculpture. An English Glyptothek would never be complete without the Elgin marbles, and the various treasures of Greek art which are now to be seen in the British Museum. On the other hand, the more central situation at Charing Cross would seem to be more required in the case of the Royal Academy and the Exhibition of Modern Masters.

If all the rooms in the unsightly building at Charing Cross were devoted to the annual exhibition of the works of modern artists, and to the purposes generally of the Royal Academy, at least the pictures could be seen to some advantage. The building itself would of course remain a deformity and a blotch upon one of the finest sites in London. It will be pulled down in time by ourselves, or our posterity, and the sooner it is done the better. Meanwhile we commend this subject to the attention of the readers of *ONCE A WEEK*. What the British nation can do in this particular, when it fairly takes the duty of execution upon itself, and throws overboard trustees, curators, and heaven-born guardians of art, was seen in the Manchester Exhibition of 1857. England ought to stand high in this respect amongst the nations of Europe. We actually possess in the country, and in the hands of private individuals, as well as in our public collections, many of the most valuable art-treasures of the world; but the public collections will never attain their due importance until suitable galleries are prepared for their reception.

LAST WEEK.

THE HEGIRA OF THE BOURBONS.

YOUNG Francis II. is gone at last. When kings fly their first step is decisive. You cannot dally with a crown—clutch the golden prize one minute, and let it fall from your trembling fingers the next. This last of the Neapolitan Bourbons, whilst we are writing, is at Gaeta: but it is most probable when this number of *ONCE A WEEK* is published, that he will even have abandoned that stronghold, and be on his way to a Spanish port, or to the Court of Francis Joseph, the *ex officio* Protector of small Italian royalties. As soon as Garibaldi is fixed at Naples, whether he administers the country for a time as Dictator, or whether he hands it over to the Sardinian King, really matters not—the Neapolitan army and navy will adhere to the *bon stato*, or new order of things. It is not likely that the Royal Runaway will suffer himself to be caught like a rat in a trap, or as Gil Blas was caught in the den of the famous Captain Rolando. Gaeta once invested by sea and by land, the situation of any one member of the garrison, from the King to a gunner-boy, would be exceedingly precarious. Not that these are times when fugitive Sovereigns have occasion to fear for their lives, but no doubt Francis II., late of the Two Sicilies, now of Gaeta, would rather be spared the humiliation of a contemptuous dismissal by his enemies. He has given up his kingdom without striking one good stroke in its defence. Courage failed him not at the moment when he directed that the fair city of Palermo should be laid in ashes, even although the operation was not called for on military grounds. He had courage enough when the Queen Mother and the camarilla urged him to continue the cruel system of government which his father had carried out for some thirty years. He had courage enough to stop his ears to the groans and cries of the wretched political prisoners who were incarcerated in his dungeons. But he had no courage when summoned to take the field, and meet the enemy of his name, and the people whom he and his father and grandfather had oppressed. As Macaulay has written—

He—he turns—he flies—
Shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture,
But dare not look on war.

The best thing now for Italy, and for Europe, is that this last of the Neapolitan Bourbons should be allowed to take his way quietly to the court of his Spanish cousin, who no doubt will give him a hiding-place. He is still one of the richest men in Europe.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ALPENSTOCK.

WHAT a lamentable story was that one of those poor English travellers who fell over a precipice the other day as they were crossing from the Montanvert to Cornayeul! Europe annually sends forth her thousands of travellers to the Swiss mountains, and all things considered it is a wonder that so few accidents occur. Every idle voluptuary of the European capitals—every middle-aged gentleman whose figure owns the affronts of time, and betrays the effects of good living, from

the moment he reaches Lucerne or Geneva conceives himself to be instantly converted into a Swiss mountaineer. Now the purchase of Keller's map, of 'a little bag like a lady's reticule, to be slung round the shoulder, and of a long pole tipped with an elegant little chamois horn, can be easily effected; but these possessions, however valuable, will scarcely convert their fortunate owner into a mountaineer. They will not give him the hardness of limb, the enduring breath, the endurance of fatigue so necessary for the man who would grapple with the difficulties of Swiss mountains and passes as one to the manner born. Faint and weary, at the end of a very moderate day's excursion, you see the way-worn traveller who had left his inn with the rising sun, so light of heart and of foot, that by his side the guides seemed but clumsy and incapable travellers, plodding back, and cursing the hour when he exchanged the amenities of Pall Mall, or the Boulevards, for the stern realities of a stroll amongst the mountains. A man does not become an efficient member of the Alpine Club by a mere act of volition. There are Swiss dreams and Swiss realities—under which head are we to range the aspirations and performances of the latest Swiss travellers, Louis Napoleon and the fair Empress, whose graceful presence half excuses the triumphs of her lord?

Louis Napoleon has regularly commenced operations as a Swiss excursionist. He has bought an alpenstock, for which he has paid as a price the blood of thousands of Frenchmen, and millions of French treasure. It is the custom of Swiss travellers to cause the titles of their achievements to be burnt in upon these mountain-poles as records of their prowess. Upon the alpenstock of Louis Napoleon are now engraved these significant words:

MONT CENIS.
CHAMOUNIX.
CHABLAIS.
FAUCIGNY.
LAC DE GENÈVE.

What next? It was not for nothing that, with the Empress Eugenie by his side, he went afloat the other day on the Lake of Geneva in that silken-galley which reminds the reader of Cleopatra's barge. For the name of the Egyptian Queen, read that of the French Empress, and the description may stand:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick; with them the oars
were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, whilst they bent, to follow faster
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork Nature.
• • • • From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hit the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs.

All that the skill of French machinists and upholsterers could perform had been accomplished, and, on the whole, it is probable that the ma-

chinists and upholsterers of Paris in our day are superior to their predecessors of Alexandria, when Mark Antony bartered empire for a kiss. The spectacle on the lake must have been superb;—but if we are to attach credit to the account given by an actual spectator of the scene, who was present at Thonon when Louis Napoleon arrived there full of affability, the description in the play holds good again:—

Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air.

When the Emperor had alighted at the *Hôtel de Ville* of that remarkable town, Thonon, it seems that he stepped out, full of condescension, upon a balcony with a roll of paper in his hand, which in all probability contained the speech which he had intended to deliver, but, alas! a crowd of listeners was wanting. The *Préfét*, or *Sous-Préfét* of Thonon—or whoever the stage-manager might be—had not paraded the mob of attached subjects; and yet one should have thought that loyalty might have been purchased in Switzerland for a consideration. The Conqueror of Magenta and Solferino found himself in the presence of a few spectators, and some little boys and girls,—the sole representatives upon this occasion of the frantic desire for annexation to France. One might have smiled to see the man who has accomplished such great things, softly slip the roll of paper full of Napoleonic ideas into his pocket, and quietly slink back into the *Hôtel de Ville*. M. le *Sous-Préfét* must have passed but an indifferent quarter of an hour, when under question as to the absence of the loyal mob. All this was pitiful in the extreme; but it must be admitted, even by his most determined antagonists, that Louis Napoleon has over-topped ridicule. The morning of the 2nd of December was the answer to the joking upon the Boulogne eagle; and if his life is prolonged, there is much reason to suppose that the French Emperor may find occasion to address a more important crowd in a more notable Swiss town than was the case the other day, when he appeared on the balcony of the *Hôtel de Ville* at Thonon.

In truth, the apparition of that silken galley upon the blue waters of the Lake of Geneva, was an alarming spectacle enough, not only to the confederated Swiss Cantons, but to Europe. Louis has commenced a fresh game of *Rouge et Noir*, and has risked no inconsiderable stake upon the event. From the declaration made by the English Premier, in answer to Mr. Kinglake, just before the close of the session, as well as from the paragraph inserted in the speech of the English Queen when Parliament was prorogued, it would seem that this Swiss acquisition has cost him the confidence of English statesmen.

We had already been told by Lord Palmerston, that in consequence of the masterful seizure of these Swiss Cantons, in defiance of the obligations of the public law of Europe, England had been compelled to seek for more trustworthy alliances elsewhere. The conference at *Töplitz*, and an increased cordiality between the German Sovereigns, has followed. It is now suggested that in presence of a danger, supposed to be imminent, there

will shortly be a meeting between the Russian Emperor, the Prince Regent of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria at Warsaw. We have seen the recent manifestations of loyalty in Belgium to the throne of King Leopold. Before the British Parliament separated, a heavy vote was taken for the defence of our arsenals, and the country is bristling with Volunteers from Land's End to John-o'-Groat's House. It is really in consequence of the annexation of Nice, Savoy, and above all of these Swiss Cantons, which give to Louis Napoleon the command over the Lake of Geneva, and practically in the future of the right bank of the Rhine, that 8000 lbs. of flour, 6000 lbs. of veal and ham, 500 lbs. of butter, and 2000 eggs, were used up in making pies for the Volunteers who were reviewed the other day in Knowsley Park. By this single act of autocracy planned and carried out in defiance of the public law, and public opinion of Europe, the French Emperor has destroyed all confidence in his own professions, and in those which are made by his ministers under his sanction. "I make war for an idea," said he, when he set out upon his Italian campaign of last year, but the idea intended was not the one held forward to the world, but a little boating excursion upon the Lake of Geneva, after certain water-rights had been secured. In some fashion or other, the Napoleonic ideas do not seem to work to the advantage of those who are the subjects of them. Louis Napoleon had taken the Pope under his protection. We know how sorely beset Pío Nono is at the present moment; but it seems that the French Emperor is resolved to despise his calumniators, and continues to protect the Roman pontiff till the end. Here is what Count Persigny said the other day when laying the foundation stone of a church at Roanne. "Ah! gentlemen, whilst I am about to lay the first stone of this church of our *Lady of Victory*, whose name is such a good augury, pray the Almighty to protect the Holy Father—to preserve him from the dangers which beset him—the most to be dreaded of which are not the attacks of his armed enemies, for the sword of the Eldest Son of the Church, despising his calumniators, continues to protect the august person of the Pontiff—and the venerated throne of the Holy See." This is a comment upon Louis Napoleon's own declaration the other day, in which he recommended the Pope to resign his temporal dominions, and give himself up to prayer and meditation within the walls of the Eternal City—as it is called—although the monumental ruins which it contains are sadly suggestive of the instability of human grandeur. Why should the Papacy endure in Rome, when Rome itself is blotted out from the map of the working-day world?

It is impossible to deny that at the present moment there is a general feeling of insecurity throughout Europe, and this insecurity is in itself no small evil, even if it should never ripen into actual warfare. We are all counting the forces of our neighbours, and manufacturing implements of destruction upon the most scientific principles, not exactly for purposes of harmless pyrotechnic display. How is this? It was not so twelve years ago. Again, it has always been said since the great

military Powers of the Continent receded from the principles which nominally inspired the Treaties of 1815, that sooner or later we must have a war of ideas, or of nationalities, to use the phrase of the professors in the science of Revolutions made Easy. But at the present moment it is not a war of ideas which we are all looking forward to, as a not very improbable contingency; but a simple, straightforward war of ambition upon the good old principles which moved Louis XIV. to despatch Turenne into the Palatinate, or decided the First Napoleon to send Soult and Marmont into Spain. For the moment, indeed, these projects are wrapped up in the mystic verbiage of the Second Empire. The *Sous-Prefet* of Thonon calls Louis Napoleon nothing less than the Apostle of European Emancipation.

Another of his acolytes styles him Aladdin, and tells us that his wonderful lamp is his perfect simplicity of character. Why not dub him Ali Baba at once, and explain to us that the phrase of "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," has been the "open sesame" by help of which he has marched from conquest to conquest? There is reason enough for anxiety in all this. There is a cloud bigger than a man's hand upon the horizon. A sound understanding between England and France—one is sick of the term "*entente cordiale*"—was the surest guarantee for the peace of the world—and this no longer exists. This is a lamentable but a true conclusion, and therefore we cannot rejoice at the accounts we receive of the Imperial progress in Switzerland. Upon this point the Swiss themselves feel alarm, which is natural enough, and are under considerable apprehension that fresh names will soon be added to the list of achievements engraved upon the Alpen staff of this formidable excursionist. Louis Napoleon spent his youth in Switzerland, and in early manhood was an Italian carbonaro. It was in these two countries he must first have felt the impulses of ambition. What tenacity of purpose there is about the man!

THE HELMSHORE TRAGEDY.

It has been said that more persons are killed and injured in London, every year, by accidents resulting from the negligence or misfortune of drivers, than upon the various lines of railway in the kingdom, in consequence of collision, explosion, and the various chances of the iron way. The terrible business which occurred at Helmsore, near Manchester, on Monday, the 3rd of the present month, must have gone far to fetch up the averages against the railroads. Some 2500 pleasure-seekers had come to Manchester for the day, in order to assist at some festivity which was then in hand. They were hard-working artisans, such as we find in the manufacturing districts, and their families. All went well on the journey to Manchester. They had their day's pleasure; it was to be the last, too, to many of their number. Well on in the night—it was about 11 P.M.—the excursionists flocked back to the station to be reconveyed to their respective homes. There were to be three trains choked full of passengers. One got away, and as it glided to its journey's end in safety, we may dismiss it from our thoughts. The second train started—there were eighteen carriages full of people, a large pro-

portion of them children. The night was very dark. Twenty minutes afterwards a third and similar train followed. Until the second train reached the Helmsore-station all went smoothly enough. They had glided up the incline which here is very steep. The train had been brought to a stand-still. The guard had just removed the breaks, and this was the death signal to ten human beings—to make no mention of thirty-eight persons who in a few moments were to be severely wounded and mutilated. The coupling between the third and fourth carriages broke. The engine remained with three carriages attached. For the remaining fifteen carriages in the train there was a jerk and a backward rebound, and then the fifteen carriages began to move slowly in the direction of Manchester. At this moment, the third train which had been despatched from Manchester was slowly passing up the incline freighted with hundreds of human beings—mainly children—as in the second train. The night, as we have said, was dark; the incline was steep; the scene of the tragedy, now imminent, was a cutting, and the cutting formed a curve. One train was gliding up, the other was gliding down. There were some twelve hundred persons on whom might the Lord have mercy—for when one minute only removed from death they could scarcely be nearer it than they were in the Helmsore cutting on that night of the 3rd of September—now just passed.

The carriages which had been released as described, moved back slowly enough for about four hundred yards—that is, something under a quarter of a mile—down the incline. The third train was ascending it, and upon the same set of rails, at the rate of something between ten and fifteen miles an hour. Some one at the station had detached the engine of the second train from the carriages, had moved it on another set of rails, and was proceeding back as quickly as he could in the direction of Manchester, so as to give warning to the driver of the third train. But it was too late! The third train was too near, and before the engine of the second train had reached the spot where the two trains were fated to come into collision, the collision had occurred. Then the screams and groans of the sufferers might have been heard. Ten persons were killed upon the spot, and others were lying about in almost every form and variety of suffering to which the human frame can be exposed. The limbs of some were broken; others had been wounded by the fragments and splinters of the shattered carriages; others were lying oppressed with great weights. It is needless to dwell upon this agonising scene—the mischief had been done. Nor is this the first time that such a calamity has occurred.

On the 23rd of August, 1858, a tragedy precisely similar happened between Worcester and Wolverhampton. Two trains full of excursionists were started with an interval of seventeen minutes between them. Then, as at Helmsore, the other day, the first train stopped at a station upon an incline. Then, as at Helmsore, the coupling between two of the carriages in the first train broke. Then eighteen carriages—as at Helmsore, fifteen—began to descend the incline, slowly at first, but

gathered velocity as they went. Then, as at Helmsboro, in a few minutes there was a collision between the advancing, and the receding trains, and many people lost their lives—many were bruised and mutilated for life, and there was great suffering. All this arose from a defective coupling. If reliance cannot be placed upon iron, and upon the tests which are employed to ascertain if it be still trustworthy, some precaution should be taken at every station, situated upon an incline, to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of any similar accidents. True, they may only occur once in two years; but when the tragedy happens it is so terrible, and sweeping in its operation, that it should be prevented at any cost. Surely the ingenuity which invented railroads can be tasked so as to secure the safety of the passengers who travel upon them.

THE SEA AND THE MARINE ARTS.

THE Great Eastern is proved to be a mechanical success, but possibly a commercial failure. With the destruction of the Red Sea Telegraph it may be said that up till the present time the oceanic cables have not proved trustworthy. Finally, we are informed upon very sufficient authority that the French iron-plated ship *La Gloire*, which has been announced to the world as a practical error, has, in point of fact, upon all material points, surpassed the expectation of her builders. The result of these three great experiments we have yet to learn.

With regard to the Great Eastern, it is now proved beyond all doubt that the ocean can be navigated in these huge ships not only with perfect safety, but in far greater comfort than in vessels of smaller size. In port, or out of port, the Great Eastern has done and withstood all that could be expected from any fabric built by human hands. Her performances in the gale at Holyhead Harbour showed that, no matter how terrible might be the fury of the elements, she could be held to her anchors and moorings. In her various trips round the coasts of England she has been exposed to very severe weather, and no vessel could have behaved better. Now that the experiment has been extended, and this huge ship has twice effected the passage of the Atlantic in safety, sufficient has been done to show that Mr. Brunel was right in his mechanical calculations, and that, as far as speed and safety are concerned, bulk and volume are not disadvantages to a sea-going ship. The question of whether or no it is more profitable to employ one larger vessel instead of four or six smaller ones for the transport of goods remains purely one for commercial men. It must be decided with reference to the economy of fuel, to the time occupied in loading and unloading, to the power of concentrating merchandise at a given moment at a given spot in sufficient abundance to freight so huge a ship. These, however, are calculations which fall within the usual domain of mercantile forethought, and it will soon be ascertained whether it is more profitable to build ships like the Great Eastern, or to adhere to the more ordinary dimensions and lines which our ship-builders have been in the habit of employing hitherto.

Of the Ocean Telegraphs, on the other hand,

we are compelled to speak as failures. Europe and America were indeed linked together by the electric chain for a moment, and in their confusion and surprise stammered out a few assurances of amity and good will. This was no mean triumph for our race. We compelled the lightning to speak English. Franklin had drawn it down from heaven, but we sent it to school. The triumph, however, was as short-lived as it was glorious. The Atlantic refused to contain the chain with which the Old and the New World were bound together. After many an anxious trial we were forced to acknowledge ourselves beaten for the moment, although the perfect success of the experiment can only be a question of time. The most important point of the great attempt has received a successful solution. The electric power generated by human hands can be propelled, or can propel itself, across the Atlantic. If so, there seems no limit to what can be accomplished when more perfect machines are contrived, and brought into play. All that is now wanted seems to be a better protection for the wire, to enable it to resist the rubs and rough usage to which it is exposed at the bottom of the sea. The Atlantic cable is gone—and now we hear that of the wire which had been laid down in the Red Sea there is also an end. The wash of the water upon the coral-reefs, which in this section of the great sea are sharp as razors, is the probable cause of the calamity. Whatever the explanation may be, it is positive that not much communication by ocean telegraph remains. Certainly the difficulties will be overcome in the long run; but as yet, the history of marine telegraphs has been, comparatively speaking, a history of failure.

The third great ocean experiment remains. If what we hear of this new French war-ship be true, all the modern vessels in the English navy are of little further use than as transports. As far as speed goes, it has been found that *La Gloire*, can accomplish her thirteen or thirteen and a half knots,—no bad rate of progress for a ship of war. We are told that all the stories which we have heard, to the effect that when there is any sea, her lower-port guns cannot be used, are mere fabrications, intended to mislead the public opinion of Europe. The iron sides of the vessel have been subjected to the most crucial experiments, in order to test their power of resistance to projectiles; and, it is said, the desired end has been accomplished. The screw and rudder are so placed as to be safe from almost any possible contingency of warfare. There is neither mast nor rigging, nor spar shown. *La Gloire* is merely an iron hull upon the water—impervious to shot—of the same build fore and aft, so that she can be moved either way without turning;—protected by an iron-roofing from the efforts of boarders, and with certain contrivances for the expulsion of the smoke, so that the men, when in action, should not be blinded and choked like the gunners in a casemate battery. The vessel is said to carry, or to be capable of carrying, thirty-six or thirty-seven guns of the most formidable kind which modern science has produced.

If these results are true, we have no less a task before us than the entire re-building of the English navy!

LAST WEEK.

DE MORTUIS.

A FEW months back if you had numbered up the rulers of Italy, you would have found the list to stand thus—

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THE POPE.

THE KING OF SARDINIA.

THE KING OF THE TWO SICILIES.

THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.

THE DUKE OF MODENA.

THE DUCHESS OF PARMA—FOR HER SON.

Four of them, in racing phrase, have been scratched—the four last. The Emperor of Austria has been beaten in one great battle after another, and has lost that fair province of Lombardy which was one of the brightest jewels of the Imperial crown. He still holds Venetia by force of arms; but not the Venetians. Venice is an Austrian barrack, but every one of its inhabitants who could pull a trigger, and make his escape, has fled from the city, as from an accursed place. The Pope is still at the Vatican, thanks to the presence of the French regiments, but without the walls his authority is only supported by a rabble of foreign mercenaries under the command of an Algerine General. In all probability, by the time these lines are published, his authority there will be at an end, save in that unfortunate province which with cruel rillery is known as the Patrimony of St. Peter. This province contains not quite half a million of inhabitants, divided thus:—Rome and Comarca, 326,509; Civita Vecchia, 20,701; Viterbo, 125,324. Elsewhere within the Pontifical States, *ferret opus*, the work of the deliverer is proceeding fast. A week ago the Sardinians entered the Pontifical States in force, and took Pesaro. Although it seems likely that General Lamoricière may make a brief stand, he is opposed to a power which, with reference to any force of which he can dispose, is irresistible. Victor Emmanuel already speaks in the tone of what our French neighbours would call the "master of the situation." He tells the deputation from Umbria and the Marches that he is prepared to rid Central Italy of one continual cause of trouble and discord—to wit, the Pope. "I intend," he adds, "to respect the seat of the Chief of the Church, to whom I am ever ready to give, in accordance with the allied and friendly Powers, all the guarantees of independence and security which his misguided advisers have in vain hoped to obtain for him from the fanaticism of the wicked sect which conspires against my authority, and against the liberties of the nation." Pretty strong language this, considering that His Holiness is the object of the rebuke. In a very few days, from the Alps to Reggio there will be a single King of Italy, who, in addition to his dominions on the mainland, will rule over the two noble islands of Sicily and Sardinia. Venetia, and the Patrimony of St. Peter, are the only two blot upon this fair picture. What next? The men of impulse and enthusiasm are of opinion that the time has come for completing the work. Politicians of a more thoughtful and forecasting turn of mind would have Victor Emmanuel throw down his bâton in the

lists, and declare that for the time enough is done. Let him consolidate his work. Before the Lombard campaign of last year a calculation was made by the French military authorities as to the amount of force which would be necessary in order that Italy, when single-handed, might maintain a combat with Austria upon an even balance of chances. The result of their calculations was, 200,000 disciplined troops, 20,000 of them cavalry; 500 pieces of field artillery; 200 siege guns; and these field guns would require at the least 50,000 draught horses. The Frenchmen said that the indispensable and preliminary condition of raising and maintaining such a force was ten years of independence. In a struggle between an established Government and a nation, as M. de Sismondi fairly enough says, the former has many advantages, such as rapidity of information, soldiers, arsenals, fortresses, finances, credit, and rapidity of communication. The Lombard campaign was essentially a duel between Austria and France. The result proves nothing as far as the chances of a contest between Austria and unaided Italy are concerned. The friends of Italian independence look with apprehension to the next move in this great game.

Since Garibaldi landed in Sicily well nigh every telegram from southern Italy, has been the record of a miracle. At the trumpet's blast, the walls of fenced cities have fallen down. Armies have melted away—fleets have been as though they were not. Dominion has passed away like a dream from the last of the Neapolitan Bourbons. Francis II. ran away from his capital, with a bad joke upon his lips. "Your and our Don Peppino is at the gates," was his Sicilian Majesty's sublime remark to the national guards just before his departure. The royal jest was not very dignified, but it contained a good deal of truth. Had Garibaldi entered Naples at one end with a carpet-bag in his hand, the king must have quitted it at the other. Precisely the same thing might have been said of every Italian ruler, save in so far as Austrian and French bayonets kept him in his place. There has been a general idea in England that the Italian governments were bad, but no one who has not lived in Italy some time between 1819 and 1859, knows how bad they were—how cruel and oppressive to the people. But of all these governments the Pope's was the worst—it was the very worst in Europe. Now that Garibaldi has purged the Two Sicilies of the Bourbons, we may cease to speak, or to write of the atrocities they committed during the last forty years of their rule. *De mortuis*—speak good, or say nothing of the dead. But the Pope is still alive as a ruler, and as some weak-minded individuals may still have qualms of conscience as to the propriety of expunging his name from the list of European princes, we would say a few words about his doings, and the doings of his predecessors. In the Papal States, until 1859, with the exception of the rich country immediately about Bologna, the soil was out of cultivation; the roads were infested with brigands. There was no commerce. As Massimo D'Azeglio wrote,—"That part of Italy, placed on two seas, on the high road to the East, rich in minerals, with a most fertile soil, inhabited by a population on whom Providence

has bountifully bestowed quickness, foresight, energy, strength and boldness; has two such harbours as Ancona and Civita Vecchia empty." There was universal misery—the want of food, of clothing, of shelter. The prisons were full of state prisoners who had in any way given umbrage to the priests. There were spies at every corner; and every confessional contained a spy, who could extract from a man's nearest relation, revelations, or suggestions which were worked to his destruction. With regard to the prisoners, sometimes their very existence was forgotten. If ever the person accused was brought to trial—we speak of political offenders—he was never confronted with the witnesses who appeared against him—the names were never revealed to him. The court which had pre-determined his ruin, assigned to him a nominal defender—his most dangerous adversary. Torture was used to extract confession, as may be seen in an edict published by Cardinal Antonelli, on the 30th of July, 1855. Besides what was done by the immediate agents of the Pope, Austria took a great share of bloody work off his hands. Papal subjects were taken in batches before the Austrian courts-martial, and dealt with according to the amenities of Austrian military law. It has been clearly established, and the English Consul at Ferrara at the time knew the facts, that in the beginning of the year 1853, political prisoners of the Pope were tortured by the Austrian jailors. They were beaten, they were starved; they were bent in the form of hoops; they were informed that a firing party was waiting for them; they were kept without sleep, and in the middle of the night their keepers would come in and shake a hook and a halter before their eyes. The country was governed by foreigners,—Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans. The collection of the common taxes cost 31 per cent; of the revenue derived from salt and tobacco, 46 per cent.; from the lotto, 62 per cent. In nine years' time, between 1848—57, 1,000,000*l.* was paid to foreign troops for keeping down, and—occasion arising—butchering the Pope's subjects. From 1814 to 1857, the sum of the papal revenues had amounted to 75,500,000*l.*: all of which has been wrung from the wretched inhabitants of the country, being other than priests, and the owners and holders of ecclesiastical property. There is no commerce—no trade, no manufactures in this unfortunate country; and as taxation scarcely touches the principal landed proprietors, the condition of less considerable persons may be imagined. The river Po threatens continually to overflow.

The acknowledged project of the French Ruler is to reduce the Pope to the condition of the Ecclesiastical Emperor of Japan—leaving Victor Emmanuel to be the actual Sovereign of Italy. What his real projects may be he scarcely knows himself. At the present moment it is clear that the presence of the French troops in Rome, and in the Patrimony of St. Peter's, constitutes the chief—nay, the only obstacle to the liberation of Italy from Reggio to the Mincio. It is a fearful stab in the back from a sovereign who claims to be the Liberator of Italy. So long as the Pope is at Rome, Rome will be the centre of ecclesiastical

intrigues extending throughout the Peninsula. So long as the Pope is at Rome, there will always be a pretext for foreign interference. So long as the Pope is at Rome, the spell of Italy's long slavery is not wholly dissolved. The possession of Rome, in a moral sense, would be worth three successful battles to the Italian cause. As a temporal prince, the Pope has been found wanting, and should be numbered with things which have been, and which must be no more. When this end is achieved, we may have done with the subject; as we have done with the atrocities of the Bourbon at Naples and in Sicily. Happy will that moment be when the Pope and his successors can say with truth to their assailants—"De mortuis."

ERIN GO BRAGH.

THERE is nothing so long-lived as an idea. Stone and marble decay—other monuments of human greatness are the inheritance of the moth and the worm, but convictions survive the assaults of Time, and of Time's unwearied agents. A state of things was, therefore it is; it is not, therefore it should be. Circumstances may change—the billows of one moment may be the scattered spray of the next, but certain minds are so constituted that they cannot bend to the evidence of facts. We need not seek far for instances; but the singular pertinacity with which some of our Irish fellow subjects still assert that Ireland is the most oppressed and injured country under heaven, is a curious proof of indifference to the realities of life. At the present moment there is not one spot upon the earth's surface where there is more real liberty than in Ireland—where men can more freely go where they like, write what they like, do what they like, and say what they like; but, for all that, the Irish are still a persecuted, the English a persecuting people. Until he played fast and loose with the Pope's interests, Louis Napoleon was a demigod in the eyes of these poor Celtic sufferers. Now, Louis Napoleon would have sent the editor and the whole staff of *The Nation* to Cayenne, with very little ceremony or trial, within twenty-four hours after publication of one of the usual numbers of that interesting newspaper. If any Frenchman ventured to whisper to his neighbours in a corner one quarter of what any Irishman shouts out from the house-tops in the way of sedition and treason, the tranquillity of many French families would be seriously compromised. If a party of Frenchmen had come over here to present Lord Clyde with a sword on his return from India, and had done so not without some insinuations as to the superiority of England over France in all the martial virtues, and had interlarded their complimentary address with denunciations of the French Government, what kind of welcome would they have received on their return to their native country? Daniel O'Connell had much truth on his side when he was struggling for Catholic emancipation, and many true pictures he drew of Irish misery when speaking of the Irish peasant of his day. All this is changed, but the Irish cuckoo still gives forth her monotonous note when all occasion for it is gone. Tom Moore has a great deal to answer for. He it was who first invested mourning Ireland with the garb of poetry. The notion was that of a beautiful young

woman, with pale skin and dark hair, rather tall, imperfectly clad, sitting by a waterfall, and playing on a harp in most mournful fashion. Sometimes the young lady was a widow, sometimes a lovely but sorrowful virgin. In either case ruthless oppressors had burned her modest house to the ground, and butchered all her nearest relatives without any show of justice. Who that had a man's heart within him would not be willing to take a young lady's part under these distressing circumstances? Imagine your own wife, your sister, or your daughter, sitting in tears by the waterfall in question, and playing on a little harp a series of airs in minor keys, and surely you would be sorry for her. It is a great pity when a nation selects such a type as this as emblematic of their aspirations and condition. Irishmen have walked about the world with their hands in their pockets in a state of sorrow for this pale young woman; and then voted her to be nothing more nor less than their native land. On the whole it seems probable that if you could induce a people to adopt some bird, beast, or fish, as their national symbol, they would gradually conform their methods of thought and aspirations to what might be supposed to be the thoughts and aspirations of the animal selected as their model or example. An Englishman likes to act in a taurine manner because he is John Bull. A stunted French corporal quivers with emotion under trying circumstances when he reflects that he is bound to emulate the actions of an eagle.

Passing from mere animal to human types, a citizen of the United States will think himself justified in adopting very astute measures for the furtherance of his private fortunes by reference to an imaginary Uncle Jonathan—a sallow, hard-featured man—with an eternal wink. Thus it is with our Irish fellow-subjects. Nothing can knock this pestilent harp and pale young woman out of their heads. Ireland is still a weeping female, and England a cruel husband who, under the improved state of the law, should be committed for six months to prison with hard labour, and be bound over to keep the peace.

How Marshal MacMahon, who, despite of his Irish descent is a Frenchman to the backbone, must have been puzzled with this sword, and still more with the address with which it was accompanied! Never since the days of Brian Boroihme was there ever such an Irish sword as this. It was made of Irish steel, and ornamented with Irish tracery copied expressly from specimens in the Irish Academy at Dublin. The hilt was of bog oak, ornamented with Irish amethysts, beryls and precious stones. On one side is the figure of a harper striking his harp; then there is a round tower, a sunburst, and of course shamrocks in great profusion. On the other side of the scabbard there is the figure of an Irish gallowglass drawing his sword, and a carved cross after the model of the ancient stone crosses of Ireland. Indeed, beyond a shillelagh and a pig—or, as it is called in Ireland, a “slip,”—we know not what other emblem could be selected as illustrative of Irish life. To be sure, there might have been a sample of a waxy potato on one side of the scabbard, and a mealy specimen of the same admirable

esculent upon the other, and the sword would have been perfectly well decorated. It would not be fair, however, to omit all mention of the inscription, which is in Irish and French characters. For the convenience of the general reader we confine ourselves to the French version:

L'Irlande opprimée au brave soldat Patrice Maurice de MacMahon, Maréchal de France, Duc de Magenta, descendant de ses anciens Rois.

The slight shown to the English language is so painful to one's feelings that it is really not to be spoken or thought about. Imagine a French deputation to come over to England for the purpose of presenting a beautifully bound copy of the Chancery Reports to the present Master of the Rolls on the ground that he is a descendant of a refugee family who escaped from the tyranny of Louis XIV. after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—and on the fly-leaf let the inscription be seen—

Oppressed France to the keen-witted judge, The Right Honourable Sir John Romilly, Knt., Master of the Rolls, the descendant of former French fugitives from former French tyrants.

Only let the experiment be tried, and let the deputation set their feet again for five minutes on French soil, and we should speedily see on which side of the narrow seas Liberty has fixed her abiding place.

MURDER WILL OUT.

It would have been of most dangerous consequence to the community if two such murders as those which have recently been perpetrated at Road, and at Stepney, had passed undetected. To say that the murderer does not take the chance of impunity into account, is to say that which is directly contrary to the experience of all persons who have been engaged in the detection and punishment of crime. Save in those cases where murder is the result of a certain outburst of passion or jealousy, the murderer calculates his chances of escape as coolly as a chess-player would take into account the probabilities of a game. The wretched young shoemaker who slew his sweetheart the other day on account of a lover's quarrel, of course cared but little whether he was taken or not. Life to his distempered fancy was a burden of which he was anxious to rid himself, and he walked red-handed through the public streets after the commission of the crime, without making any effort to save himself. The Irish Ribbon murderer, however, took chances into account. As soon as the probabilities of his escape from the hands of the police fell to zero, he gave up the contest in despair. The ordinary burglar has ceased to murder, as well as to rob the premises into which he has made his way, for he well knows that he will soon feel the tap of the policeman on his shoulder, with a hint that he is “wanted” for that last business in which he was engaged, and he has no desire to run the risk of forfeiting his life for the higher offence. Well-nigh all the great murders—the *causes célèbres* of blood in our day—have been most deliberately planned, and carried out with every circumstance of cool premeditation. Think of Rush and his attack upon Mr. Jermy's house; the murderer had made his preparations

just as a soldier would who was about to attack a hostile fort. Think of Palmer, and his purchases of strychnine. This fellow walked about London all day—and whilst dabbling in horse business, contrived to slip into the chemist's shop where he bought the deadly poison, and went down by train with his victim's life in his pocket. When the Mannings invited their friend downstairs to wash his hands in the back kitchen, his grave was already dug in the scullery. They had worked at it for days and nights beforehand. It is not reasonable to suppose that where murderers use so much forethought upon all the details of their crime, they do not take the chances of impunity into account. All their precautions are indeed directed to securing for themselves as many chances of impunity as possible.

The Road murder is still vested in impenetrable mystery. Sir George Lewis, no doubt, exercised a most wise discretion in declining to make the mystery a pretext for the issue of a special commission, which was to take evidence in the matter according to some fashion not in use amongst our criminal lawyers. If the administration of the criminal law can be improved, let these improvements be at once introduced for the benefit of all. Let us not hear of exceptional proceedings in any case simply because it is surrounded with mystery, and because public feeling is much excited upon it. This is just one of the instances in which persons accused, or suspected, require all the protection which the forms of law can throw around them, unless we wish to revive the days of the Star Chamber, and of High Commissions. There is happily one person whose assistance can almost always be depended upon in the detection of murder, and that is—the murderer himself. That wretched sot Manning, when at the little inn at Jersey, would turn the conversation every evening in the tap-room upon the subject of the murder in which he had been engaged, until at last suspicion fell upon him, and he was taken. It is hard for a murderer not to do too much or too little. It is difficult to walk about with such a burden at your heart, and to look your fellows in the face as if it was not there!

What an instance of this we have in this man Mullins, if it should, after all, turn out that he is the murderer of Mrs. Elmsley. There was no reason why he should speak. He had only to hold his tongue, and apparently he was safe, if he had also taken common precautions to place any articles which he had abstracted from the house in proper places for concealment. All circumstances as they stand at present tell fearfully against him. He leads the police to an outhouse in which, according to his own statement, he had seen the man Emms deposit a packet at a certain hour. He points out the very spot in which the packet was deposited, when the police had begun to flag in their researches. He states an hour at which he saw Emms place the packet there; at that hour it is proved that Emms was in his bed. The packet, when opened, did actually contain various articles which must have been taken from Mrs. Elmsley's house after the murder. It was tied with an end of waxed string, and with the very same kind of waxed string were tied the very shoes which he

had on his feet at the time the search was made. No doubt, now that suspicion—or something more—is fixed upon a particular man, many suggestions will be made, and many points will be inquired into, which will effectually allay all doubts as to his guilt or innocence. On the whole, it seems more probable that it was less the desire to obtain the reward, than a nervous anxiety to see the responsibility of the crime fixed upon another man, which induced Mullins to give to the police that information which has told with such fearful effect against himself.

LA GLOIRE.

THE transcendent importance of the subject must be an excuse for adding a few words to the statements which we made last week about the new iron French ship of war. When we say *iron*, it is meant that she is protected all over with an iron cuirass, which renders her impenetrable to shot or shell. For a long time the French naval authorities had maintained a strict silence upon the subject. Indeed, they had done something more, for they had actually taken pains to cast discredit upon the efforts of their own engineers. They have now thrown off the mask with a witness, and brag of their triumph in terms which can leave no doubt that, to their own apprehension, the vessel is a most complete and assured triumph of the naval engineer's art. Let us take this matter seriously into account; for, if true, it means nothing less than the necessity for an entire re-construction of the British navy. Here are a few notes of her dimensions and performances. *La Gloire* is 250 feet long, by 51 wide. At the height of six feet above the water, she has a battery of thirty-four guns of the most powerful kind. On the fore-castle she has two long-range pieces; on the quarter-deck an iron redoubt, to protect the commander during action. Her speed has reached 13 1-10 knots over measured ground. On a ten hours' trip, her average rate was 12 31-100 knots, with all fires lighted; with half-fires, 11 knots. She pitches gently in a sea, and rolls with regularity. A proof that our neighbours are in dire earnest in this matter is, that they are actually constructing six or seven ships upon the same model. The hesitation of the English Admiralty to engage in experiments of so costly a kind is intelligible enough; but a time arrives at last when an improvement of this sort in marine architecture ceases to be an experiment. Our people say that they have instituted experiments at the various ports as to the degree of resistance which iron plates can offer to a well-directed fire, and that the results have not been such as to encourage them to follow in the steps of France. But is it so clear that one of these iron-cuirassed vessels would ever be exposed to such a fire as that which is experimentally directed against these masses of iron plates? May not their resistance be enough for all practical purposes, although they cannot withstand these crucial tests? If *La Gloire* is a mistake, of course there is no harm done; but if she be really a success, the dominion of the seas is no longer ours until we are prepared to avail ourselves of these new improvements in naval architecture.

LAST WEEK.

THE POPE.

THE intelligence from Italy keeps our newsmongers alive, else there would be little left to talk about at this dull season of the year. Now that our own fears about our own harvest have been allayed, and we have made up our minds to the untimely end of the young partridges, and have ceased to look upon Volunteers as miraculous personages, but for Italy we should all be driven to the "Gardener's Chronicle" and the "Gentleman's Magazine." The news from Italy alone, however, is enough for one week;—well nigh enough, if fairly carried out in fact, to represent the handiwork of a generation. Better far than the political regeneration of Italy, although this was desirable enough, is the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope. See what has been done in Austria since the reaction against the measures of Joseph II., even down to the days when Francis Joseph, unfortunately for himself, signed the Concordat with Rome. Look at Spain as she is, and consider what she has been since the time of Philip II. All this, and far more than this, is due to the preponderance of a priestly caste which was great in Austria, Spain, and elsewhere, mainly because the chief was reckoned amongst the rulers of the earth. With purely religious questions we are not concerned—nor would we write a single phrase which might clash with the conscientious convictions of any one of our readers; but we are fully entitled to discuss the enormous evils which have arisen from a confusion between the things of this world, and those of the world beyond the grave.

A government by priests is the very worst government which the world has known. It is so because in temporal matters they are liable to the same blunders, and under the influence of the same ambitious thoughts as the laity, but to challenge their conclusions, or their motives is, as they say, to revolt against the Almighty. For forty years the doctrines of protection in commercial matters were much in favour with the rulers of England. Had these rulers been priests, the discussions of 1845-46 would not have been tried by the tests suggested by Adam Smith and Ricardo, but would have turned upon texts of Leviticus, and the Second to Timothy. The Roman Catholics in these islands have felt, to their own dire sorrow and confusion, how grievous a thing it is that spiritual considerations should be allowed to prevail in the ordering of temporal affairs. For a century and a half they were kept down, and exposed to all the misery resulting from the stern administration of highly penal laws, because the rulers of the Three Kingdoms esteemed it their mission to carry on a crusade against the Roman Catholic faith. As long as reason remained, old George III. set the opinions and remonstrances of his wisest statesmen at defiance upon this point. He had an oath in Heaven against which all human reasoning was vain. The Roman Catholics felt this to be highly inconvenient, but they have never regarded the blot in their own escutcheon, when the sufferings endured by Protestants and other dissidents in Roman Catholic countries were

called in question. It was monstrous that an Irish Roman Catholic should be denied a share in the government of this country, but it was all well enough if a dead Protestant in Spain was refused the rites of sepulture, or a living Protestant in Rome was consigned to chains and a dungeon. The point chiefly in issue between the gladiators in this struggle now in progress in the Italian peninsula is, whether or no there shall be a broad line of demarcation drawn between the functions of the spiritual and the temporal ruler. If this point is carried, the rest will follow. Without descending to particulars, it is enough to say that if the education of the rising generation in any country be withdrawn from the overwhelming and exclusive influence of the priesthood, the human mind will be left free to take its own course in science, in literature, in political economy, in commercial enterprise; and the results are in wiser hands than our own. Hitherto, over the greater part of Europe, the maxim of rulers has been—

"Put out the light—and then put out the light!"

What wonder if darkness has followed?

Events happen in their due season, and it would almost seem as if the old Roman pear were ripe at last, and about to fall. Over and over again men have tried to pluck it when it was green and full of sap. They failed, for the time had not yet come. He would be a bold man who would say that even now there is an end of the old tyranny over the human intellect, but we must speak of things as we find them. It seems highly probable that just now the Papacy is entering upon a new phase of its existence. In its old form it is attacked by forces more formidable than the free levies of Garibaldi, and the disciplined troops of Sardinia. Men have ceased to believe in the Roman Pontiff as a temporal ruler—and even his spiritual power is shrewdly shaken by the evidence of the gross failure made by himself and his predecessors in merely temporal matters. Wander about in what were lately the States of the Church in any direction you will—see the desolation that prevails therein—the well-nigh universal misery—consider how fertile they are, how highly endowed by nature—and then ask yourself if the princes, under whose auspices such results have been brought about, can be considered infallible.

Men are ceasing to believe in the Pope, therefore it is that the end of his domination seems to be at hand. In France there remains so little faith in this matter, that it is scarcely worth speaking about it. In Austria, the Pope would find few advocates out of the imperial family, and those who immediately profit by the ecclesiastical system as maintained by the strong hand of power. Throughout the provinces of Austria, the Concordat with the Pope is felt to be an intolerable burden, and a national disgrace. We have seen the revolt on the banks of the Rhine, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and elsewhere, against the domination of the priests. The feelings and opinions of Italians may be safely inferred from their recent action.

If Pio Nono should be so ill-advised as to launch a sentence of excommunication against Victor Emmanuel or Garibaldi, such a step would

simply expose him to derision and contempt. In the Swiss cantons, the battle between Free Thought and the Papacy was fought out definitively, some fifteen years ago, with what results is notorious enough. Of the course which would be taken by the Protestant countries of Europe, it is unnecessary to speak, as it would simply amount to this, that they would decline all interference, and content themselves with wishing well to the nations which were following where they had led. Let us not deceive ourselves as to the importance of the intelligence which the telegraph brings us day by day from Italy. It is a very different thing when the Pope is attacked in his last stronghold, or when a Duke of Modena is simply turned about his business. The latter is merely a political event, the like of which may occur at any moment,—the second marks an epoch in the history of the human race.

It would be madness to suppose that, as a form of religious faith, the Roman Catholic system would not still endure for a period, the limits of which cannot be foreseen. But it will do so, because it will adapt itself to the alterations in the opinions and feelings of the human race. That has been the real secret of its power for centuries, and just now it is imperilling its very existence, because it is departing from the old traditions. Time was when it was very proper that a Pope should descend into the battle-field, and try physical conclusions with an emperor or a king. He always had a good store of curses in reserve, if his troops were beaten, and in those days curses were stronger than troops. Things are altered now,—when the troops of Pio Nono are beaten, his curses will not stand him in much stead. But such ragamuffins as he has been able to collect from amongst the needy adventurers of Europe, have turned out to be of no account when opposed to the onset of regular troops. The lessons which Lamoricière learnt in Algeria have not profited him much in Umbria and the Marches. The Pope, at the present moment, looking at him merely as a temporal prince, is fairly beaten, and would now be an exile from his states, but for the bayonets of the French soldiery. He is just Louis Napoleon's private chaplain, and could be turned adrift by the Emperor without a moment's notice. Last week a thrill ran through Europe on account of a suggestion put forth by a French writer, not, as it was supposed, without authority. It was to the effect that if the Pope, of his own voluntary act, chose to quit Rome by one gate, General Goyon and the French troops would march out at another, and leave what is called the Eternal City in the hands of the patriots. Louis Napoleon is standing sentinel over the Papacy, not over Rome. He feels the occupation of that city, and of the patrimony of St. Peter, to be an embarrassment—at least he says so. Thus much would appear to be true; but if Pio Nono were to take his departure, all pretext for a continuation of the French occupation would be gone. The position would be intolerable in the eyes of Europe. It seems, on the whole, probable that if Louis Napoleon has one sentiment left in his heart, it is for Italy. The original occupation of Rome took place in defiance of his opinion and remonstrances, as

witness the famous letter to Edgar Ney. Once there he is not free to depart, because he has the public opinion of the French clergy to deal with, and this he cannot afford to disregard.

According to recent intelligence, the rout of the Pontifical troops has been most complete, and Lamoricière, no doubt, *en route* for Trieste, has taken refuge in Ancona. It must be a most unsafe halting-place; as the Italians are clearly masters of the sea. What could have induced a general, who, in former days, had won for himself a somewhat chivalric reputation, to march through the Papal Coventry at the head of all these rascallions? His enemies say—Debt; his friends—Superstition. Meanwhile, the question of this moment is whether or no the Pope will fly from Rome a second time. He is surrounded by those who are strongly interested in their own opinion in advocating the policy of escape. Garibaldi is, no doubt, in earnest, when he says that if the Sardinians will not attack the French in Rome, or procure the evacuation by peaceful means, he is prepared to try conclusions even with France. Had it been otherwise we should not have heard of the entry of the Sardinian troops into Umbria and the Marches, and of the defeat inflicted by them upon the Papal levies. Cavour and Garibaldi are the real chess-players just now, and for the moment Cavour has won the move. If the Pope would but run away!

THE PRINCE'S HOLIDAY.

It is a pity that Princes cannot travel really *incogniti*. Royal spectacles are not the best contrivance for enabling the human eye to arrive at true results. If your ordinary rich man knows but little of the world as it is, what chance do the poor Porphyrogeniti stand of learning anything about the real meaning of life? The great Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid, as his deeds are chronicled in the old Arabian Tales, knew better than to make a formal progress through Bagdad with his royal turban on his head, and his golden sceptre in his hand. He used to wander about at nights, accompanied by the Vizier and the Chief Eunuch, in close disguise. The three would enter into the miserable dwelling of a hump-backed barber, or a starving porter, and share with these men their frugal supper. So they ascertained how men really lived and had their being in the fair city of Bagdad. Compare with this system the one on which the Imperial Catharine, Empress of all the Russias, used to act. She would rush down at top-speed from Petersburg, or Moscow, to the Crimea, for the purpose of investigating with her own eyes the condition of her subjects. But in her journey she was surrounded, as usual, by all the pomp and splendour of her Court. Each day's route, and the halting-place for each night, were carefully mapped out, and settled beforehand. Due notice was given to the persons in authority at the various relays. The very natural consequence was that the Empress travelled through provinces inhabited by happy villagers and luxurious serfs.

Peasant girls with soft blue eyes,
And hands which scattered early flowers

met their royal mistress at every turn. Old men tottered up to her carriage-door to bless her for

the unclouded felicity which they had enjoyed under her rule, and the rule of her mild predecessors. One crowning felicity had been denied to them in the course of their long and happy career, and this was a sight of the Czarina. Happy in this respect, they could sing their *Nunc dimittis*, and pass away in peace to a more permanent, if not to a happier, form of existence. The knout was very carefully garlanded with crocuses, and looked like an emblem of village happiness.

It is said that after thirty years of age few men receive new ideas. However this may be, it is clear enough that as soon as a crown is placed upon a human head, it can scarcely be expected that the wearer should add much to his stock of what elderly maiden ladies call "general information." Princes, therefore, should see something of the world before all men are in a conspiracy against them to hide from their view the true purport and meaning of life. When John Smith travels about, the railway authorities are not careful to place red cloth between the cab and the platform, in order that his feet may remain in ignorance of the vulgar pavement. Neither does he find triumphal arches at every village he visits—nor are the towns in which he may stop for the night upon his lawful business brilliantly illuminated in honour of himself and his amiable consort. Nor, luckily for him, does the mayor of every corporate town make him a tedious oration as he steps out of the railway-carriage. John Smith, moreover, becomes practically aware that working people do not always wear their best clothes, and that factory girls occasionally handle something as well as flowers. Whenever the day comes—may it be a far distant one!—when this young Prince is called to the throne, for the rest of his life he stands condemned to the monotony of royal routine. All the knowledge of human life he can ever hope to gain he must gain now. Under any circumstances, it would be impossible that he should be more than a spectator of the terrible struggles of humanity. The stern but awful teaching of adversity is denied to him. Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon are the only two monarchs of our time who have graduated in the great University through which all of us—save kings—must pass. Hence their success.

We have all been delighted with the intelligence we have received of late from Canada about our young Prince. The enthusiasm which his mere presence has excited seems to have been all that could be desired. It is impossible, however, to disguise from oneself the fact, that the Canadas have rather been seeing the Prince, than the Prince the Canadas. The physical features of the country of course were open to his inspection—that is, as much of them as could be seen from the deck of a steamboat, or through the window of a railway carriage. The Prince no doubt saw the great waterfall as well as any ordinary traveller. Niagara does not roar out flattery even to princely ears. The same thing may probably be said of two or three other of the great transatlantic sights: but, for the rest, the Prince might as well have been accompanying his royal mother upon a "Progress." Wherever he has gone, he has been greeted by obsequious governors, mayors, chair-

men of railways, and so forth, just as though he had been the Prince of Wales without an incognito. The burden of their song has been, just that which is invariably addressed to princes—

Que son mérite est extrême !
Que de grâces,—que de grandeur !
Ah ! combien Monseigneur
Doit être content de lui-même !

It was scarcely worth while going so far to listen to such stuff as this. We have a few mayors and aldermen at home who could have supplied the article without stint. On the other hand, although the Prince will not in all probability derive much instruction from his journey, as a political move it seems to have answered well. The Canadians have ever been a loyal race—are they not next door neighbours to republicans? The Prince's visit has confirmed them in their attachment to the British crown.

There is much in the States which it would be well the Prince should see with his own eyes, but which he never, never will see. The adulation of the United States will prove greater than the adulation of the Canadas. We are almost tempted to rush to his rescue, when we think of the amount of "speechification" which our youthful but unfortunate Prince will have to endure. Would that he could learn something of the true nature of life in the United States. It would prove a more useful lesson to him than all the very respectable Dons at Cambridge or Oxford can impart to him in the way of information. There is the great problem of Slavery, for example, which he might study with advantage upon the spot. Of course the wretched negroes would be washed in can-de-Cologne on the occasion of his visit, but still he might learn something from the sight, even through all the masks and disguises which cover the reality of all this human wretchedness. For the rest, we all wish a prosperous journey and a happy return to our young Prince; and, in the words of the old Canadian boat-song, pray that whilst away from us he may meet with

— cool heavens and favouring air !

GEORGE STEPHENSON'S PUPIL—JOSEPH LOCKE.

ONE of the saddest events of last week has been the sudden and most unexpected death of Mr. Joseph Locke—the last of the great engineers. Almost within a few months, Brunel, Robert Stephenson, and Joseph Locke have been carried to their graves. Not long since in the pages of *ONCE A WEEK* we gave a sketch of Robert Stephenson's career and achievements, and now we are called upon to add a few notes about his friend and fellow pupil. Both Robert Stephenson and Joseph Locke sat at the feet of that famous old man, George Stephenson, and drew their inspiration from him. It was George Stephenson who first climbed up from the bowels of the earth into upper air, and looking round perceived that the moment had arrived for dealing with Time and Space. Not only did he see that the thing was to be done, but he had at hand the men who were prepared to carry his plans into execution. What he wanted was a legion of miners, of delvers, and diggers, and these were ready to his hand. George Stephen-

son, if he did not quite invent the modern "navvy," at least drew him from obscurity, and placed his proper work before him. His was the great Titanic period of engineering. Men were then in doubt as to points which to us, who are acting by the light of their experience, are as clear as noon-day. When George Stephenson was examined before the Parliamentary Committee, he was well nigh pooh-poohed out of Court—out of every thing, in short, but his convictions—by the glib tongue and agile wit of the late Baron—then Mr.—Alderson. There was something so supremely ridiculous in the bare idea that a steam-engine could sail upon land, and drag twenty or thirty carriages after it. What could honourable gentlemen and learned brothers think of such a monstrous proposal? They could not be in earnest; and, as for that rough north-country fellow, who was endeavouring to palm off his crude notions upon men of education—really the thing would not bear looking at. Somehow or other this rough north-countryman did get a hearing, and in 1826 he became the engineer of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, and Chatmoss was turned into solid ground, and the iron rails were laid down, and despite of the dismal and jovial prognostications of the lawyer, the engineer's words were made good. Steam answered.

To think that railways have only existed for thirty years or thereabouts—we mean of course railways such as are now used for the conveyance of passengers—not the mere tramways of the north country! But thirty years ago the minds of the greatest engineers in Europe were still in a condition of hesitation, as to what was the best motive power which could be employed. Atmospheric, and rope-traction, and what not, had their advocates. At this period it was that old George took the consideration of this matter up in solemn earnest, and called to counsel with him his boy Robert and Joseph Locke. Young Locke was then about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. He and his friend Robert Stephenson prosecuted their experiments to so much purpose that the superiority of the locomotive as the motive power was clearly established. So true were the results obtained that any departure from the conclusions at which those two young men arrived some thirty years ago has invariably ended in failure and waste of money. In those days young men who had real power in them did not long linger in the rear—nor was George Stephenson the man to keep his lads back when he saw they were of the right stuff. When the Manchester and Liverpool Railway was completed, and was found to work well, the Birmingham men soon came to the conclusion that they could not afford to depend any longer upon the old turnpike-road. George Stephenson took the matter in hand for them—but about the year 1834 handed over the responsibilities and duties to Joseph Locke, then a young man scarcely thirty years of age. This was the absolute commencement of a career which has now extended over twenty-five years of unabated distinction and prosperity. His great English achievement, however, was the construction of the London and Southampton line. Just

as Brunel made the Great Western, and Robert Stephenson the North Western; so Joseph Locke will be principally remembered as the engineer of the London and Southampton line. In France he was the engineer of the lines from Paris to Rouen, and Rouen to Havre. Professional men will tell you that, amongst engineers, one of his great titles to distinction is that he was the man who first dared to grapple with the steeper gradient, and so avoided unnecessary outlay in construction. In one respect Locke was the very opposite to Brunel; practically speaking, his estimates invariably covered his expenditure. He was member for Honiton for thirteen years, and president of the Institution of Civil Engineers after Robert Stephenson's death. There seems to be a fatality over our great engineers. The three most distinguished members of the profession have been called away in rapid succession. To the honoured names of Robert Stephenson and Brunel, must now be added that of Joseph Locke.

TRAMWAYS, SUBWAYS, HIGHWAYS, AND BYWAYS.

LONDON on the surface is no longer tenable. We are in a state of permanent blockade. As far as the principal thoroughfares are concerned, it is impossible to pass from point to point without such obstructions and delays, that more often than not it would be an economy of time—always of temper and patience—to perform the distance on foot in place of in a vehicle drawn by horses. Now, it unfortunately happens that these leading thoroughfares are just those which are in most constant request. Many people wish to pass along the Strand and Fleet Street—few care to spend a day in driving round Dorset Square. It is not only that the throng of vehicles is so great that in the chief streets they are obliged to follow each other at a foot's pace; but the London streets are in themselves far too narrow for the accommodation of the inhabitants. Except Portland Place, Farringdon Street, and Whitehall, we have scarcely a street in London of sufficient width. Here there are two elements of disturbance, vehicles too many, and streets not wide enough. But, in addition to this, and as though to carry the nuisance to its highest point, the Gas and Water Companies are perpetually breaking up the road, in order to make good defects in their pipes. There is scarcely a leading street in London in which there was not a blockade last week, in consequence of this interference with the traffic. It is now proposed that permanent subways should be constructed, with sufficient adits, so that the servants of the Companies should at all times be able to have access to the piping, without the necessity of establishing barricades. As the water companies and gas companies have now a practical monopoly, and are no longer engaged in cutting the throats of rivals, it is to be hoped they will seriously turn their thoughts to the matter. The change ought to answer on commercial grounds. If the metal of the London streets were left undisturbed, and in the broader thoroughfares tramways were laid down for omnibuses and the heavier traffic, a Londoner might hope to be once more in time for a railway, without allowing a quarter of an hour per mile for stoppages.

LAST WEEK.

THE ITALIAN SITUATION.

SUCCESS at Ancona, a check before Capua; popular enthusiasm in the south of Italy, a more disciplined and orderly preparation for coming events in the north; the Austrians still in the Quadrilateral, and the French at Rome; Count Cavour and Joseph Garibaldi the rival chess-players, the Emperors of France and Austria watching the game with heavy stakes on the result; Italy, save the patrimony of Saint Peter, from the Savoyard frontier and the Mincio down to Reggio, clear of foreign soldiers; the King Lackland, late of the Two Sicilies, making a last stand, and the garrisons of Messina and Ancona still holding out; the continent of Europe wholly alive, and England only half-alive to the true meaning of passing events—such are a few of our Italian jottings for the LAST WEEK.

What is to be the end of all this? Two principles are at work in the Italian Peninsula—which will triumph in the end?

On the one side is Garibaldi with his great heart—sick to death of diplomacy and priestcraft—indignant at the juggling partition of Italy completed under the auspices of Cavour; mindful of the past history of his country, and resolved to hazard everything upon his present throw; profoundly convinced that the policy now in favour at Turin means little more than the substitution of France for Austria as the dominant power in Italy; determined to try conclusions with the French at Rome, and with the Austrians in Venetia, as soon as he has given good account of the *diluvio* of the Neapolitan army; but hampered with difficulties which close round him the moment he pauses in his triumphal progress; an object of suspicion and distrust to all Continental Statesmen; pre-eminently a Revolutionary Chief, and the needful man if Italy is to be saved by revolution; the popular idol of his own country, and beloved and respected by the Liberal party not only in his own country, but throughout the civilised world.

On the other hand we have Count Cavour who, no doubt, on his side also very honestly means the liberation of Italy from the grasp of the foreigner, but who pursues the object he has in view by very different paths from those in which Garibaldi is to be found. Cavour thought that the assistance of France to clear Lombardy from the Austrians was well purchased by the sacrifice of an Italian province. He bargained and sold away Savoy to France in return for Lombardy. He would not only not venture to attack the French troops in Rome, but he would put forth the armed power at his disposal to interpose between them and attack from the Italian side. He has actually taken the step of causing Umbria and the Marches to be occupied by Sardinian troops, and has dissipated Lamoricière's mercenaries more with the view of warding off a collision between the French and the Garibaldians than with the idea of annexing the provinces named to his Sovereign's dominions.

As matters now stand, and unless the Pope departs quietly from Rome, Garibaldi must break

through a Sardinian military cordon before he is admitted to the privilege of a struggle with France. In the journals published at Turin and Milan, and which are written more or less under the auspices of Cavour, it is emphatically denied that any intention of attacking Austria either in Venetia, or in any of her Adriatic provinces, exists at all in the minds of the advisers of the Sardinian King. At the same time, military preparations are pushed forward with extreme vigour, and, as far as Upper Italy is concerned, Count Cavour would seem to be putting himself in readiness for any eventuality. There cannot now exist any doubt that Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily was carried out under the sanction, and with the active assistance, of the Sardinian Government. Cavour, therefore, is willing to take advantage of the revolutionary feeling to a certain extent—but it must not develop itself beyond measure. He would keep the whirlwind within control, and discount earthquakes if he might. If the liberation of Italy, as Cavour understands the question, is to be carried out, the result will be brought about by sacrifices and compromises. At the end of the year 1861 we should, in all probability, still see the French at Rome, and the Austrians in Venetia, and the Italian Peninsula itself more or less a satellite of France.

Meanwhile forces are at work which would seem rather to be on the side of the great revolutionary chief than of the shrewd diplomatist at Turin.

Austria is hopelessly bankrupt, and must fall from bad to worse, unless the young Emperor and his advisers make up their minds to handle the various provinces of the empire in a spirit very different from that which has inspired the counsels of Austria for the last forty-five years. Francis Joseph is in the position of an Irish landlord with a very fine, but a very heavily mortgaged estate. If he adheres to the old traditions of Castle Rackrent he must soon come to the Encumbered Estates' Court;—if he have energy enough to turn his back resolutely on the past, there is yet for him a *tempus penitentiae*. On the 21st of last month Count Clam presented to the Austrian Reichsrath a report on the financial condition of the empire. Here are a few of his figures. During the last ten years Austria has paid away in the shape of taxation 800,000,000 florins more than it paid in the preceding ten years. But despite of this severe addition to the national burdens, the national debt is 1,300,000,000 florins larger than it was ten years ago. More than this, State domains have been sold to the extent of 100,000,000 florins. Even if peace is maintained, the estimated deficit for 1861 will be 39,000,000 florins, and 25,000,000 in the following year. More than this again, what is called the "extraordinary war contribution" of 32,000,000 florins has broken down; and at the conclusion of the year 1861, according to all probability, the bulk of this sum will have to be carried to the wrong side of the deficit account. The home creditor has already received such scurvy usage at the hands of successive Austrian Chancellors of the Exchequer, that unless the most violent pressure be employed there is an end of voluntary loans. An Austrian

subject is about the last man who will look at Austrian securities.

The most extreme discontent prevails throughout the various provinces of the Austrian Empire, and Hungary, according to report, is stated to be on the eve of insurrection. The leading Hungarian patriots of 1848-49 are in Italy, and in direct communication with Garibaldi.

On the other hand, the relations between the cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg are becoming every day more friendly. A meeting is to take place at Warsaw between the Russian and Austrian Emperors and the Prince Regent of Prussia, with the object of organising the defence "of social order, and monarchical interests." Prince Gortschakoff has informed the Duc de Montebello, that the Emperor Alexander considers "that the alliance between France and Sardinia encourages the propagation of doctrines contributing a permanent danger to the political equilibrium, and the stability of thrones." The sentence is not a lively one; but his meaning is plain enough. The rulers of Russia and of Northern Germany see, or think they see, danger to themselves from this Italian movement; and as far as they dare will assist in putting it down. A generation, however, must pass by before Russia will have repaired the damages she endured in the Crimean War. A desire, moreover, to renew friendly relations with Austria may exist amongst Russian statesmen: it certainly does not exist amongst the Russian people. According to the most trustworthy accounts, the exasperation in Russia against Austria is still as rife as it was at the conclusion of the Crimean war. In Northern Germany, the Prince Regent of Prussia will find himself compelled by the obvious necessities of his political position to pay a certain amount of deference to the sympathies and opinions of this country, and these are all on the side of Italian Independence.

Here, then, is a list of perplexities for the year 1861; the solution of them all depending upon the turn affairs may take in Italy. It was stated in London, last week, and upon authority of a trustworthy character, that the Austrian Government was prepared to take the step of selling Venetia for a sum which would liberate the Empire from its pecuniary embarrassment. Francis Joseph would then be in a position to deal with his discontented Hungarian subjects in a manner more satisfactory to his imperial spirit. This intelligence, however, is too good. The spontaneous flight of the Pope from Rome, and the sale of Venetia to the Italians, would constitute such a solution of the Italian question as one rather desires than expects to see.

Justice, however, is not done to Garibaldi. As long as his every step is successful, his "admirers"—as they call themselves—are ready enough to swing incense-pots before him, and to scatter flowers in his path. Would they be still true to him if a period of adversity should arrive? It was but a short while back that, in the journals even of our own country, this great patriot was spoken of as a mere "Filibuster"—a leader of the same stamp as Nicaraguan Walker. He was sneered at when he was fighting his way from post to post on

the spurs of the Alps, and yet, with inferior and undisciplined forces, he contrived to keep a division of the Austrian army in check, and menace the right flank of the whole force. After the peace of Villafranca, and when it came to light that Cavour had really bargained away a part of Italy to the French Emperor, Garibaldi's indignation was not to be repressed. Again he was blamed, but just as the guerilla warfare, which he had so ably conducted, was an expression of what the Italian people could do in war against their oppressors, so was this uncontrolled and unmeasured protest of the great Italian patriot against the partition of the country a true expression of Italian feeling. There was a thrill of indignation throughout the Peninsula, because it was felt that the province paid away over the counter to France was gone for ever. Revolutions cannot exercise any more influence over the destinies of the Savoyards. They are now Frenchmen for an historic period. Garibaldi again acts under the influence of what prudent people call a perfect "craze" against the Pope. Again, on this point, he exactly represents the opinions and feelings of every educated Italian from Machiavelli down to our own time. When the Roman Empire was broken up, a something still more glorious would have grown up on its ruins from the union of barbaric strength and Roman civilisation, but for that unfortunate bequest of the Countess Matilda's. The fact that the same person should be the viceroy of the Almighty upon earth, and at the same time a petty Italian prince, is the true explanation of the miseries of Italy for many a century. It is on account of the intestine divisions caused by the presence of that great theocratic functionary, that Italy has been, in turn, the spoil of the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the German. Even Lord Derby could see that. "There," said he, pointing to the Vatican, "there is the plague-spot." Of course the names of a few patriotic Popes are to be found upon the list, but the system has ever been stronger than the individual.

For many a century Italy has expiated in sackcloth and ashes the dominion of the priests in her provinces and cities. If the heart of the old canker be left, it will be sure to spread again. Garibaldi feels and knows this in common with every considerable thinker amongst his countrymen. Under ordinary circumstances, any half-ruined old city, with a desert round it, would combine all the qualifications contemplated by Louis Napoleon as necessary for a Papal residence. But if the Pope is to remain at Rome, or in Italy at all, the Italians say that he must entirely divest himself of the character of a temporal Prince, and give himself up, as his followers and ministers must give themselves up, to prayer and devout meditation. Even so, the presence of a Pope in Italy for years to come would be a danger of the most formidable kind. Why should France interfere to force a form of government upon the Romans against their will? Even granting that Antonelli's rule had been as good as it has in reality been foul and tyrannical, why should this be? Louis Napoleon rests his own claim to sovereignty upon the suffrages of the people. Why

force a Prince upon the Romans at the bayonet's point? No one who has lived long enough amongst the Romans to know the real meaning of their sufferings—the intolerable shame and disgrace which they have been obliged to endure in silence—would dare to look his fellow-creatures in the face and speak a word in defence of such a system. Garibaldi, in his desire to purge Rome of priestly government, it cannot be too often said, represents the feelings of his countrymen in the highest degree.

The wise people of the earth are blaming him now, just as they blamed him when he defended Rome against the French, and kept them for so long a time at bay—just as they blamed him when, with a few score men at his back, he threw himself in the way of that huge military machine, the Austrian army—just as they blamed him when, with only so many men to back him as could be contained in a small steamer, he landed on the Sicilian coast, and conquered a kingdom. The history of this man's life is a history of miracles. If he should succeed in turning the Pope out of Rome, by hook or by crook, it would not be at all more surprising than half-a-dozen other things which he has accomplished in the course of his career. Even with regard to the attack upon Venetia, which may or may not take place, but concerning which such dismal prognostications have been uttered, is it so very clear that Austria, with a bankrupt exchequer—with her discontented provinces—with Hungary once more upon the eve of insurrection—with the dubious alliance of exhausted and exasperated Russia to back her in her need—would be able to carry on a successful war against 26,000,000 or 28,000,000 of people fighting for the independence of their country, and for all that makes life worth having, and supported by the sympathies of Europe?

The Sardinian army seems to have acted in a very efficient manner wherever it has been called upon to serve. During the campaigns of the First Empire, Napoleon Bonaparte always reckoned his Italian regiments as amongst his best. Is it then so very obvious that Garibaldi is in the wrong this time when he is resolved to take Time by the forelock, and strive for the perfect liberation of Italy while the enthusiasm of the people is at its height? It may be so; but Joseph Garibaldi has come out the victor from many a hopeless contest, and has often proved himself to have been in the right when many very wise people said he was very much in the wrong.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

IN the last generation, that history was reckoned a satisfactory one which contained a notice of the chief political events in which a nation had been engaged—of its triumphs by flood and field—of its alliances, of the eloquence of its statesmen, of the skill of its diplomatic agents. History disdained to look lower than to the doings of Kings, Generals, and Ambassadors. How the millions of whom a nation is really composed lived, and how they earned the means of living—what kind of houses they inhabited—what were their forms of recreation and amusement—were matters of too slight importance to occupy the serious attention of any gentleman who addressed himself delibe-

rately to that most important task of writing the history of his country. Then we had a race of Economists, who considered human affairs from a scientific point of view. The laws, for example, which regulated the relations between capital and labour—the laws which presided over the increase and decrease of the population of a country—were all rigidly investigated, and enunciated in due logical form. Such learning is of great value. Let us not be ungrateful to the memory of such men as Adam Smith and Ricardo—or to the present fame of John Stuart Mill. All attempts at social improvement which do not rest upon the basis of absolute truth must, *pro tanto*, result in failure in so far as they depart from the laws in which it is expressed. Men in our day—and especially in our country—are endeavouring to throw the quoit a few paces further. Given the laws of political economy as a rational point of departure, is it not possible to push what is called Social Science to a still higher point, and by association, by influence, by example, to develop the good and to repress the bad tendencies of human society? The laws of political economy must still prevail, but they would then operate upon a different state of facts. These laws have been as potential in the Spanish Peninsula, or in the Pontifical States, as in our own manufacturing districts, or in the Scottish Lowlands. The two societies first named have received their punishment for setting these immutable canons at defiance—the two last have thriven, because they have acted in obedience to the laws which regulate the production, the accumulation, and the distribution of wealth. A regard to these will prepare the way for a higher development, because in proportion as a society becomes more wealthy, it will become more intelligent and self-conscious—more quick to discern and feel the presence of evil, and to provide apt remedies for its removal. The Economist would overstep his legitimate functions—it would perhaps be more decorous to say, would engage in other pursuits—if he attempted to deal with drunkenness, with crime, with education. There comes, however, a period in the history of a nation in which it is imperatively called upon to consider such questions, if it would not go back, or at least remain stationary in the path of progress. In all such matters the first point is to secure what medical men would call a correct diagnosis; or, in other words, an accurate notion of the social evils which exist in any human society. When the evil is known and appreciated we may safely rely upon the irrepressible tendency in human nature to struggle onwards from a worse to a better state of things. The mere fact of investigation is a proof that in this respect—the Schoolmaster is abroad.

We may fairly cite, as examples of the higher tone which prevails amongst modern historians, the "Pictorial History of England," by Charles Knight, and the "History of the Thirty Years' Peace," by Harriet Martineau. In these two works the attempt of the writers has been to write the history of a people—not merely of a government, and they will remain, for this reason, most valuable contributions to the permanent literature of England. Better, however, than any formal

history for the purposes we are now considering, and of higher influence, are the additions to our self-knowledge which are poured in upon us from twenty-four hours to twenty-four hours by the daily press. A file of the "Times" for the last thirty years contains the biography of the nation for the last thirty years. In this we find, not only what our sovereigns and their ministers—what our statesmen and diplomatists—what our generals and admirals have been about, but the social history of the nation as well. There is not a crime of which we are not here presented with a record—not a suggestion for social improvement which has not here found its exponent. Mr. Cobden has said, and truly said, that it is far better for an Englishman to read his copy of the "Times" daily, with attention, than to give himself up to the study of Thucydides. The time has come when we should seek to turn this accumulated knowledge into account.

Now, Last Week, there was a great meeting of the Social Congress Society at Glasgow. The chair was occupied, as of right, by Henry Lord Brougham. The English nation owes a debt of profound gratitude and veneration to this extraordinary man, who now, in his eighty-second year, is labouring steadily and efficiently in the cause which he advocated in evil days—now sixty years ago. When the day comes—may it be a distant one!—when Henry Brougham is summoned away from amongst us, let it never be forgotten that, at a period when to advocate such a doctrine was almost supposed to savour of treason and sedition, Brougham was the steady advocate for the *Education of the People*! Upon this point he would not listen to suggestions of half-measures or compromise. "LET THERE BE LIGHT," was the first command breathed by the Deity over the chaotic mass which was destined to be the theatre on which the human race were to play their part. There was to be light for all—not for a few. Kings were not to have midday to themselves,—the great ones of the earth the dawning and the twilight,—whilst the great mass of mankind, the millions of the earth, were to hew their wood and draw their water when the glorious sun had sunk below the horizon, and to delve and dig and labour in the dark. It is not enough that another man sees for me. I must see for myself. But what is physical by the side of intellectual darkness? Blind John Milton was still the foremost man of his day. Henry Brougham—we speak of him by his name as he was known in the heyday of his life, and the full vigour of his manhood—treated with scorn the notion, that in proportion as you educated a people they became unmanageable. What do we hear now of Nottingham frame-breakers, and rick-burners, and Captain Swing? The Schoolmaster has taught these poor people better things. The last symptom of the disease—and the disease is *ignorance*—which has come before us of late, has been in the illegal association of workmen to prevent their fellows, by violence and intimidation, from taking their labour to market upon their own terms. The Schoolmaster has work before him still, and will do more to purge the minds of the labouring classes from this foul error than all that can be accomplished by the magistrate

and the judge. These can only vindicate the law when it is broken—the Schoolmaster will root out from the minds of the people all desire to break it. Education is the great safety-valve and necessity of our time, now that the masses are pressing for a share in the political government of the country, and will not much longer be denied.

The great feature of the meeting of last week, over which Lord Brougham presided, was the delivery, by Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, of an address, and as might well have been expected from the position he has so long occupied, the point at which Sir James Shuttleworth chiefly laboured was to give a fair statement of the present position of the country with regard to education. In Great Britain we are now a population of 22,000,000. One in eight ought to be at school for full time or half time till the age of 13. Deduct a fourth part as being children belonging to parents willing and able to educate them at their own cost, and 50,000 pauper children educated in workhouses, and we have still to secure a sound elementary education for 2,000,000 children. The local cost of giving this education in the year 1859 was in Great Britain 1*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.*, or at the rate of 6*d.* per week for 48 weeks in the year. The sum derived from subscriptions, endowments, and school pence was as follows:

The Government pays	£413,673
Subscribed by middle and upper class	841,614
Working men—school pence	759,394
	<hr/>
	£2,014,681

Sir J. Shuttleworth's statement was to the effect that, upon a very meagre estimate of the sum required to give a sound elementary education to those 2,000,000 children, at least another 1,000,000*l.* per annum would be required. He does not seem to take the Ragged Schools into account.

Of course, one of the great difficulties with which we have to contend is the tendency amongst the lower classes to remove their children from school as soon as they are of an age to contribute at all to their own support, and the support of the family. The only remedies we see just now for this evil are, that school hours should be so arranged as to give opportunities to these little labourers to devote a certain portion of their time to education. If they can learn to read with tolerable ease, and to write to a certain extent, they will at any rate have acquired something, and the rest must be left—and may with perfect confidence be left—to themselves. At any rate, all that the State and the community can do will have been done. A second remedy is, that every person who, by his station or position, can exercise influence over others, should reckon it his duty to press upon them the necessity of educating their children according to their degree, and help them in their efforts to do so. It is calculated that a criminal, beginning as a young pickpocket and ending as a convict of mature age at Portland or elsewhere, costs his country 300*l.* for his mere maintenance, independently of the damage he may have inflicted upon society in the course of his vicious career.

LAST WEEK.

THE ROAD MURDER.

How is it that the daily newspapers are stuffed so full of horrors just now? If you take up one of the usual broad sheets, you will find invariably that some sixteen or twenty columns are devoted to reports of murder, and preliminary inquiries about murderers. There was one number of the "Times" last week which contained intelligence with regard to seven murders—the Stepney murder and the Road child murder being reckoned as two. Is it that in the absence of other subjects of public interest the editors of newspapers and their contributors find it indispensable to cater for the appetite for the horrible? Certainly when Parliament is sitting we are not accustomed to see so many pages of this bloody chronicle paraded before our eyes from day to day. On the other hand, it may be said that even when Parliament is sitting a Rush is more interesting to the general reader than a Debate upon Supply: and the public were far more keen for the reports of Palmer's trial than for Ministerial explanations of the most exciting character. On the whole, it would not seem to be true that the session of the British Parliament affects crime in general—or more particularly murders. People again have said, that the long continuance of bad weather—the eternal gloom—the perennial rain of the last twelvemonths, has inspired a certain degree of moroseness and acrimony into the minds of our countrymen, thereby preparing them for deeds of violence and blood. It seems, however, not a little difficult to believe in the connection between murder and the hygrometer. Are our homicidal tendencies kept in check by great-coats and umbrellas? Has the occurrence of a wet summer commonly produced crime or really increased the tendency to acts of violence. If that were so, we should expect that in rainy districts, such an one for example as the lake district of Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, the returns of murder would stand the highest. Kendal is said to be the wettest spot in England. By this time everybody should have murdered everybody in that famous little town; or, assuming that there must have been one survivor, he in all probability would have committed suicide. It is by no means clear that there are more murders amongst the snows of Russia than amidst the orange-groves of Palermo. An Esquimaux is not swifter to shed blood than the swart dweller between the tropics. On the contrary, a lordly indifference to the destruction of life has ever been a characteristic of southern nations. The suggestion, that the untoward weather of the last twelve months has had any serious effect upon our homicidal propensities, may therefore be dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration.

The investigation into this mysterious case at Road continued throughout last week; but not, as far as we see, with much effect. Well nigh every point brought forward in evidence against Elizabeth Gough, the housemaid at Mr. Kent's, has been urged before; but not with such success as to establish against her a case which justified the magistrates in committing her to take her trial.

The medical testimony apart, which is of the highest importance, as suggesting a new theory for the murder, what points of evidence have been added to those with which we were familiar before? There are but two. Eliza Dallimore, the wife of a Wiltshire policeman has stated, before the magistrates at Trowbridge, that she put one of Elizabeth Gough's assertions to a practical test, and that the assertion must have been a misstatement. The young woman had stated that about five o'clock in the morning she had knelt up in bed, and in this kneeling position she had looked over to the cot in which the little boy should have been lying asleep; and had then and thus become aware, for the first time, of the fact of his absence. Now, Eliza Dallimore went into the nursery accompanied by Mrs. Kent. The bed and the child's cot were in the same position as on the night of the murder. Mrs. Kent placed one of her little children in the cot which had been occupied by the murdered boy, and covered it up with the bed-clothes in the usual way. Eliza Dallimore then kneeled up in the bed in the very same way as Elizabeth Gough must have done upon the night of the murder, *and she could not see the child!* She could only see a small portion of the pillow. The side of the cot was open canework, but it was lined with something inside which prevented the child from being seen through it. This, to be sure, is a suspicious fact; but, most probably, the sting of the contradiction might be much drawn, if the young woman's original assertion were carefully handled. At any rate, what is it by the side of the tremendous fact that the child was in all likelihood murdered by her very bedside, and yet she professes to be entirely ignorant of what took place. Clearly—even if the actual murder were perpetrated elsewhere—the child (a boy within a month of four years of age, and of large size for his age) was removed from the room in which she was sleeping, and she knew nothing about it. A contradiction such as the one suggested really adds very little to our previous information. Again, a piece of flannel was discovered under the body of the child. This piece of flannel was cut in the shape of a "chest-flannel," such as is worn by women. It was found to fit the prisoner, and to correspond in texture with one of her flannel petticoats. This notable discovery, however, does not help the inquiry forward in any great degree. The wonder is that the child should have been removed from the nurse's room without her knowledge—not that a piece of flannel which very probably belonged to her should have got mixed up with the bed-clothes of the cot, and have been subsequently carried away in the blanket by her, him, or those who bore the child from the room. The inference presumed is—of course upon the assumption of the prisoner's guilt—that in stooping forward to deposit the body of the child where it was found, the piece of flannel might have fallen from her person, and this would serve as good evidence of her presence at that period of the transaction. But, supposing that this chest-flannel was her property, and that she was in the habit of wearing it, is there anything to show that she used to wear it at night? If it was simply lying upon a chair, or in any other

place about the room, the person or persons who took the child, or the child's body, away in the blanket might very well have carried off the flannel too. Even if property in this piece of flannel is brought home to her, it will not go far to aggravate the probabilities already existing that Elizabeth Gough was concerned in the foul deed.

The really important testimony delivered last week at Trowbridge, was that of Mr. Parsons, the surgeon, who attended upon Mr. Kent's family, and who saw the body of the child immediately it was brought to light. Mr. Parsons saw the body at 9 A. M., on the morning of the night on which it had been put to death. He then judged that it must have been dead five or six hours at least. That would take us back to about 3 A. M. All trace of a pill which had been given to the child on the previous night had disappeared from the stomach. The inference drawn from this fact, also fixes the time at which the murder must have been committed, at about the same hour. Mr. and Mrs. Kent had retired to rest a few minutes before twelve o'clock. Thus the limits of time are fixed within reasonable certainty on each side.

Here is what the doctor says as to the appearance of the body, and his own conclusions. The dark appearance of the mouth showed considerable pressure upon it for a considerable time, and with a soft substance. Circulation of the blood was probably stopped for some time before the throat was cut. The stab in the side was certainly inflicted after death, because there was no contraction of the parts, and no flow of blood. Life might have been extinguished, but not quite, before the throat was cut—the heart might cease to beat a few moments before actual death took place. So far of the surgeon's evidence; but when this is taken in connection with the other ascertained facts of the case, it would seem to lead to the following probable conclusions. The child was suffocated, or nearly so, in the bedroom between 1 A. M. and 3 A. M. on the 30th of June last. An hour is allowed that matters might become quiet in Mr. and Mrs. Kent's sleeping room. Regard being had to the tender age of the child, and to the improbability that it could have been so cruelly handled for any other reason than to prevent detection, it seems very likely that in the first instance its death was not intended.

The child had awoken, and it was probable that it should have done so just about the time of which we are speaking, because an aperient pill had been administered to it the night before, which would make itself felt at about two A. M., more or less. It is not likely that actual murder was originally intended, on account of the position of the room, and the general absence of all evidence of premeditation. The blanket, however, was pressed to the child's lips a little too long. When the pressure was removed the little boy was to all appearance dead. Then the difficulty began, which consisted in giving to the deed the appearance of an ordinary murder in place of one in which conclusions as to the complicity and guilt of certain persons were unavoidable. For this reason the child was wrapped in the blanket, carried down stairs and out of doors—possibly by the drawing-room win-

dow—although it is not improbable that the window was left in the position in which it was found, merely to derange the course of investigation. At any rate, it was taken down stairs, and in the privy, or in some place not ascertained, but out of doors, the throat was cut, and the stab in the side was inflicted. It was the work of some person, or persons, being inmates of the house on the particular night, for otherwise different precautions would have been used as to the disposal of the body. The place chosen shows that it must have been deposited there by some one *who must get back soon*. From the description given of the premises, it seems erroneous to admit the theory that any one could have been concealed on the premises, inasmuch as the only place in which concealment was possible, without the most imminent risk of discovery from moment to moment, was a loft at the top of the house, on which the dust lay undisturbed—upon examination had. Again, it is well-nigh impossible that any one could have entered the house on the night in question without leaving marks or traces of their passage. None were found after the most minute and careful investigation. There were but two sleeping-rooms on the first-floor. One was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Kent and a young child; the other (the nursery) by the nurse, the murdered child, and a younger child about two years of age. The two rooms were separated by a passage. The door of the nursery was left ajar by Mrs. Kent's orders, in order that the nurse might hear if the little girl who slept in her room should cry before she came up to bed. Mrs. Kent, on passing to her own room, shut the door—as her custom was—and then retired to bed at the hour already named. The business of carrying the suffocated child down stairs without raising an alarm, as it is said, would have been too much for a woman's strength. It seems difficult under such circumstances, not to come to the conclusion that Elizabeth Gough must have had a guilty knowledge, at least, of what had taken place in her room on the night in question.

It is, of course, just possible, that between one and two A. M., on the Saturday morning, an inmate of the house, or a person concealed in the house, may have stolen into the room in which Elizabeth Gough lay sleeping, borne the sleeping child from the room, and suffocated it elsewhere—in the drawing-room for example—but this theory is surrounded with difficulties. There was a night-light in the room, and it was not probable that this was extinguished even at the time and relighted, because the work done in the room, independently of the removal of the child, implies the presence of light. It would have been difficult in the dark to remove the blanket from between the sheet and the quilt; impossible, one may fairly say, to re-adjust the bed-clothes in the tidy manner in which they were found folded back. The night light was burning whilst this work was in hand. Is it possible that it could have been carried out without waking the nurse?

The manner in which the clothes were folded back is a considerable feature in the case. This was done by a practised hand—not by a man's hand—nor even by the hand of a woman, who was not accustomed to the making of beds. There is what

one may call a professional manner of turning down the clothes which was rigidly adhered to in the present instance. An ordinary thief who had secreted himself in the house for the purpose of plunder, would not, in the first place, have been very likely to have blundered into the nursery in which a night light was burning. It is not in such an apartment that money, plate, &c., are to be found. Nor, even upon the very forced hypothesis that such was the case, and that little Saville Kent had awoken, and raised an alarm, is it credible that more would have been done than to suffocate the child and leave it there. The night-spoiler and chance-murderer would not have been so foolish as to add a thousandfold to the chances of discovery by lingering about the room, and tidying up the bed.

Such a person, if he had sufficient presence of mind to do all that was done, would have done something more in order to fix suspicion upon the young woman in the room. This point should be well considered. What in all probability would have been the conduct of a burglar or child-stealer, about 2 A.M. on the 29th of June last, standing in the nursery at Mr. Kent's, by the side of the cot in which lay the body of the child, whom he had just suffocated, with the nursemaid asleep in the adjacent bed? The bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Kent, too, was only distant a few feet. Whoever it may have been who killed the child, he or she was perfectly aware of the interior arrangements of the house. That may be assumed as positive. Even under ordinary circumstances, the most inexperienced burglar would take care to inform himself of the exact position of each sleeping apartment in the house, and of the persons by whom each was ordinarily occupied. This is the mere elementary learning of the science of burglary. Detective officers will tell you that in well-nigh every case of burglary, the servants of the family—actually in service, or discharged—are "in it."

Now, it seems in the present case that there has been question of a discharged housemaid, or nursemaid, who, moreover, is stated to have expressed herself in very vindictive terms with regard to Mr. and Mrs. Kent. But we have the authority of the magistrate for saying that it has been proved to their entire satisfaction that this woman was at the time of the murder in a distant part of the country. This in itself would be conclusive; but, independently of this, if a discharged female servant had, out of revenge, resolved to compass the death of one of the young children of her family, it is too violent a demand upon human credulity to ask us to admit the supposition that she would have secreted herself in the house, stolen up into the nursery in the dark hours of the night, and done all that was done. This conjecture may be dismissed as erroneous. Such a person, of all others, would have been in a position to estimate the full danger of the attempt. Had she desired to spirit away the child and murder it, the attempt would have been made in some other manner not so pregnant with awful hazard to herself.

If, then, neither a burglar nor a discharged servant, nor a robber who had secreted himself in

the house, did the deed—who did it? On the one hand, we have the well-nigh insuperable difficulties which surround the hypothesis that the child could have been murdered, or even removed from the room, without the knowledge and complicity of the nurse. On the other hand, there is well-nigh absence of motive impelling to the commission of so grave an offence, if we suppose the death of the child to have been intended, in the first instance, either by the nurse or by her and some person unknown, present with her in her room on the fatal night. Much of this difficulty, however, disappears, if we fall back on the theory that the original intention was not to murder the child, but to stifle its cries, and that the blanket was pressed too long to its little lips. When the person, or persons, who had suffocated the child without intending to proceed so far, discovered what they had done, the rest might follow naturally enough.

If we admit that the nursemaid must have had a guilty knowledge of what took place in the nursery on that Saturday morning, we must also admit that she must have been a participator in what was going forward. She would else have obeyed Nature's instinct and raised the alarm at once, or at least she would have done so when the present terror was removed from her. Not only she did not so, but although she was fully aware that the child upon the night in question was so far indisposed as to have required the administration of medicine, according to her own account she awoke at 5 A.M., discovered that the child was absent from its cot; and although she was so broadly awake that she knelt up in her bed to see if Saville Kent was in his proper place, and had satisfied herself that he was not there, she did nothing in consequence. This is very improbable.

There seems to have been a total absence of motive if the young woman was about in the room, unless we presume that, as servants will sometimes do, she was irritated by the child's peevish cries, endeavoured to silence it in a rough way, and succeeded but too well. Suppose that some other person had entered the room, and for whatever motive, was in conversation with the nurse—why should they have been desirous to stifle the child's cries? Was it a man!—was it a woman? The only adult male in the house was Mr. Kent himself. It has been suggested that he might have come into the room for an improper purpose; but leaving out of the question the many other difficulties by which such a suggestion is surrounded, there is this well-nigh insurmountable difficulty to be disposed of before we could admit such an hypothesis. Mr. Kent had gone to bed about midnight—he says himself that he fell asleep at once, and slept till 7 A.M. the next morning. Now Mrs. Kent occupied the same bed—she was indisposed and slept badly—but yet not so badly, but that she was not disturbed by the footfalls of the person or persons who certainly carried the body of the child down-stairs, and passed out of the house.

This, however, is one thing, as Mr. and Mrs. Kent slept with the door of their bedroom closed—it is quite another to suppose that the husband

could have left his wife's side, remained absent for a considerable time, and returned to bed, without her knowing of it. Now, although Mrs. Kent might not have attributed much importance to such an occurrence at the time, still the next morning, when the terrible tragedy of the past night had been brought to light, she would have remembered it but too well. She would have known that the time of his absence exactly corresponded with the time when the murder was in hand. Would she have held her tongue? *She was the mother of Saville Kent.* Is it possible to suppose that the mother would have been an accessory after the fact to the murder of her own child? This seems incredible. The only other male person in the house was the murdered child's half-brother—William Kent, a boy of fifteen years of age, who slept in a room at the back of the house, upon the second-floor. Nothing has come to light which involves the boy's complicity in the smallest degree. It would require something in the shape of corroborative evidence before we could bring ourselves to admit that a boy of that age could have presented himself in the nursery where two children were sleeping—that nursery being the next room to the one occupied by his father and step-mother—with the motive suggested. We may dismiss his name from this portion of the inquiry. The act if done at all was the act of a man, not of a boy of that age. Mr. Kent himself was the only adult male in the house, and—all other considerations apart—his presence seems to be negatived by this, that it would almost unavoidably imply that his wife was aware of his participation in the transaction. The only other male person whose name has been mixed up with the affair is that of William Nutt, a shoemaker at Road; but the suggestion does not deserve any very serious consideration. The only reason why this man was ever talked of at all in connection with the murder was, that he displayed an over-alacrity in directing the search at once the next morning to the spot in which the body of the murdered child was found. He is a shoemaker, living at Road, a married man, the father of five children, and can account for his whereabouts on the fatal night in a satisfactory way.

Originally the theory was, that as there was insanity in the family on the side of the first wife, the deed must have been done by one or more of the children of the first marriage. This could scarcely have been so. It could not have been the act of two, because mad people do not act in concert. The sight of a deed of violence done by one mad person may incite other mad persons then present to take a share in it—but mad people do not deliberately conspire together to carry out a common design. It was not the act of one mad person, because when the mind has become so far deranged that an insane person kills a human being, the disease has reached a climax, and the accompanying symptoms of homicidal frenzy cannot be concealed. There may be concealment for a few hours, or even days, but not for such a period as has elapsed between the 29th of June and the middle of October. It must also be remembered that Miss Constance Kent, upon whom suspicion had originally fallen, has been

declared innocent, after a most searching investigation, although the missing bed-gown has never been accounted for. The children of the first marriage, then, are mad, or not mad. If mad, they—or at least those concerned—would have betrayed themselves by this time. If not mad, they are of course free from suspicion. This is, in other words, to say that conjecture need not busy itself any longer with the children of Mr. Kent's first marriage.

The two servants, Sarah Cox and Sarah Kerslake, slept in a room next to the one occupied by Miss Constance Kent, on the second floor. They were police upon each other: nor can any conceivable suggestion be offered—in the entire absence of evidence—for their presence, or the presence of either of them, in the nursery upon the fatal night; or for their participation, or the participation of either of them, in the bloody deed. Their names, too, may be dismissed from the inquiry.

We come then to this, that the supposition that the house was entered from without is negatived by the appearances of the premises. It is well-nigh impossible that any person could have been concealed in the house, for there was no place save the loft where concealment was possible, and there the dust lay undisturbed. Of course an inmate of the house *might* have admitted a stranger; but if a stranger had been mixed up in the matter, the course of the murder would have been different.

Furthermore all the inmates of the house, save the nurse and one other, are free from all suspicion of motive. With regard to Mr. Kent, other considerations apart, it is difficult to suppose that he could have absented himself from his bedroom on the night in question without the knowledge of his wife—it is utterly incredible that she would have kept the secret for him, had she been aware of his absence. All his acts and words since the discovery of the crime have been the acts and words of an innocent man.

The inference which may be drawn from the amended medical evidence, is that the murder of the child was not originally contemplated; but, when the deed was done, precautions were taken to throw suspicion upon a wrong scent. It seems, at first sight, improbable that one person—and that person a young woman—could have conveyed the body of the child down stairs without raising an alarm. On the other hand, it was possible—and the terrible secret has been so well kept, that it looks more like the secret of one person than the secret of a household. We have dealt with the reports as we found them in the newspapers, but without the advantage of being present at the proceedings. The inferences to be drawn from the demeanour of the witnesses can only be known to those who were present during the investigation. The theory for the defence was that a child-stealer, acting under the influence of revengeful feeling, was secreted in the house,—entered the nursery at night,—awoke the child when trying to remove it,—and endeavoured to stifle its cries. Death ensued—the body was then carried away by the would-be child-stealer, but actual murderer. Let this go for as much as it is worth!

LAST WEEK.

THE BATTLE OF VOLTURNO.

THE 1st of October will henceforward be a sacred day in the calendar of free Italy. On that day was fought a battle as hotly contested as any of the great battles of modern times. The combatants engaged were only inferior in number to those who fought at Magenta and Solferino, when the struggle for freedom had just begun. In valour, in fortitude, in daring, the men who held the field under Garibaldi's orders, on the first day of the present month, had little to learn from the disciplined regiments of France, Austria, and Sardinia, which had been engaged in the crowning battles of the Lombard campaign. Three times were the positions of the patriots taken and retaken at the bayonet's point, while the grape-shot swept down the combatants without pause. Little mercy was asked on either side, and less given. We are told by those who saw the facts that, as the wounded lay upon the ground, the pistol and the stiletto finished up the work which had been begun with the rifle and the bayonet. Strange to say—for we are speaking of a southern race, a quick, impulsive people—the Italians for once fought in silence. With pale cheeks, and clenched teeth, they carried through the matter in hand. On the 1st of October no man, save some Sicilians and the Neapolitans of the city of Naples, had time or breath for idle clamour. The story of the slaughtered prisoners is denied and disbelieved as far as the Garibaldians are concerned. The Royalists had been taught to believe that they would receive no quarter, and they gave none.

On the 30th of September the situation of the young King was far from desperate. Could he have succeeded in forcing his way through the hasty levies of Garibaldi, and reaching Naples before the Sardinians had crossed his frontier, the splendid throne of the Two Sicilies was not wholly lost. With what show of justice could the Lombards, or the Tuscans, or the Sardinians who invoke the principle of non-intervention on their own account, have interfered with armed force to thrust liberal institutions at the bayonet's point down the throats of an independent and reluctant people? The two parties—the Royalists and the Liberals—had fought it out, and victory had remained with the King. That was the only test by which the will of the majority could be ascertained. It had been applied, and the result was that Francis II. was back in his capital. The prisons were gorged with patriots. The blood of Saint Januarius had given propitious omens. The Toledo was illuminated in an orderly way under the auspices of the police, and the King was preparing to stamp out the last embers of the insurrection. The people of the Two Sicilies liked Francis and his ways just as the Lombards and the Sardinians liked Victor Emmanuel and his ways. Why should they be balked of their humour, and be cursed with the gift of political freedom which they neither esteemed nor desired?

The king was separated from his capital and his loving subjects but by a vineyard. The country between Capua and Naples by way of Aversa is but a garden filled with vines. The

distance between the two cities is but seventeen miles, and they are connected by a railroad. Imagine a battle to be fought on Epsom Downs, or at Slough, and no further obstacle between the conqueror and London. As far as mere distance is concerned this would represent accurately enough the position of the young King with reference to his capital on the 1st of October. Could he even have cut his way through the Garibaldians without inflicting upon them an actual defeat, it would have been enough to amend his political situation. The Sardinians then could not—without a signal infraction of the public law of Europe—have crossed the borders of an independent State, and levied war against a Sovereign who had given them no sufficient cause of offence. Had they done so, the principle upon which they justified their intervention might at no distant day have been invoked against themselves. This difficulty has not arisen, thanks to the valour of the hero and the men who fought the other day by the banks of the Volturnus.

It was no unfitting spot for the closing act of such a struggle. The prize of victory—that fair city of Naples itself—was almost in sight of the combatants. Close at hand, and on one edge of the battle-field is the splendid palace of Caserta, in which the ancestors of the young King had held royal state for more than a century past. It is the masterpiece of Vanvitelli, and amongst the most magnificent of Royal residences in Europe. Those who have visited the spot will remember the gardens with the cascades, and how the cascades are so arranged as to represent quaint combinations of statues and mystical emblems. The forests of ilex behind the palace swarm with game, and herein it was that the ancestors of the young King—being themselves Kings of Naples—used to take their pastime, and divert themselves with the slaughter of wild animals, when the affairs of state no longer claimed their attention. Francis II. all but played his last throw for empire in his own park. The position of the respective forces during the battle will be best learnt from a glance at the map, and by a recollection of the position which each had occupied during the previous days. The front of the Royalists was protected by the windings of the Volturno. It is a stream of not very considerable breadth, but still one which would be a formidable obstacle to young troops in presence of a well-served artillery. The King held Capua and Gaeta—two out of the three military stations of the first-class in the kingdom. The modern Capua is not the town which in ages long gone past contended with Rome for supremacy in the Italian peninsula, and in an evil hour for itself cast in its lot with the Carthaginian chief. That famous old town was two miles distant from the modern Capua, out of which Francis II. recently marched out on a Monday morning, and lost a throne. Gaeta would be reckoned a strong place anywhere, and is certainly the strongest in the kingdom of Naples. Englishmen have not forgotten how, by the help of their fleet, it was held by the stout old Prince of Hesse-Philipstadt against Massena and an overwhelming French force. A curse, however, has ever rested upon this citadel and place of arms, the result, perhaps, of its

strength. It is so strong that it has held out when resistance was overcome at every other point, and so has been surrendered as the prize of conquest into the victor's hand, because it was idle to prolong the defence of a fortress against the force of a kingdom. Another incident of the like kind seems imminent at Gaeta just now.

The Royalists thus were in occupation of this district of the Two Fortresses (the quadrilateral, as it were, of Naples); they were masters of the whole course of the river, and had erected most formidable works upon its right bank. This is described as bristling with guns well masked. The bridges at Capua were their own, so that they could advance or retreat at their own pleasure from or back upon a position so strong by nature and so carefully fortified by art. In their rear ran the Garigliano, which could be used as a second line of defence if they were driven from the first. It was on the banks of this stream that Gonsalvo da Cordova fought his great battle, now well-nigh four centuries ago; and here it was that Bayard held a bridge, single-handed, against a mass of Spanish cavalry. It was in the swamps of the Garigliano—close by Minturnæ—that Marius hid himself in the rushes from the pursuit of Sylla's followers. In the year of grace 1860, it might have been used as a second rampart by the last of the Neapolitan Bourbons against his people—and the position is a strong one. Unfortunately there was a little difficulty in the way. Lamoricière and his levies had been utterly crushed before Ancona. General Cialdini, at the head of the triumphant Sardinians, was advancing steadily, and southerly,—and in a few days would be on the left bank of the Garigliano. With Cialdini there, and Garibaldi on the hills on the right bank of the Volturno, in another week Francis II. would have been in a mere trap. He could not hope to make front against both enemies; and, no matter which one he attacked, the other would fall upon his defenceless rear. But the Sardinians had not yet hemmed him in. Naples was his own, if he could win the day against Garibaldi and his followers. On one side was a good chance of recovering a throne—on the other a certainty of shame and destruction.

Now the position of the Garibaldians was this,—but the map must be consulted by any one who would arrive at a clear idea of the situation. The left-wing rested upon Aversa, occupying the ground from Santa Maria to that town. The right-wing rested upon San Salvatore, stretching from Dentici to that spot. The head-quarters were at Caserta. The key of the position was Monte San Angelo. The Garibaldians occupied an irregular semi-circle. A line drawn through Santa Maria, Caserta, and Maddaloni, would have been the chord of that arc, as the positions were rectified upon the eve of the engagement. The defect of the position was that the left-flank by Santa Maria was somewhat exposed. The semicircle extends over about thirty miles of hill, along which the Garibaldians were posted, before they were concentrated for action at the points chiefly threatened. At about six A.M. on the first of October the king moved out from Capua. He had with him 16,000 men, of whom 5000 were

cavalry under the command of General Palmieri, with five batteries commanded by General Nigri. General Ritucci was the Commander-in-Chief, and with him was the young king in plain clothes. At the same time a detachment 5000 strong was directed upon Maddaloni with the view of cutting off the retreat of the Garibaldians. This manœuvre at the outset of an engagement seems to be erroneous when Garibaldi is the leader on the other side. The Neapolitan troops had been collected in an open space before the fortress, and when they moved out they divided into two columns: the one moved from Capua upon Saint Angelo, the other, the right column, upon Santa Maria. The advance of the left column seems to have been conducted with the same caution and the same success as the advance of the Russian troops upon the British position at Inkermann. The mist was lying heavily upon the low land. The Neapolitans took every advantage of the broken ground, and surprised the defenders of a large barricade which had been erected to guard the position. This was carried, and the column opened out, and formed into line of battle in the open behind it. The other column was equally successful. The Garibaldians had been taken by surprise, but at the critical moment the great leader himself appeared upon the scene. Skirmishers were thrown out, some guns were brought into action, repeated bayonet charges were delivered, and after three or four hours of hard fighting, the Neapolitans were driven from the position they had taken, and possession of the barricade was recovered.

Meanwhile, on the left of the patriots at Santa Maria, where General Milvitz commanded, precisely similar events had occurred. There had been a surprise, a rally, three or four hours fighting, at the end of which the Neapolitans were driven back. The battle here was exceeding hot; because Santa Maria is close to Capua, where the Neapolitan reserves lay. They kept on bringing up fresh troops, and again fresh troops, until the strength, if not the courage of the brave defenders of Santa Maria was well-nigh exhausted. Message after message was sent asking for reinforcements. None could be given, the little reserve was wanted elsewhere. The detachment of which mention has already been made had attacked General Bixio at Maddaloni. They were 5000 strong, concentrated for action. He had with him but 2000, or 2500 men scattered over the hills which he must defend at all hazards. By noon, the Neapolitans at this point were driven back to the river; many threw themselves into the mountains between Caserta and Maddaloni.

But now the moment had arrived when Garibaldi's defence was to be converted into an attack. Two brigades which had been much weakened, however, by detachments, had been held in reserve. They were marched up to the front—one of them was forwarded by rail—so here was an instance of the application of modern science to the fearful exigencies of a battle-field. The Piedmontese gunners, and the little body of Hungarian cavalry did their duty well by Santa Maria, and after some time, when General Türr had reached the ground with his infantry, the Neapolitans

were driven back at the bayonet's point, and their position fell into the hands of the Garibaldians, and was never retaken. It was, however, by Saint Angelo, where Garibaldi was commanding in person, that the most decisive events occurred. The Neapolitan general had come to the same conclusion as Garibaldi, that whoever remained master of Saint Angelo, had gained the day. The Royalists directed their chief efforts upon this point. A tremendous bombardment was opened on this position from the mortars in this fortress; at the same time batteries were brought into action against it. When, as it was supposed, the desired effect had been produced, the Neapolitans advanced in force, and succeeded in carrying this barricade once more. It should be remarked that this was antecedent in order of time to the success of General Turr, and his brave companions in arms, at Santa Maria, so that they could not assist their friends who were so hardly pressed. The Royalist Generals improved their success, and occupied the first houses leading to Saint Angelo. The Garibaldians were so far outnumbered that they began to lose heart, and wavered. Nothing, perhaps, but the presence of Garibaldi himself at this spot could have saved the day. The fight lasted hour after hour. At length, skirmishing lines were formed and thrown out to threaten either flank of the Royalists. Then a body of men were collected behind a house, who ran forward with a rush, and with the bayonet drove the Royalists back. The Royalist positions were carried at about 2 P.M. The chief now moved back upon Santa Maria, to see with his own eyes what was going on there, and to bring up reinforcements.

The Royalists made a last stand, about half a mile from Santa Maria, in a detached barrack lying on the verge of an open space. They had armed the barrack with guns, and had lined the woods with infantry. From this position, too, they were driven. The Garibaldians threw themselves into the woods, and drove the Royalists before them at the bayonet's point, and pushed them to the very edge of the camps before Capua. By 4 P.M. the victory was decided along the whole line. That evening, Francis II. did not sleep at Naples. The Royalists were 30,000 strong—the Patriots had not half that number in hand.

It is very difficult for an unprofessional reader to acquire a distinct notion of how a battle was fought, from mere narration. A good plan of the ground and careful notation of the position and movements of the bodies of troops engaged, are the almost indispensable conditions of a correct appreciation of the facts. But, in this case, of the battle which was so hotly contested, and so nobly won, the other day, a very slight explanation may perhaps serve to give a rough notion of what took place. Consider Capua as the apex of a triangle—Santa Maria and Saint Angelo as being situated at the other angles. The Royalists moved from the apex upon each of these angles. As they did so, the two corps set in motion were naturally more and more separated from each other, every step they advanced from their base of operations. In the reverse sense, when the Patriots, after successfully resisting the attacks at the two angles, proceeded to drive the enemy before

them.—every step they took they drew nearer to each other; until, at last, they were in immediate co-operation. Independently of this simple form of attack, as has been already mentioned, a force was detached upon Maddaloni, with the object—as it has since been stated—of cutting off the retreat of the Garibaldians when they had been crushed at the two points in front. This was done by what military men term a flank movement—a dangerous operation at all times, but peculiarly so in presence of a desperate enemy, and a consummate general, for surely Joseph Garibaldi has now fairly earned that name. There was, however, a technical justification for this step, beyond the mere braggart's plea which was at first put in. Until the attack at Maddaloni had been repulsed, the Garibaldian reserves were in great measure paralysed at Caserta. Had the Royalist attack upon this point been delivered in greater force, or with a happier event, it might have gone ill with the exhausted corps in front, which were not more than holding their own at the time when the Royalist movement upon Maddaloni ended in discomfiture. The reserves were then liberated, and speedily brought up to the front. The Royalists were routed, and fled back upon Capua in confusion, the Patriots being in attendance upon them, to within half a mile of the fortress itself, when of course further advance was checked by the guns in position. Such seems the history of the battle of the Volturno, which will be understood at a glance by reference to the map.

The loss is said to have been very heavy on both sides; but probably the Garibaldians suffered most, as far as that day was concerned. It was not until the next morning that they reaped tangible fruits of their victory. We must not lose sight of the Royalist detachment, which had been thrown upon Maddaloni on the 1st of October, and which was discomfited about noon of that day. The bulk of the men fled in disorder into the mountains, but were rallied in the night.

In a hollow on the top of one of these mountains, on the night of the first of October, the shattered remains of the column which had been repulsed by General Bixio at Maddaloni gathered together, and talked over the events of the day. Some way, or another, a whisper passed amongst them that the Patriots had been entirely crushed at Santa Maria and Saint Angelo. They had been told in the morning, before they started from the camps before Capua, that the Austrians were already in Naples. Why should they stand shivering there amongst the hills. Information was taken, and a council of war was held, when it appeared, that the only obstacle which separated them from their victorious friends was the obstinacy and perversity of two old Hungarian fire-eating generals who would still hold out at Caserta. The Royalists acting upon this accurate intelligence moved down in the early morning upon Caserta, and contrived to take some houses and a barrack at one end of the town. Garibaldi, who, after the day's work was over, had retired to seek a few moments' rest in the house of the parish-priest at Saint Angelo, had been informed that the Royalists had been seen in the hills above Caserta. They

were driven back at the bayonet's point, and their position fell into the hands of the Garibaldians, and was never retaken. It was, however, by Saint Angelo, where Garibaldi was commanding in person, that the most decisive events occurred. The Neapolitan general had come to the same conclusion as Garibaldi, that whoever remained master of Saint Angelo, had gained the day. The Royalists directed their chief efforts upon this point. A tremendous bombardment was opened on this position from the mortars in this fortress; at the same time batteries were brought into action against it. When, as it was supposed, the desired effect had been produced, the Neapolitans advanced in force, and succeeded in carrying this barricade once more. It should be remarked that this was antecedent in order of time to the success of General Türr, and his brave companions in arms, at Santa Maria, so that they could not assist their friends who were so hardly pressed. The Royalist Generals improved their success, and occupied the first houses leading to Saint Angelo. The Garibaldians were so far outnumbered that they began to lose heart, and wavered. Nothing, perhaps, but the presence of Garibaldi himself at this spot could have saved the day. The fight lasted hour after hour. At length, skirmishing lines were formed and thrown out to threaten either flank of the Royalists. Then a body of men were collected behind a house, who ran forward with a rush, and with the bayonet drove the Royalists back. The Royalist positions were carried at about 2 P.M. The chief now moved back upon Santa Maria, to see with his own eyes what was going on there, and to bring up reinforcements.

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It is very difficult for an unprofessional reader to acquire a distinct notion of how a battle was fought, from mere narration. A good plan of the ground and careful notation of the position and movements of the bodies of troops engaged, are the almost indispensable conditions of a correct appreciation of the facts. But, in this case, of the battle which was so hotly contested, and so nobly won, the other day, a very slight explanation may perhaps serve to give a rough notion of what took place. Consider Capua as the apex of a triangle—Santa Maria and Saint Angelo as being situated at the other angles. The Royalists moved from the apex upon each of these angles. As they did so, the two corps set in motion were naturally more and more separated from each other, every step they advanced from their base of operations. In the reverse sense, when the Patriots, after successfully resisting the attacks at the two angles, proceeded to drive the enemy before

them.—every step they took they drew nearer to each other; until, at last, they were in immediate co-operation. Independently of this simple form of attack, as has been already mentioned, a force was detached upon Maddaloni, with the object—as it has since been stated—of cutting off the retreat of the Garibaldians when they had been crushed at the two points in front. This was done by what military men term a flank movement—a dangerous operation at all times, but peculiarly so in presence of a desperate enemy, and a consummate general, for surely Joseph Garibaldi has now fairly earned that name. There was, however, a technical justification for this step, beyond the mere braggart's plea which was at first put in. Until the attack at Maddaloni had been repulsed, the Garibaldian reserves were in great measure paralysed at Caserta. Had the Royalist attack upon this point been delivered in greater force, or with a happier event, it might have gone ill with the exhausted corps in front, which were not more than holding their own at the time when the Royalist movement upon Maddaloni ended in discomfiture. The reserves were then liberated, and speedily brought up to the front. The Royalists were routed, and fled back upon Capua in confusion, the Patriots being in attendance upon them, to within half a mile of the fortress itself, when of course further advance was checked by the guns in position. Such seems the history of the battle of the Volturno, which will be understood at a glance by reference to the map.

The loss is said to have been very heavy on both sides; but probably the Garibaldians suffered most, as far as that day was concerned. It was not until the next morning that they reaped tangible fruits of their victory. We must not lose sight of the Royalist detachment, which had been thrown upon Maddaloni on the 1st of October, and which was discomfited about noon of that day. The bulk of the men fled in disorder into the mountains, but were rallied in the night.

In a hollow on the top of one of these mountains, on the night of the first of October, the shattered remains of the column which had been repulsed by General Bixio at Maddaloni gathered together, and talked over the events of the day. Some way, or another, a whisper passed amongst them that the Patriots had been entirely crushed at Santa Maria and Saint Angelo. They had been told in the morning, before they started from the camps before Capua, that the Austrians were already in Naples. Why should they stand shivering there amongst the hills. Information was taken, and a council of war was held, when it appeared, that the only obstacle which separated them from their victorious friends was the obstinacy and perversity of two old Hungarian fire-eating generals who would still hold out at Caserta. The Royalists acting upon this accurate intelligence moved down in the early morning upon Caserta, and contrived to take some houses and a barrack at one end of the town. Garibaldi, who, after the day's work was over, had retired to seek a few moments' rest in the house of the parish-priest at Saint Angelo, had been informed that the Royalists had been seen in the hills above Caserta. They

were in the park; they were lying just above the great cascade; they were about everywhere in that direction. He started up, and looked about for men. He had not many to spare, for each man under his command was called upon to do the work of two or three. There were some Genoese carabinieri, there were a couple of hundred men of the Brigade Spanzare. He could pick up some troops as he marched upon Caserta; he would find some there. The order was given to stand ready for two A.M.—sharp.

The Royalists, as it has been said, had gained possession of a part of Caserta early in the morning. Surprised and delighted at this new success, they had dispersed themselves through the town partly to look out for the two wary-headed old Hungarian generals—partly to plunder. While they were so engaged, Garibaldi came upon them, and in a very short time they were driven into the open, and back into the arms of Bixio at Maddaloni, or otherwise accounted for. General Saulis, with a brigade, now appeared upon the scene. Garibaldi in person led them on up the hills, and straight to Caserta Vecchia, where the survivors of the column which had threatened Maddaloni the day before, now attempted to make a last stand. Four or five hundred prisoners were taken on the spot, and then a coursing match began. Two battalions ran straight into the centre of General Saulis' position, and were made prisoners in a body. They were chased up hill and down hill—a novel form of field sport in those grounds sacred to the Diana of the Bourbons. Some were caught about the cascades—many in the park—but the upshot was that before evening closed in, about 2500 officers and men were brought into the court-yards of the palace, and found accommodation for the night in the former residence of their Royal Master. It is calculated that this column is entirely accounted for, and that with some insignificant exceptions it is wholly lost to the King. About 3000 were made prisoners on the previous day in the affair at this point.

About 1500 were killed or wounded, and nine guns were taken. It is no exaggeration to say that the battle of the Volturno, with its consequences, must have cost Francis II. the loss of 10,000 fighting men, the great bulk of whom are prisoners-of-war. The Royalists seem to have been convinced by this trial, that any further attempt against the Patriots in front is not to be thought of. From more recent intelligence we hear that the movements of the royal generals seem to give indication of an intention to give up Capua altogether. They are moving men, provisions, and munitions of war out of Capua, and directing them upon Gaeta. Capua, very probably, by the time this number of *ONCE A WEEK* is published will be in the hands of Garibaldi and his followers, or of the Sardinians. Nothing, however, has been more remarkable about Garibaldi's system of tactics since he first landed in Sicily than his apparent appreciation of the value of the instruments at his disposal. He never attacked the citadel of Messina; he has not given evidence of any intention to commence regular siege operations against Capua. Like a good workman he puts each tool to its right use. He neither at-

tempts to plane planks with a saw, nor to saw them with a plane. Had he attempted any thing like a regular siege, the enthusiasm of his followers would soon have grown cold. It requires the fortitude and fidelity of disciplined soldiers to lie for weeks and months in trenches exposed to privations, to the inclemency of the weather, and to the enduring fire of the foe. In such a position troops know their own losses but too well—they cannot see the damage which they inflict upon the enemy. The three great fortresses of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, namely, Messina, Capua, and Gaeta, will, in all probability, be surrendered, if not without a blow, at least without the tedium and danger of a regular siege. In a few days Francis II. will be called upon to make his choice between casting in his lot with the defenders *à l'outrance* of Gaeta, or making his escape by sea, whilst the sea is still open. The King once gone, the fortress will soon be surrendered.

Meanwhile events are thickening in the Italian peninsula. At the latter end of last week a report was about in London that the Austrians were making fresh preparations for crossing the Mincio, and staking the fortunes of the Empire once more upon the hazard of the game of war. Louis Napoleon has despatched large reinforcements to Rome, and to the patrimony of St. Peter. The presence of the French troops in such force is a fact from which we must draw our own inferences, for little faith can be given to the assertions of any of the parties concerned. If we attempt to form our judgment on the future from the past, the probability would seem to be, that the French Emperor is well disposed to assist Victor Emmanuel to the crown of Italy, but upon the condition that he will make a fresh cession of territory to France.

It is hinted that the price to be paid this time is the Island of Sardinia. If this be given up, and if the Great Powers of Europe did not interfere to put an end to such a bargain and sale of an island so important from its geographical position, it is likely enough that the French would hold the Austrians in check, whilst Victor Emmanuel was consolidating his power throughout the Peninsula. If this be not done, and the resistance will more probably come from the Great Powers, than either from Count Cavour or his master, it is hard indeed to venture a suggestion at the course which will be taken by the silent man, whose decisions are now of such enormous importance to the world. One of the leading points of his policy, has ever been to establish French supremacy in the Mediterranean; and he would no doubt look with great jealousy on the establishment and consolidation of a power, which would soon take rank amongst the great maritime powers of Europe, and which might not always be the obedient satellite of France.

On the whole, it may be asserted, without much fear of error, either that Louis Napoleon will have his price, or that he will not give a hearty and honest support to the consolidation of the Italian kingdom. There is one man who has never ceased to express his distrust of Louis Napoleon on this point, and his name is Joseph Garibaldi.

LAST WEEK.

THE FOUND OF TEA.

Most English readers must have been painfully affected on reading the account, just forwarded home by the "Times" correspondent, of what took place at the little Chinese town of Peh-Tang, when the combined forces of England and France were compelled, by the necessities of warfare and of self-preservation, to take possession of it. There really seems to have been no alternative, for the month of the Peiho was staked, and the coast at other points was inaccessible. Our only consolation must be that the English leaders seem to have done all that was in their power to check the outrages upon the inhabitants whose expulsion from their homes may have been a necessity, but who were not therefore to be plundered and tortured, in addition, and without reason. The wretched creatures had not either, at the end of last July, when the disembarkation occurred, or during the operations on the Peiho, in 1859, in any way incurred the vengeance of the European forces. Their misfortune was that they lay in the way of the expedition. They had houses. The English and French troops required houses, and so they drove these poor Peh-Tangites from their homes. Had the matter stopped here there would have been the less to say about it, for if war is to be it can scarcely be carried on without the infliction of much misery even upon non-combatants. It would, however, have been more creditable to the apostles of our boasted European civilisation, now actually under arms in northern China, if the French leaders had sternly forbidden plunder and pillage, and if the allied commanders had directed their provost-marshal to give the camp-followers and coolies a few practical hints that they were not to deal with Peh-Tang, as with a town taken by storm. It is not pleasant to read of homes which were visited three or four times by French soldiers, and still more frequently by coolies, for the sake of plunder; of torture inflicted upon the owners that they might discover where their money was to be found; of women poisoned by their relations and friends, lest they might fall into the hands of the barbarians. We are told that Sir Hope Grant, who was a reluctant witness of such scenes as these, has come to the resolution that he will not permit the troops again to occupy any Chinese town, which may lie upon his path, without giving such ample notice to the inhabitants as may enable them to remove their families and portable goods to a place of safety. Happily the distance from Peh-Tang to Peking is very short, and unless all anticipations are baffled, there is no probability that scenes similar to those which occurred on the first landing of the allied forces will be renewed. It was stated in the Paris papers, at the end of last week, that Mr. Bruce had received a despatch, announcing that the Emperor of China would be ready to conclude peace on the capture of the Peiho forts, and so spare the allied forces the necessity of a *promenade militaire* to Peking. This, however, would seem to be a matter of dubious policy on one side, for we have already had experience of how the Peking mandarins are accustomed to handle a difficulty as

soon as the immediate pressure is withdrawn. We can scarcely afford to be sending, year after year, to the other side of the globe, armed commentators upon the value of treaties and the expediency of good faith.

The Chinese question is one which must receive a satisfactory solution, even at the expense of a certain amount of present misery. It is not to be endured either on one side or the other that a semi-barbarous clique of politicians at Peking should keep asunder any longer the European and the Chinese continent. The continent of Europe contains about 300,000,000 inhabitants. The population of China is estimated at 400,000,000. With the products of our own European countries—with what the various nations can accomplish in manufacture and the arts of civilised life—we are reasonably familiar. We know, too, enough of Asiatics in general, and of the Chinese in particular, to feel secure that much of what we know, and much of what we possess, would be to them of inestimable benefit. True, for many centuries they have lived without assistance from the Western world, and there must have been considerable value in the laws and customs by which such an enormous mass of human beings could have been held together for so long a period. The "system," however, is confessedly breaking up. More than our Manchester piece-goods—more than our latest discoveries in the mechanical sciences—the Chinese require at the present moment to come into contact—not into collision—with a stronger form of civilisation than their own. On the other hand, China teems with products which have become to us absolutely necessary. Chinese tea, and Chinese silk, we must have, and there is every reason to suppose that if the country be thoroughly opened, other articles will be added to those great staples. As yet, we have but traded with four out of the eighteen provinces of which China is composed, and even with these four only since the year 1842. For three centuries before that date our commerce was restricted to a single port, in a remote province of the empire, and carried on under conditions which were calculated in every way to check its extension. The result of our dealing with four provinces instead of with a single province has been that our trade under the head of tea alone has *tripled* in amount.

Now, this Chinese matter should be considered thus:—Are 400,000,000 and 300,000,000 of human beings, who wish to come together, to be kept asunder because the old mandarins at Peking choose to adhere to their traditional maxim of government with the tenacity of so many Sibirians or Newdegates? and because it suits the interests of the native firms which direct or control the internal transport of the country, that the stranger should be excluded? Nor must it be forgotten that, according to certain articles in the treaty of Tien-tsin, we are now contending for rights which have been formally acknowledged. We have by the treaty full right "to travel for pleasure, or for purposes of trade, to all parts of the interior of China." Again: "No opposition shall be offered to the traveller or merchant in the hiring of persons or vessels for the carriage of their baggage or merchandise." British merchants

are to trade upon the Yang-tze at their pleasure, and as soon as there is an end of the rebellion of the Tae-Pings. This, to be sure, is a somewhat remote contingency, but no doubt Lord Elgin in the further negotiations with the Imperial Court, now imminent, will take care that the condition is removed, and that the trade of the Yang-tze is opened to our merchants at once. Of course, by this time everything is conceded, as the allied expedition, which got ashore at Peh-Tang on the 1st of August last, must long since have received satisfaction, or be billeted within the walls of Peking.

John Chinaman, as we have had experience of him from the days of Sir Henry Pottinger downwards, is not a man of half-measures. He either concedes everything, or nothing. But when every method of physical defence which Chinese ingenuity can suggest has been exhausted; when every wily trick with which the traditions of his craft are stuffed has been tried by the Chinese negotiator, and tried in vain; and everything has been yielded in appearance, it must not be supposed that the Chinaman has given up his game. He accepts his defeat as a fresh starting-point. Relax the grasp upon his throat but by a hair's breadth, and you will find that no signatures are so evanescent as those which have been signed with the vermilion pencil. The most valuable concession ever made by China to Europe was the possession of the island of Chusan, not that in many respects the position of the island was the one which we would have chosen upon commercial grounds; but because it was a material guarantee, a palpable and undeniable proof of victory upon our side, and defeat on the other. As long as the British held Chusan it was clear that the Chinese Emperor was occupying a somewhat humiliating position in the presence of the outside barbarians; it was clear to all his subjects, and the Tae-Ping rebellion was the result.

On the whole this opening up of China is perhaps the greatest event of our time. What was the discovery of two comparatively uninhabited continents—the two Americas—by the side of the discovery of a continent inhabited by a third, probably by more than a third, of the human beings now existing upon the surface of the planet? It seems impossible to suppose that the representatives of a society which has existed for as long a period, probably for a longer period than our own, can be nothing better than the grotesque figures which we see on the willow-pattern plates, or the sweepings of Canton and Hong-Kong. Within this Flowery Land, as it is called, there are more people than we are in Europe, who have not drawn their religion from Galilee, their philosophy from Athens, their laws from Rome. Yet have they increased and multiplied in abundant measure, and all that we have heard of the interior of their country is to the effect that they have enjoyed a great share of material prosperity.

If we were to inquire very nicely into what the condition of China was a few centuries ago, a Chinese inquirer might with perfect propriety turn round upon us, and ask how it fared with Europe at the close of the thirty years' war, or of the seven years' war, or of Napoleon's great wars?

True, their philosophy, their *taoli* of which Mr. Wingrove Cooke has told us so much, is unintelligible and ridiculous enough to us—but what would an intelligent Chinaman think of Bishop Berkeley's theory, that a fat mandarin existed only in the imagination of the spectator? What would he say to Kant, and Hegel, and a hundred other blowers of metaphysical soap-bubbles? Nay, what do we say to them ourselves? It is clear enough that there are certain points upon which the Chinese are deficient enough. They are not nearly so well instructed as we are in the various methods of slaughtering their fellow-creatures. They have, indeed, a very pretty taste in executions, and would be perfectly willing to avail themselves of the facilities offered by our minié rifles, and Armstrong guns, if they were so fortunate as to possess them. In medical science, they are far behind the Europeans of their own day, probably pretty much where Harvey found us. So in the physical and mathematical sciences, and in all matters of engineering, their ignorance would appear very gross to a well-educated English schoolboy. On the other hand, they are excellent agriculturists. They can weave their own silk into fabrics of great beauty and durability. They understand how to cut and embank canals. They are most shrewd and intelligent merchants, even upon the admissions of Liverpool and New York men, who have tried conclusions with them, and the men of Liverpool and New York are not very easily beaten in commercial matters. They have solved the problem of living together for centuries with a decent regard for family ties, and probably to the full in as peaceable a manner as the ancestors of the Europeans who write books about them. They are physically brave, and let sentimental and poetical gentlemen say what they will, physical courage lies at the bottom of all the manly virtues. Our own ancestors yielded readily enough, but yet not without a struggle, to the discipline and military virtue of the Romans. Only conceive what must be the effect upon the mind of a half-civilised man—that is, upon the mind of a man who is only accustomed to kill his fellow-creatures with bows and arrows, or a smooth bore—of the Enfield rifle, or the Armstrong gun?

Of China, as it really is, we really know very little. Mr. Fortune, Mr. Wingrove Cooke, and Captain Sherard Osborn, are our three great modern English authorities in the matter. Before their time there was a mist or a halo—which shall we call it?—around China and Chinese things. Sir John Davis was perhaps the most practical writer about the Chinese before their day; but even he dealt with them rather as an hierophant, than as that gentleman will do to whom Mr. Murray is about to entrust the task of writing a Chinese Handbook. Their customs, we were told, were not our customs; nor their ways, our ways. As soon might we expect to establish relations with the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter—if any such there be—as with the denizens of the flowery land. They would just permit us to stand at the back-door of the empire, and fling us occasionally, and contemptuously, a Pound of Tea, in return for which we were to pay largely, and swallow as

much dirt as the Canton mandarins might please to appoint. Beyond this we know little or nothing—not a tithe as much as any one might know of the two classical nations of antiquity from the now obsolete pages of Potter and Adams. There was a list of Chinese emperors, with a chronology more absurd than ever flashed across a Welshman's brain when getting up his family pedigree. There was a little information, possibly accurate, about the reigning Tartar dynasty—a cut and dry account of Confucius and Confucianism—a chapter upon Bouddhism, as unintelligible as might be, and somewhat about “manners and customs” gleaned by some person or persons unknown, from where you will; for certainly European residents in China, upon their own showing, had few facilities of observation beyond the river suburb of a provincial town at the southern extremity of the empire. To be sure, we had the accounts of old ambassadorial progresses to Peking, when the representatives of British majesty were carried about like monkeys in cages, or old ladies in sedan-chairs at Bath, in the olden time. Beyond these there was the amusing Gil Blas-like account of the two French missionaries, MM. Huc and Gabet, which gave us the story of their journey from Peking to Lla-Sah in Thibet, which possessed every literary quality except that of inspiring confidence in the “general reader.” If the “Friend of China,” one or two French works, and the contributions of Mr. Meadows to our knowledge of the subject be added to the list, we have cited well nigh all the sources from which trustworthy information upon China can be drawn. This, however, is different in kind to what the three writers first named, and especially Mr. W. Cooke and Captain Osborn, have accomplished; we feel in reading their accounts of China and the Chinese, that we have at last got hold of men who are determined to consider John Chinaman as a responsible and intelligible being—inferior in many respects to the European, but still a human creature,—not the mere nodding and grotesque mandarin of our porcelain cabinets.

We are told that the Chinese diplomatists are sadly given to deception and treachery. The definition of an ambassador, as a man sent abroad by his government to lie for the good of his country, was not conceived for the diplomatists of China. We are told again, that the Chinese, as a nation, have no regard for truth. How much will you find amongst the southern Europeans? The Chinaman, when he goes into mourning, arrays himself in white—the European in sable: it is a matter of custom. What we should call the sentimental element is wanting in the Chinese character. At the same time it is difficult to believe that amongst 400,000,000 of human beings, the play of human feeling is not much the same as it is amongst ourselves. All writers upon Chinese matters agree in saying that the relations between children and their parents are drawn unusually close in China. There is such an uniformity of testimony upon this point that error is scarcely possible. If then the reverence of children for their parents is one of the great pivots of Chinese society, it would seem to follow that in the long run the parents must deserve the

reverence they obtain. Upon what sounder basis than that of “the family” could any society of human beings repose? If a son regards his mother with affection and respect, and the father his daughter, it seems scarcely probable that the relations between brother and sister, husband and wife, can be much amiss. In the wretched story which was sent to us from Peh-Tang the other day, we are told that the women of a family voluntarily poisoned themselves, rather than fall into the hands of the barbarians. What more could an Englishwoman have done during the Indian mutiny? On the whole, it is difficult to believe that such an enormous population could have been held together—or rather that a population should have grown up to so enormous a number—in steady violation of all the instincts we find implanted in our own breasts.

Vague reports have reached us of the splendour and magnificence in which the rich men of the great cities of the interior are accustomed to live. If their notions of the fine arts are not as delicate or refined as those of the Florentine Medici, at least they rival them in their pomp and state. Nor, from what we hear, are the lower classes in so abject a condition as the enervated rhyot of our own Indian possessions. John Chinaman is ready and eager to work steadily for his living, and to do stern battle with the world in which he finds himself cast. An Asiatic out of China, if he is worth anything at all, is a fighting man. The Chinaman is no coward, but to all appearance he had rather till the ground, or grow tea, or look after his silkworms, than engage in the great throat-cutting business. Englishmen are not likely to blame them for this, the more so when we have it upon the testimony of our own officers who saw them in action, more especially up in the North, that the Chinese would fight readily enough if they knew how. Men with spears and bows and arrows can scarcely be expected to stand up against our field-batteries, and rockets, and serried lines of bayonets, and screw steamers, and gun-boats. If a hundred thousand Chinamen of the proper age, and of sound bodily condition, were handed over to the officers of our *ci-devant* Bengal army—trained by them in military exercises, and armed with the latest invented muskets, &c., &c.—one may be pardoned for believing that they would soon give excellent account of any Asiatic force which could be brought against them—and perhaps hold their own well enough in presence even of European troops. If the Chinaman is not fired and inspirited to action by lofty sentiments, at least he possesses a fund of obstinacy in his character and a contempt for death.

As a rule they are a temperate people. Mr. W. Cooke tells us, “It is very wrong of John Chinaman to smoke opium to the extent of sixpence per head per annum. But what is he to do? He detests beer and wine. You may leave an open brandy-bottle in his custody for weeks, and it will not evaporate. His strong samshoo is, so far as I can discover, almost a myth, except as an article to sell to foreign sailors.” Of course there must be something wrong or imperfect in the Chinese mind, or, having done so much well, they would have done better. One would rather ex-

pect to find a Newton than a Shakspeare amongst such a people. The only development of the Chinese mind with which we are as yet acquainted is in the direction of agriculture and commerce. They are keen enough in these pursuits—as merchants, especially, they are distinguished for good faith in their operations. It must be remembered, too, that of the Chinese we have as yet seen little more than the jealousy of the government has permitted us to see—and that is not much. All we know is that when the governing clique at Peking have permitted Europeans to knock at the doors of the Chinese husbandmen for any commodity within the limits of their productive powers the demand has been duly honoured. Take, for example, the article of silk. In the year 1844 not a bale was sent home. Stocks failed in Europe, and orders were at once sent out to China for supplies. The opening of the ports was in 1842. Now, in 1845, there were sent home 10,727 bales; in 1855, 50,489 bales; in 1856, double that quantity; in 1857, double that quantity again, so that in that year Mr. Cooke, who was at Shanghai, records that if the Chinamen succeeded in establishing their prices, and in disposing of their stocks, they would take 10,000,000*l.* for silk at that port alone. We have not the latest returns for teas at hand, but we find that for the years 1856—57 there was exported from China to England and her colonies 87,741,000 *lbs.* of tea.

Surely these calculations, referring only to two articles—no doubt, staples—give one an enormous idea of the industry, ingenuity, and perseverance of this remarkable people, with whom, as it should seem, we are about to come into far closer contact than heretofore. As it is a great thing in approaching a new subject to understand the length and breadth of it, and not to lose oneself in vague and shadowy conjectures, we would add that any one who turns his attention to China would do well to establish before his own mind a correct notion of what China really is. A few years back we were in the habit of crediting Russia with all her steppes and frozen deserts, not considering that the wretched nomad tribes who manage to pick up a precarious subsistence in the wilderness do not add to the strength or power of a nation. Since the Crimean war we have learnt to consider Russia from a more rational point of view. We know that the compact provinces which lie together, and abut upon Germany and the Baltic on their eastern and northern sides, constitute the real force of the empire, and that the Siberian deserts, even up to the Frozen Sea, count for nothing. Just so with regard to China. Eighteen provinces lying together, and covering as much ground as would be covered by seven Frances, are the only China with which we are concerned.

Thibet and Chinese Tartary, and their "deserts idle," may be removed from view altogether. Mr. Cooke, after a most careful investigation of this matter upon the spot, sets the population of these eighteen provinces at 360,279,897. He adds "if England and Wales were as large as China, England and Wales would contain within one-ninth of the same amount of population. If Lombardy were as large as China, Lombardy would contain

360,000,000 also. If Belgium were as large as China, Belgium would contain 400,000,000 inhabitants." These eighteen provinces form very nearly a square, and are by measurement about 1500 miles either way. Take the average railway-speed of the North-Western Manchester express, and you might traverse China from north to south, or from east to west, in about thirty-seven hours. There is surely nothing here which should make the imagination very giddy. One can understand a drive over an Eastern Lombardy for a day, a night, and a day. The population, however, does not lie in a uniform way; it is thickest on the eastern sea-board, thinnest towards the south. There appears to be very ready access by the great rivers to the more important and fertile districts of the empire.

It was upon the 1st of August, now last past, that an English brigadier divested himself of his nether integuments, and leaping waist-high into the slush opposite Peh-Tang, led on 200 men of the 2nd Queen's in the same airy costume to strike the final blow at the great Chinese mystery. This time, as the phrase runs, there is to be no mistake about it. We were befooled after Sir Henry Pottinger's negotiations, and foiled after those which were more recently conducted under Lord Elgin's auspices; but now the work is to be done in such a manner that it may stand. The wretched and treacherous attack upon the British last year on the Peiho river has filled up the measure of the iniquity of the Peking protectionists, and ere long their place will know them no more. The final negotiations, it is to be hoped, will be concluded at Peking, and not elsewhere, and in a manner which may convince the more bigotted politicians of that most conservative capital that of the Chinese mystery there is an end. By the next mail we shall probably hear that attempts have been made to induce the allied negotiators to sign the treaty of peace without making any display of armed force immediately before the capital. Here is what Sir John Barrow, as quoted by Captain Osborn, tells us about that city. The walls are from 20 to 30 feet high; square bastions project from them at every 70 yards; and upon each bastion there is a guard-house. The city is an oblong square, the walls being fourteen English miles in extent. "In the south wall there are three gates—in the other sides, only two. The centre gate on the south side communicates directly with the Imperial palaces, or portion of the capital reserved for the Emperor and his family. Between the other two gates, and corresponding ones on the north side, run two streets, perfectly straight, about four miles long, and 120 feet wide. One street of a similar width runs from one of the eastern to one of the western gates of Peking. The other streets of Peking are merely narrow lanes, branching from and connecting these four great streets. At the four angles of the city walls, four-storied pagodas were observed, and similar buildings at the points of intersection of the four great streets. None of the streets were in any way paved; the narrow lanes appeared to be watered, but the great ones were covered with sand and dust."

Such is Peking—the key of China!

LAST WEEK.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

CAN it be true that we are really back in those times when the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, were represented in old engravings as embracing each other, and vowing eternal fidelity to the sublime principle that the nations of the earth were created for the use of kings? Even so far back as the year 1815, either the free air of England or the prudence of Lord Castlereagh had sufficient force to prevent the Prince Regent from joining such an alliance as this. On the continent of Europe, Prince Metternich and Madame Krüdener, and the Prussian diplomatists, and the statesmen of the Restoration in Paris were allowed to have things their own way, and for fifteen long years the heavings of the great earthquake were checked. The constitutions promised to the German nations were withheld, and in their place the Diet at Frankfort—that last expression of German pedantry and ever-meddling tyranny—was established as an actual institution. The Russian Emperor carried out in practice his dream of universal freedom by rivetting the last links of the chains on the unfortunate Poles. Francis of Austria, acting no doubt under the advice of Metternich, deprived the estates of his various provinces of the last remains of self-government, and constituted himself the sole and irresponsible inquisitor and regulator of his empire. Recent events in Hungary, and in Lombardy more particularly, are the best illustrations of the value of this system of blind and elaborate tyranny. France was thrown back into the hauds of the religious congregations, and that statesman best pleased his royal master who contrived to defraud the French nation of some portion of the liberty which had been promised to them upon the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte and the restoration of the old traditional dynasty. Old Marshal Soult might have been seen in those days walking in a religious procession, with a huge wax taper in his hand, and all but intoning those set forms of French adjuration, which are more in harmony with the energy of camps than with the solemnities of the church. Louis XVIII. was wheeled about from his chamber to his carriage in a chair of marvellous construction, and quoted scraps of Horace, now at his brother, and now at his people. The most French thing in France, in those times, was the immortal song of Béranger, who contrived that his countrymen should forget the edge, and remember only the glitter of the imperial sword. After all, expedition for expedition—one of Napoleon's little *promenades militaires* to Berlin or Vienna, was at least more flattering to the French love of glory than the wretched saunter from the Bidassoa to Cadiz. Battle for battle, Austerlitz or Jena, was well worth the day of the Trocadero. However, thus it was that kings and princes went on in those Lethæan times, which passed away, in all appearance, so calmly between the last struggle at Waterloo, and the three days of Barricades, when the old Epicurean philosopher of Hartwell had passed away, and a king equally despotic at heart, but a far less shrewd observer of the times blundered in his stead.

But these fifteen years of pause and hesitation were intelligible after those other twenty-five years of fire and sword. The nations of Europe were weary of revolutions, and camp-life, and captured cities, and the misery, and the splendour of an epoch when war was looked upon as the predominant affair of human life. In no country did this feeling so strongly prevail as in France. In the year 1814, when Napoleon had concluded his last campaign but one at Fontainebleau, the exhaustion of the country was so great, that on Sunday evenings when the villagers of France collected under their trees for their usual sports, the young maidens were obliged to dance together for want of partners. The youths who should have courted them in country fashion, and have led them to the altar, were sleeping their last sleep under the snows of Russia, or their bones were bleaching under the strong sun of Spain. France was fairly wearied out with the effort of a quarter of a century, and before all things had to recover a male population strong enough to re-assert the prerogative of the French name. Throughout Germany the hatred against France had been so intense, and the joy at having driven the invader back to his own side of the Rhine so great, that the nations were willing enough to trust to the promises of their princes, and to bide their time. Our fathers in England had enough to do in those evil days. Our statesmen were but too well inclined to take a lesson from the great continental professors of the art of tyranny. Lords Eldon and Sidmouth were not very fervent partisans of the development of liberal ideas. The harvests were bad. Strange theories about making bread dear that poverty-stricken men might have plenty of it were afloat. There was a general and eager craving for a reform of our political institutions. There was antagonism between bigoted Attorneys-General and reckless pamphleteers, and a general astonishment at the magnitude of our public burdens. In those days men had not formed a just estimate of what the British people could accomplish, so their ingenuity and their industry were not obstructed by unwise laws. However, there was enough to be done at home without looking about for fresh causes of offence. The Holy Alliance might be sneered at and jeered at, but no Englishman of sound mind dreamt of raising fresh subsidies, and enlisting more soldiers to combat a principle which might very fairly be left to work out its own destruction. We had intervened in the affairs of the continent to our hearts' content. Of Metternich and Eldon, and the ideas they represented, there is an end.

From 1830 to 1848 the march of political affairs was different. Europe was taught practically that there might be revolution without anarchy. It had been the policy of the old statesmen who had reestablished order in Europe, in other words, who had worked out its liberation from the military despotism of France, to establish it as a recognised axiom, that any resistance to constituted authority was but the commencement of fresh troubles upon the model of 1790. When the intelligence reached London, now a little more than thirty years ago, that fresh barricades had been erected in Paris, and that the people had obtained a vic-

tory over the Court and the army, people talked of the inauguration of a fresh Reign of Terror. We were to have Danton, Marat, Robespierre over again, and Fouquier-Tinville, and the death-cart, and the guillotine, and the insane chorus of revolutionary *tricolours*, singing their *ça-ira, ça-ira* song, with dry lips, and eyes greedy of blood. Very wise old gentlemen in the clubs of St. James's Street prophesied that what had been would be again, and that the "fell demon of revolution" once aroused, would run his course. Not much came of it. In place of the Committee of Public Safety and the Directory, and what not, we had that luxurious monarchy of July which began with one job and ended with another. Belgium followed the example of France, and certainly Europe has little cause to complain of troubles which have their origin in Brussels, save in so far as the circumspect and constitutional widower acts as the over-zealous tool of the German Courts in their negotiations with Great Britain. Unconsciously, King Leopold, hackneyed as he is in the ways of courts and diplomatists, may very possibly have been helping forward a great calamity. He has ruled his own little kingdom to admiration, but out of Belgium he has been the dynastic agent of the German sovereigns. Were it not that even now the German nations have but a scant idea of political liberty, we might contrast their conduct in 1848-49, very unfavourably with that of the Italians in the years 1859-60. The Italians have proved that they are more ready to make sacrifices of life and property than the Germans were twelve years ago, and yet the Germans affect to look down upon them as an inferior race. Italy will yet be a nation, and will occupy a grand place at the council table of Europe, before Germany has arrived at the conclusion that a union of despotism and pedantry is not the best possible form of government. But even in Germany what a change since 1830; and since 1815! From the Baltic to the Alps, and from the Rhine to the Russian borders it is no longer possible that men can be ruled upon the old system. In those lands the thinkers are a patient, metaphysical race enough, but even they can scarcely be stirred again to do battle for the old war-cries. They have been tricked and derided by their rulers too often; matchless as their forbearance is, it is worn thread-bare. It is not possible that they could be induced to make any fresh sacrifices for the perpetuation of principles which, however sacred in the eyes of their rulers, can scarcely be said to affect their own interests in any other than an injurious sense.

The other day the Emperor of Austria met his brother of Russia, and his brother of Prussia, at Warsaw; but what was the story which he had to tell? Of the two fairest provinces of his empire, one had just been torn from him by the fortune of war; the other was all but in open revolt. Such was the end of the policy of Metternich and Felix Schwarzenberg, and of the good old principles of "*Thorough*," as applied to Austrian affairs. Even the sturdy mountaineers of the Tyrol, who had been a bye-word in Europe for their blind attachment to the House of Hapsburgh, have at last given way. The discontent is universal—the finances of the empire well-nigh exhausted—the

fresh conscriptions more and more intolerable from day to day. It is clear that Francis Joseph of Austria could not bring much strength to the confederacy. Then for the young Russian, the military might of his empire was exhausted in the Crimea, and in the weary death-marches of his regiments from one extremity of the Russian dominions to the other. Above all, the prestige of what our journalists used to call the Russian Colossus was quite overthrown. One of the most important—perhaps the most important result of the Crimean war—was to dispel all illusions upon that point. We can now tell accurately enough what force the Russians would be able to bring into the field beyond their own frontiers—what would be their resources for transport—how they would be armed—and how nourished—and, above all, upon what financial basis their operations must repose. Prussia, no doubt, remains intact, but she has suffered most grievously in character since her refusal to share in the honours and perils of the great European war of 1854-56. We cannot refuse to take into serious account the action of a Government which can bring so many disciplined troops into the field; but it may be said with perfect truth that, beyond the borders of that disjointed kingdom, not a single pulse in Europe throbs quicker, or harder, at the mention of the Prussian name. They have stood alone—so let them stand; if they are to fall alone, so let them fall. They would not stretch out a finger, nor risk a thaler, to help us in the hour of our need, so that henceforward in our dealings with them we shall only be guided by that prudent regard to our own interests, which, after all, is perhaps the basis of all wise action in human affairs. The Prussians have done much of late to make their name odious in the ears of Englishmen. One word upon this.

It is impossible to speak in terms of very high admiration of the conduct of many of our countrymen when they are taking their pleasure on the continent of Europe. Had it pleased any foreign gentleman—had it pleased the police of any foreign country to seize a peccant Briton who had been misconducting himself in any way during his European travels—Englishmen at home would have been the first to say, "By all means! The fellow is rightly served."

Let our own countrymen, however, bear their fair share of blame; or rather, let others bear their burdens as well as they. But the insolence of your French or German tourist travelling upon the continent of Europe is to the full upon a par with that of the Englishman. He is as aggressive upon the steamer or railway—as noisy and selfish at the hotel—more prying, more punctilious than your regular John Bull, with his plaid shooting-coat, and felt hat. However, to accuse others is not to free our own people from blame. If an English traveller had really misconducted himself in a railway carriage, we should have rejoiced to have seen him duly punished, even although all the French and German travellers of the same season had set him the example. But what was the truth of this wretched affair at Bonn, the other day? A railway train stops at the Bonn station; an

English traveller leaves his place in a railway carriage for a moment, and when he returns he finds it occupied by a German. He asks as well as he can for his seat, but his remonstrances are treated with contempt. Finally, he proceeds to eject the intruder from his seat. Such is the story as it is related, and of course it is impossible in strictness to justify the act of a man who takes the law into his own hands, in place of calling in the aid of the railway officials either in Germany or elsewhere. Our countryman is dragged off to gaol; in point of fact from one gaol to another; he is silenced when he endeavours to justify himself, and to throw the blame upon the intruder. The magistrate, in deciding upon the affair, in place of confining himself to the circumstances of the case, indulges in a tirade of vulgar abuse against England and the English; the substance of which was, that we were distinguished above all other nations for "shamelessness and black-guardism."

It is more than probable if any English magistrate had spoken in the same way from the justice-seat about the subjects of any foreign prince, that his dismissal from the office for which he had evinced his unfitness would have been the instant result. Not so in Prussia. Although the Englishman aggrieved was a gentleman by station, and therefore a very unlikely person to have misconducted himself upon a public railway; and although he was attached to the court of our Queen, and therefore, as one would have supposed, he might have obtained a hearing at Berlin, all justice was denied. The act of the provincial magistrate was endorsed by his superiors, and the journals throughout the country were forbidden to speak of the transaction otherwise than by lending their assistance to abuse our countrymen. This, however, was not all. Even after this insult to a gentleman who was particularly attached to her service—and after this slur upon the nation of which she is the sovereign, Queen Victoria left our shores upon a visit to her daughter. Will it be believed, that when the Royal yacht which had been appointed to await the British Queen had reached Mayence, a parcel of raggamuffin custom-house and police officers actually offered to board her, in order to ascertain if there were any contraband goods in the boxes and cabins of the British Sovereign and her suite? The officer in command very properly refused to admit them on board—he would have deserved to have been pitched into the Rhine had he done otherwise—and told our Prussian friends that he was quite prepared to use force to resist their intrusion, if necessary. Whatever their true feeling may have been, the Prussian custom-house people shrank from absolutely attempting to board the Royal yacht by force, and telegraphed for orders to the upper powers. With unwonted courtesy, an order was sent back, granting immunity from search to the yacht which had conveyed the Queen of England upon a visit to the Prussian Court. Never in the history of nations will a record be found of such a coarse and unprovoked outrage upon the proprieties and decencies of public life. Never perhaps, until the Prussians

another, made the subject of such an insult. Talk of the feelings of the French towards Englishmen! Louis Philippe, or Louis Napoleon, would have scorned to use the meanest servant in the suite of a Sovereign who was honouring his court with a visit, in the manner in which these Prussians have handled our Queen. It is only a nation committed to a selfish isolation which could make, to say the least, such a very great mistake.

But what is the meaning and what has been the result of this Warsaw meeting of the other day? What has come of this last attempt to replace the European system upon the basis of the old Holy Alliance of 1815? The question concerns us nearly, not only because such an alliance would infallibly lead to political complications in which England must be involved, but because it is said that Lord John Russell has in some measure given in his adhesion to Prussia. So great was the effect of the courtly solemnities recently enacted in Germany, even upon the mind of a man who has been matured in the free air of the British House of Commons. The fact seems incredible, yet it is certainly true, that the scolding letter of the Prussian Minister to the Sardinian Court was forwarded, if not composed, after the interview with the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. Now if there be one point in the political life of Great Britain in the year 1860 more clear than another, it is the total estrangement of ideas between ourselves and the rulers of Germany. They have failed us in the hour of our need, and their system of government—even granting that it is the wisest and best for the nations which dwell between the Rhine and the Russian Frontiers, the Baltic and the Alps—is so totally different from our own, that it cannot command our sympathy, nor even our adhesion. When we turn from the governments to the people, we find that we are cordially detested even by those whom we would gladly have assisted by all means in our power. When Felix Schwarzenberg was in power in Austria, and that is but twelve years ago, an Englishman was treated like a mad dog whenever he showed himself in the Austrian dominions. Not only was a chance traveller exposed to all the vexations and annoyances which could be indicted upon him by the Custom House officers and the police, but he was even tabooed in the society of Vienna. English ladies, who were so unfortunate as to be engaged as governesses in that capital—aye, even English nurserymaids—were summarily discharged from their situations. Truly, when the apprehensions of Europe were recently aroused by the military ambition of the French Emperor, there was a slight renewal of familiarity—not of cordial relations—between the statesmen of Austria and Great Britain; but even of this there is an end. As soon as it was clear that the dislocation of the Austrian empire in the Italian peninsula was regarded in these islands with universal complacency, the Austrian Court turned from us once more, and, so far naturally enough, sought for sympathy and assistance in more congenial quarters. Hence the attempt to renew the old relations with the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The instincts of despotism have re-united those whom the pressure

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the name of England is acceptable even to the Austrian people. Oppressed, and dissatisfied with their rulers as they are, they have ever a bad word and an unkindly thought for us. To a certain extent this is intelligible in South Germany, inasmuch as the loss of the Italian provinces must be a subject of deep mortification even to those who wish ill to the Government. Had the Rebellion of 1798 been successful in Ireland, and had meetings been held at Vienna at the time for the purpose of expressing the sympathy of the Austrian people with the heroic efforts of the Irish people—had there been a shilling subscription for Arthur O'Connor or Lord Edward Fitzgerald, we should not have liked it ourselves. This consideration, however it explains, does not do away with the fact. "*Idem velle, idem nolle, ea de-mum firma amicitia*,"—the maxim is as true in political, as in private life. As long as the necessities, real or supposed, of Austrian statemanship involve the oppression of Venetia and Hungary, and a renewal of the attempts against the independence of the Italian Peninsula, Austria and Great Britain must remain asunder. In days to come, this unhappy state of affairs may be changed,—for your Southern German, unlike his Northern brother, is a good fellow. The pulses of human life beat strong in him. He is not that hybrid mixture of a military martinet and a small college Don which constitutes the Prussian ideal of a man. His mind is not muddled and emasculated with bad beer, and worse metaphysics. He dwells in Vienna, not in Laputa. In South Germany you find men and women who can dance, and sing, hunt and shoot—make love, and amuse themselves like human beings. Given "a man," as the basis of sound calculation, you may look for a result—but what can be expected from a formula in uniform? If the Italian affairs were settled; if a certain degree of liberty were granted to the various provinces of the Austrian empire; and if the ambition of Austrian statesmen were directed to the Danubian banks, in place of the Italian Peninsula, we might still hope for a renewal of the old cordiality. Many a day, however, must pass ere we can look for such a result as this, and until then we must be content to remain under the ban of the Empire.

With the northern Germans, however, we have nothing but a cold Protestantism in common. In the absence of political sympathies we have no personal attraction towards them—nor they towards us. It is indeed true that, in this country, we do not trouble our heads much about them, but whenever we do cast a glance at Berlin, we find these worthy Prussian friends and allies of ours hotly engaged in the abuse of England and things English. You will find there even amongst statesmen and writers, who should be a little more enlightened than the mass of their countrymen—a profound ignorance of political economy, and a firm belief that England is carrying out a deep design against the independence of Europe by means of her Manchester calicoes and Birmingham tea-trays. Much as they dread France they dislike England even more. The recent occurrences on the Rhine are straws to show which way the wind

blows. Now, why should we trouble ourselves further, save upon grounds connected with our own security about such people? What is it to us if Germany is mortified at the loss of her Italian provinces? All bugbears and mere shadow-dances apart, which one of all the continental sovereigns has been the truest ally to us? Have we received sympathy and assistance from Germany, from Russia, or from France? All nations must take it as a fact that their real consideration and weight in the political scale depends upon themselves, not upon a momentary alliance here, or a chance friendship there. We cannot escape the common fate. Let us then give up, once for all, the visionary and ridiculous idea of backing-up either the military ambition of France or the Holy Alliance of the Three Powers.

Nothing so dangerous, or so fatal to ourselves could happen as to be involved in hostilities on the continent of Europe. We may be very sure that 60,000,000 of Germans, and 35,000,000 of Frenchmen can scarcely carry out serious plans for cutting each other's throats for a period of years without so weakening themselves, as to leave that power which abstains from taking a share in the conflict, in a very formidable position when all is done. If we are to have war sooner or later, as the Old Duke used to say, by all means let it be later. In any case let us keep clear of political entanglements which would involve us in difficulties with the sovereign who stood by us in the Crimea for the sake of the Three Sovereigns, one of whom was our actual enemy, another our cold friend, the third,—how shall we describe the relation between Prussia and England during the struggle in the Baltic and the Black Sea?

Garibaldi, who has done such great things gave to the world last week a short letter, in which he seemed to shadow out the idea of a great European confederation with France at the head of it. It is needless to say that to such a system, as far as England is concerned, Englishmen would never subscribe. Most probably the great Italian leader looks at the policy of Europe, for the moment, under the influence of his strong detestation of the German name. Hatred of Germany lies at the bottom of the idea. As far as he, or indeed any Italian is concerned, it is not to be wondered at if such be the predominant thought.

The oppression exercised under the First Empire by the French is clean forgotten, because half a century or thereabouts has intervened since it was swept away. Read the historians, however, and the liberal writers of the period, and you will find that the name of France found as little favour with the Italians of that day as the name of Germany now. With such suggestions Englishmen have nothing to do. Taught by the experience of many years, we are but too painfully aware that from actual intervention in favour of any people little advantage is to be expected; but, on the other hand, an annual obligation to pay 28,000,000*l.* is the cost of our past interference in favour of crowned heads. Finally, if ever we could be brought to act once more in concert with any of the European sovereigns, we altogether decline to become members of the new—Holy Alliance.

LAST WEEK.

It is the fashion to say that the day of great men is at an end, and people discuss the subject much as follows. There is such a uniformity of education and of opportunity, that there is very little to distinguish A. from B. Hero-worship expired with the newspaper and the railway. In order that it may exist there must be a dim shadowy background. Men fall prostrate before a cloud; but where all is clear and palpable to the senses, they handle, they criticise, they discuss, they doubt. Hence the reverence for the heroes of antiquity. Imagine the Right Honourable Pericles, member for the Hymettus Burghs, to be well dissected from day to day in the "Clerkenwell Courier," as the clear-sighted editor could dissect him when a War Peloponnesian, or other, was in progress, which the great statesman did not conduct exactly in conformity with the views of that eminent publicist. Fancy Demosthenes on the wrong side, or indeed on the right one, and how, to the eyes of party men, those roaring sentences, which we were all taught to admire in our youth, would degenerate into "miserable stuff," "nisi-prius pleading," "catchpenny trash," and so forth. The man lived and spoke two thousand years and more ago. The human race have ceased to care about Philip of Macedon and his doings. Indeed the only remains now of what was once deemed so important are a few Klephts owning a doubtful allegiance to a Bavarian Kinglet (who was it lived at Munich when Demosthenes wore wig and gown?), and the tirades of eloquent abuse with which young gentlemen, struggling for First Classes, are so familiar. If our Own Correspondent had accompanied Julius Cæsar during his wars in Gaul, and Mr. Reuter had helped us hour by hour to the very latest intelligence of his doings amongst the Belgæ and others, how some amongst us would have cried him up as a "fine energetic fellow," a "soldier to the back-bone;" but how the peace-party would have groaned over him, and dubbed him a monster in human form, a cat-o'-nine-tails in the right hand of Destiny! How his fame would have gone up and down exactly as he was fortunate or unfortunate in his operations. *Excelsior* is the motto of the bubble; it must soar upwards, and upwards still. Let it pause for a moment in its flight, and all that remains of its iridescence and its glory is a drop or two of soap and water, not over clean.

Such is the fashion of talk about modern greatness—or rather about the possibility of greatness in modern times. There is some truth and some untruth about the theory. That it can scarcely be altogether true would appear from the fact that there are three or four names just now which are uppermost in the minds of all, and the bearers of these famous names really are what the old Greek hexameter men would have called shepherds of the people. There is Joseph Garibaldi for one. Who will say that the days of hero-worship are gone by when we read of the homage paid to that great chief? Aspiring young men! the real trouble is not so much to get your greatness acknowledged as fairly to earn the acknowledgment by noble deeds enacted for the good of others, without

selfish motive. It may well be that in very few cases the homage of the human race will be paid in so immediate and palpable a form as it now is to that great Italian leader. It is not allowed to every man to put on a red jersey—to conquer a kingdom—and to give it away for the greater happiness of all concerned within six months. Men, however, may be great in other ways. No doubt Michael Faraday in his laboratory—just on the eve, or on the morrow, of a great discovery—receives his reward as well as Joseph Garibaldi at the conclusion of a well-fought day. After all, the *eviræ*, and the laurel crowns, and the triumphal arches do not count for much. The thought that he has been the instrument in the hands of Providence to put an end to so much misery, must be that which makes such a man as Garibaldi feel happy in himself. There is something about his ways of going on which makes his detractors appear ridiculous. Even Dr. Paul Cullen squirts dirty water at him with an uncertain hand. The Papal people, who are rather adepts at cursing than otherwise, can't get their curses to hold water when they curse Garibaldi. As you read the bead-roll of mediæval abuse, and the curses come rumbling out like potatoes out of a sack, you feel that they are quite out of place. It is Dr. Slop cursing Obadiah in his vitals, and in all the acts of his life, because he has tied a string round a bag in too complete a manner. Joseph Garibaldi is not "iniquitous," "impure," "the enemy of God and man," because he dislikes Cardinal Antonelli, and would much prefer that Pio Nono should take up his residence somewhere else than at Rome. Garibaldi has been attacked in a far less virulent manner, and in a much more wholesome spirit by public writers in our own country. Of this there is no great reason to complain, because he has been handled just as any great Englishman would have been handled who was—what is the usual phrase?—"occupying a prominent position in public life."

We do criticise the acts of our leaders in this country in a very unsparing way, and well is it for them and for us all that this is done, so that we may not fall into the senilities and anilities of hero-worship. But never in our time has this *amende honorable* been so quickly paid as in the case of Joseph Garibaldi. On Monday he was a kind of crazy buccaneer for going to Sicily. On Tuesday he was the remarkable man whose story was like an Arabian tale. On Wednesday our great thinkers wagged their fingers at him, after the fashion of the witches in Macbeth, for thinking of an attempt upon the mainland. The Sicilian rocket was to fall down by mere gravitation as the Neapolitan stick. On Thursday, the "remarkable-man theory" was brought to light once more. His acts stultified prophecy, and defied criticism. Dobbs admitted his error. On Friday it appeared that Dobbs was right after all. Garibaldi, who was at best a splendid partisan leader—a fact which Dobbs was free to admit—had attempted a bit of statesmanship—really now! Worse still, he was about to fight a battle against regular troops, and the result was not only to the ingenious Dobbs, but to every dear old gentleman in the Senior United Service Club, but a foregone

conclusion. On Saturday the great battle was not only greatly fought, but greatly won. Garibaldi was a great General. Dobbs had put his *visa* on him. It was all right until Garibaldi's first reverse, when his English friend would have turned upon him, and denounced him as an impostor. Yes, Garibaldi had proved to Dobbs's satisfaction that he could set a squadron in the field; but let him still beware of statesmanship.

Well—well, Arthur Wellesley, after his Peninsula and Waterloo, was dubbed by the late Daniel O'Connell a "stunted corporal," but he survived it. On Sunday poor Garibaldi had committed a great error, he had thrown himself into the arms of Mazzini, or Mazzini had thrown himself into his arms—in point of fact, something was wrong about the embraces; and Dobbs, admitting all the while that Garibaldi had about him the makings of a great general, was more and more convinced that as a statesman he was weak, shallow, and incompetent. On Monday it turned out that Garibaldi, who had had some small business on hand (while Dobbs was dining out in London), such as meeting a regular army with his hasty levies, coming to an understanding with the Sardinian Government, maintaining the requisite attitude against Lamoricière, whilst Lamoricière still existed as a political and military entity, had really not done so very badly. He had had a very difficult game to play at Naples whilst engaged with the enemy in front, and had only spare minutes to play it in. He had, however, contrived to keep now one ball, now another, in the air until the moment had arrived for decisive action; when, lo! he was found to have done the very thing which Dobbs himself had pointed out as the only proper course—namely, handed the southern portion of the Italian peninsula and the island of Sicily, which by his wisdom and his courage he had all but purged of the Bourbons and their adherents, over to Victor Emmanuel. True to the declaration of the last ten years of his life Garibaldi still believed that the best chances of independence and safety for his country lay in the union of all the provinces under one sceptre. Dobbs withdrew the epithet of *Massaniello*—and was appeased.

Has not this been the tone of a certain portion of English society towards Garibaldi during the last few months? No great harm is intended, but the habit of English political life is to drag down all men to the intellectual level of the speakers or writers. They weigh them in their own scales, and measure them with their own rules. On the whole, it is well. They have more to learn from Garibaldi, than Garibaldi from them—and they will accept the teaching in the long run. Have we not lived through a period when the present premier of England was known as "Cupid," and the mere mention of his name provoked a smile or a sneer? Now, the reason why this mention has been made of Garibaldi is, that although very wise people tell us that the day of hero-worship is gone by for ever, it would appear that just now the whole action of Europe turns upon the decisions of half-a-dozen men, and Garibaldi is one of them. Indeed, until he had announced his positive decision of handing over the Kingdom of

the Two Sicilies at once to Victor Emmanuel he may be said to have been the foremost amongst these marking men. What has he been about last week? To relate what these half-dozen men have been doing for the last seven days, would be the shortest method of giving a true chronicle of the week.

Just now Garibaldi has taken Capua. In Southern Italy his task is well-nigh completed. It is said that when this is fairly accomplished, he will return to his little island of Caserta, and put off dignity—at least as much of it as beadies would care about—more easily than he put it on. There are not wanting rumours that when the Italian matter is finished, he meditates an expedition into Hungary. The notice of this movement, indicated to the troops under General Türr's orders, seems ominous enough—and yet one should guess, that if the disaffection amongst the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian service be as profound as it is said to be, both the Hungarian and the Italian question will receive a more pacific solution. The theory of the financial men is, that Austria is at the present moment prepared to bargain away and sell Venetia for a suitable consideration. The Austrian authorities appear to be shooting the Hungarian gunners at Venice for spiking the guns which they should turn against Caesar's foes.

This preliminary matter of Garibaldi's once disposed of, Europe falls back into its normal state—which state now appears to be one of dependence upon the resolutions to be adopted by the French Emperor. Now, what is this man about?—he who wears the shoes of stillness, and who bears the sword of sharpness, like the hero of the Fairy Tale! To be sure, last week, he has been drafting a few more battalions to Rome, and has managed matters so effectually, that if it were thought desirable to dislodge them from that illustrious city of ruins and recollections, the task would not be a very easy one. This, however, has ostensibly been the smallest of what our French neighbours call the Imperial pre-occupations during the last week. Louis Napoleon, during that brief section of time, has had the good sense to close with Mr. Whitworth. He has put our own tardy government to shame, and secured for himself means of offence and defence superior to our own. Besides this, Louis Napoleon has thrown himself into the theory of the currency, and is about to appear before the eyes of Europe as the great Banker of the world. If the intelligence be true—and it appears to be true—and if the announcement is not a mere blind—a golden shield held before the breasts of his soldiers—it is well. Europe, just now, has more to gain from peace than from war.

But if Louis Napoleon takes to banking in good earnest, Lord Overstone had best look to himself. The pound sterling—that Fetish of the "well-regulated" English mind—is in imminent danger. Beware the Ides of March—or rather, the Second of December! Our ledgers are exposed to a *coup-d'état*. The financial may be more potent than the military arm after all; and the French Emperor, who seems to have given up the idea of attempting a disembarkation upon our coasts, may

reach Capel Court by double entry after all. The workings of the company popularly known as the "*Crédit Mobilier*," may give some clue to the fashion of the Imperial thought upon such subjects. CREDIT, if we mistake not, is to be the keystone of the system, without those precautionary reserves which the late Sir Robert Peel would have deemed indispensable for the success of his financial operations. This matter should be regarded seriously. The announcement of it is the most important event of LAST WEEK. Europe may have somewhat to dread from France gorged with prosperity—but still more from desperate and bankrupt France.

Pounds, shillings, and pence—or rather francs and centimes—apart, what has Louis Napoleon been about for the last seven days? He has been endeavouring to restore harmony between himself and the Parisian workmen irritated with the high price of lodgings and the dearness of tobacco. He has been marking his definitive rupture with the *parti prêtre* which has served his turn, and may now be cast aside, or at least reduced to obedience. The fag-ends of cigars, and the broken fragments of pipes, which have been cast by the workmen on the path where he takes his usual walk, have produced more effect upon the mind of Louis Napoleon than the headless arrows of the Ultramontane clergy.

To the workmen the Emperor deigns to explain his tobacco policy, and there is little doubt that if the explanation does not suffice to conjure away the storm of cigar-ends and broken pipes, Louis Napoleon will give way. He is too wise a ruler to drive men desperate by putting out their pipes. Obstinate old George III. lost his North American provinces for a pound of tea; Louis Napoleon will not put his crown in danger for an ounce of tobacco. For the priests he has a different word. Cromwell could not have taken a higher tone with a High-Church bishop of his day than the French Emperor now does with his recalcitrant clergy. They must follow as he leads, or—! The English Protector gave the Irish malcontents in his time the choice between emigration to Connaught, or to a point which lay still further south—and this is much the tone adopted last week by Louis Napoleon with his protesting bishops. The day of genuflexions and pilgrimages in company with the graceful Eugénie to the shrines of the Breton peasant is at an end. Louis Napoleon now leaves the Holy Father exposed to the full force of circumstances, and what he calls the inevitable logic of facts. Well, just now the "inevitable logic" means the occupation of the late Papal territory—save the patrimony of St. Peter—by the national troops. It means the presence of an overwhelming French force in Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter itself. It means a bankrupt exchequer, and the benefit of the act—or worse—for Pio Nono ere the coming winter is at an end.

So far of Joseph Garibaldi and Louis Napoleon: let us not lose sight of our own First Minister, and his doings, during the LAST WEEK. Lord Palmerston is as much the expression of the aspirations and wishes of English society, at the latter end of the nineteenth century, as Garibaldi is of struggling—and now well-nigh triumphant—Italy,

or Louis Napoleon of France, weary of revolutions and loving glory well, but money still more. Time was when these islands were ruled by the great revolution families or the Whig connection. Then George III. and the younger Pitt, with their batches of new peers, had it all their own way. Then the Radicals and Reformers practically ruled over us for a term of years, and great lords and great statesmen, and all who aimed at the peer's coronet, and the seals of office, were compelled to pay court to the populace. These were the palmy days for political adventurers. There has come, at last, a time when Englishmen are weary of these things, or, more properly speaking, are content with what has been gained, and do not care for revolution principles or quintessence of Whiggery, or great Tory Peers, or High Prerogative Attorney-Generals, or Demagogues, or the Five Points of the Charter. See, last session, what a failure resulted from the attempt to galvanise the dead movement of 1831-32 into fresh life. Times are changed. It is idle to look in July for last winter's snow, or to water apple-trees in December with hot water, after the fashion of Triptolemus Yellowly, in search of a second crop. Lord Palmerston is the man who has had the wisdom to discern how English society is to be ruled during the current decennial period.

In the absence of all strong political passions and feelings, the statesman who is a good-humoured embodiment of the public opinion of his country is our appropriate chief. When we are not running crazy about a war, or engaged in mad speculation, the characteristic of English society is common sense. Lord Palmerston is common sense personified. He knows how to deal with men, and therefore men like to deal with him. He is neither a fanatic nor a sceptic in religion; he will hold his own against the Court, when need is, and yet maintain the authority of the Crown; he is touchy, and perhaps a trifle too well inclined to parade the British Lion in his dealings with foreign powers—in our very hearts we are all inclined to give that noble animal an airing now and then. He is *not* too great an orator. In the year 1860 we would no more consent to be ruled by a great orator, than by an eminent tragedian. Although he every now and then falls into the mistake of treating a political adversary with something very much like contempt in the House of Commons,—as a set-off, when addressing himself to the country—he has all the exquisite tact of Scarlett when "going to a jury." Nobody knows better than Lord Palmerston the value of a sandwich composed of two commonplaces and a bad joke. This style of oratory is not great, but it suits us just now. Then there is the genial humour of the man when out of harness. Despite of his seventy and odd years—and what dull people call the cares of State—the English Premier is as ready for an afternoon's rabbit-shooting as a great schoolboy. With all this he is in very truth a statesman of great experience—of close discernment—of high administrative ability—and a lover of his country. Lord Palmerston's Yorkshire progress, with a cheerful word, and a cordial grasp of the hand for all who came across him, may fairly be reckoned amongst the events of LAST WEEK.

LAST WEEK.

THE Road murder at home, and the Italian question abroad under yet another of its many aspects,—such, in a word, are the points which remained mainly under discussion LAST WEEK. This autumn has been singularly barren of suggestions for the forthcoming session. There has not been a “recess” since the famous one of 1845, when the Irish famine was a-foot, and the announcement appeared in the “Times,” which fell like a shell in the camp of the Protectionists, during which we have not had something more than an inkling of what would happen when Parliament assembled. But now, what is there to be done, or what to be talked about? Of the Reform Bill there seems to be as absolute an end as though a revival of the settlement of 1831-2 had never been in contemplation. Mr. Bright may intend retirement from public life for aught the public have known of his proceedings during the last few months. Lord Derby, on the other hand, has been afflicted with severe illness—and it would almost seem as though ere long the marshal’s *bâton* of the Conservative army would be within the grasp of the first comer. We have not even had the usual crop of autumnal speeches from honourable gentlemen who go down to their constituents to render up an account of their stewardships. Lord Palmerston, to be sure, has been making a memorable progress in the Northern counties, and conciliating to himself the good-will of all men with whom he came into contact. Lord Stanley has been propounding a lecture upon education, which contained a vast amount of good sense, and consequently gave considerable offence to the education doctors. This day week the Duke of Argyll delivered an address to the Associated Mechanics’ Institute of Lancashire and Cheshire, upon the same subject. The inference as to the amount of political excitement in this country is obvious enough.

For it cannot be denied that, although the education of its children is amongst the most important affairs which can occupy the attention of a nation, here with us in England it is just the scapegoat which we drive into the wilderness when there is nothing better forthcoming. When there is nothing else to discuss—and not till then—we discuss what is called this great social problem. No doubt, as a nation, we have not discharged this particular duty to the full extent of our obligation. Whoever has practically concerned himself with the working out of any particular system which may have been established either in town or country, is soon, however, made painfully aware of the fact that the great hindrance to education in these islands is the necessity under which the children of the poor are placed of earning their own livelihood even from their earliest years. It is this which is the real stumbling-block in the way—far more than indifference—far more than religious bitterness, and the frenzies of sectarianism. The poor are well aware of the benefits which their children would derive from education, even of the most elementary kind, but as soon as the little hands can work, to work they must be set. As far as theological objections are

cure. Father O’Toole objects to little Romanist Paddy’s initiation in the “rudiments” in a mixed school. Of course that eminent divine is bound to provide him with “some” kind of learning in a sheepfold where Protestant wolves or ushers cannot break in and tamper with the purity of the young gentleman’s faith. All this is as it must be, but the fact remains that our great statesmen never trouble themselves much about the education of the people as long as there is any other subject upon which they can fall out with their rivals.

In point of fact, the editors of our newspapers—until the Chinese letter of LAST WEEK—have been living upon the Italian news, the Syrian massacres, the Prince of Wales’s visit to Canada and the States, and the desperate catalogue of murders with which we have been afflicted during the last few months. Beyond this we find them having recourse to blue-books, and old official returns, from which, in some fashion or another, the essence is extracted, and, when duly spiced and perfumed, it is served up as an entirely novel article.

The legend of the Irish Brigade was a piece of unexpected good fortune, and it was made the most of. Who could have anticipated that even Ireland would have gone into crape for the few Irishmen who were scathed by the hand of the foeman during that brief campaign of Lamoricière’s? An ordinary cricket-match would have supplied well-nigh as numerous and as considerable a list of casualties; but for these *Te Deums* were sang, and holy men have waved their pots of incense in ecstasies of thanksgiving. It has indeed been suggested that all this incense-burning, and hymn-chanting, and scattering of laurel and cypress over half-a-dozen sprained ankles and contused knees must be taken to have represented nothing more than the extreme anxiety of the Irish Romanist Clergy to get the legion dispersed to their respective homes before they had time to marshal their grievances collectively before the faithful.

How desperate an awakening to those poor Irish peasants who were accustomed to regard the system of priestly government with what is called the “eye of faith,” must not that brief visit to the Pontifical States have proved! If the meanest hind of Tipperary or Clare could have had an idea of the condition of the Roman peasantry, and, possibly, still worse, of the poorer Roman citizens, he would have been well content to stay at home, with even the eventualities of another failure in the potato crop staring him in the face. But when to the ordinary and normal miseries of a Papal subject are added the discomforts and sufferings of a foreign mercenary hiring himself out to be drilled by Lamoricière,—to be justly execrated by the people, whom he was there to oppress,—and to be shot by Cialdini’s men, unless his discretion should outstrip his valour, it is not to be wondered at if an Irish legionary wished himself back in the juiciest recess of a Kerry bog, rather than in a Roman garrison-town. These poor wretches must have had enough to tell, if their tongues had not been stopped in a very effective way by the Irish

the miserable runaways into heroes, if not to the satisfaction of Europe, at least in a manner which may serve the turn amongst their own Hibernian cognates and agnates. He has embalmed them as it were, and consigned them to the odour of sanctity; with what ill-grace would a mutiny arise amidst this noble army of martyrs! If they speak the truth, or even breathe a suggestion of the truth, they will not only become hateful to the particular Father O'Flaherty who directs public opinion in their own immediate neighbourhood, but they will make themselves supremely ridiculous. Now, whatever an Irishman's faults may be, he has at least a keen sense of the ludicrous. To fall from the high position of a glorious and sacred martyr *in posse*, who had gone forth to shed his blood for the true faith, to that of a discontented, scourged, and wretched recruit—the dupe of a priestly Sergeant Kite—is a consummation from which the majority of the Holy Band will probably shrink. Meanwhile they have done what they can to make the name of their country a bye-word in Europe.

Of the investigation which is now going on at Road under the auspices of Mr. Saunders, a county magistrate, there is little to be said, and that little not of a very favourable kind. The investigation will probably serve to put—or rather to keep—the murderers still more on their guard, and certainly from the manner in which it is conducted is not likely to throw much light upon the mystery. It is clear enough that when the first twenty-four hours after the murder were allowed to slip by without any progress towards the discovery of the real culprits, their chances of immunity increased from day to day almost in geometrical progression. The real policy then was one of inaction. The great point was to throw them off their guard; and this was the more advisable inasmuch as the number of persons upon whom the surveillance of the police should have been directed did not exceed six in all. As it is, the caution of these six persons has been constantly and continuously kept awake by one clumsy investigation after another. By this time they are perfectly aware that all they have to do is to adhere to the story that they were fast asleep from midnight, or thereabouts, on the fatal night, until six or seven A.M., and who is to prove that they were awake? There can be no danger in repeating this here, because it has been so often and so forcibly impressed upon the minds of all concerned, when they were examined before the magistrates as witnesses, or accused as suspected persons. As matters stand at present, there must be some miracle of imprudence, as in the case of that wretched creature Mullins, who deliberately tied the halter round his own neck, when he might have gone to his grave without molestation from human justice if he had not tried to make a secure position too secure. There is, of course, the chance that the fortitude of one of the parties to the deed—if indeed there were more than one—may give way. There is the chance that the knife with which the wounds were inflicted may turn up, or some rag or material clue to the murderer's horrid mystery.

Such a solution of the enigma, however, will

more probably be the result of chance than of any persevering effort to get upon the right track. The task of discovering the true actors in this dreadful tragedy should be intrusted to some one amongst the “detectives,” who is as much superior to his fellows in the special faculty of “detection,” as a good detective is superior in this respect to ordinary mortals. It would be necessary that such an one should fairly match his mind against the minds of the murderers; and that the shadow of his presence should be on them by day and by night, even when he was actually absent from them. He should incorporate himself as it were in their thoughts, so that sleeping or waking they should feel the Avenger was upon their track, and would not be balked of his prey. Sooner or later they must give way, and if women are “in it,” as the phrase is, they must at length be wearied out, and seek relief from an acknowledgment of the crime. The clumsy disturbance, however, which Mr. Saunders is raising at Road cannot be productive of any favourable result.

There is little to be added to the article upon our relations with China, published three weeks ago in *ONCE A WEEK*, in consequence of the recent intelligence. That the Chinese would make a stout stand at the Taku Forts, but that they would be shelled and tormented out of them after a brief onset by the superior military skill and armaments of the Europeans, was obvious enough. We were not quite prepared for the desperate character of the resistance, for it certainly seems as though the Tartar soldiers fought upon this occasion, as soldiers owing allegiance to the Emperor of China never fought before. What might not be done with such men if they had the advantages of a good drill, a plentiful supply of Enfield rifles, and instruction how to use them! On the whole, we should rejoice that this is so, for all that we want with China and the Chinese is freedom of commercial intercourse, and security for as many of the Queen's subjects as may find it for their advantage to push their fortunes in that remote country. The stronger the government of China is, and the more capable Chinese troops are of holding their own consistently with this condition, the better for us. We, who want only to exchange the manufactures of the British Islands against the products of China, can have no desire to see this huge empire kept in a perpetual state of civil broil. Neither would it be for our profit that any other nation, Russia, or the United States, for example, should make territorial acquisitions in China.

China for the Chinese, and intercourse with China for all the world to the advantage of all parties concerned, is all that we desire. It seems to be doubted by those who have a good right to express an opinion upon such a point, if Lord Elgin and his French colleague in diplomacy have taken the best way to secure a permanent peace. It is said that they should have advanced to Peking, not at the head of a guard of honour, even though composed of European troops, but with so large a portion of the forces at their disposal, that even the stupidest of the Peking burghers must have awakened to the consciousness that the old Mandarin government had received a signal defeat,

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and that the shadow of its power had passed away. The conclusion is perhaps premature, although it is not unnatural that the persons who have been the actual witnesses of previous diplomatic failures in the same quarter of the globe should be swift to anticipate a fresh blunder. The well-nigh universal impression LAST WEEK seems to have been that Lord Elgin would end by adding yet another to the many diplomatic failures which have distinguished our negotiations with the Chinese Court. A joint occupation with our French allies of the Taku Forts, or some other locality easy of access from the sea, and offering every facility for reaching Peking in a very brief space of time, should further difficulties occur, would seem to be the easiest method of obtaining security for the future; and of economising not only our own blood and treasure, but the lives and the money of our semi-barbarous opponents. Whatever the result of Lord Elgin's diplomatic efforts may be, it is quite clear that Sir Hope Grant, in the course of his stern negotiations with the defenders of the Taku Forts, has proved to conviction that the Armstrong gun is the most fearful and destructive weapon ever yet brought into the field. It seems, indeed, difficult to understand how two European armies, each possessed of a sufficient number of these guns, and with the skill to use them, could sustain each other's presence at all for a quarter of an hour, or even for a less period of time. It would be on a larger scale the story of two duellists, each armed with a first-rate duelling pistol—each hair trigger set—and each muzzle applied to the brow of each combatant. There would just be a little smoke—a flash—a report—and the end.

It is the fashion to say that as weapons of offence are constructed on more and more fatal principles, the chances of war will decrease. Some centuries have elapsed since our ancestors fought with bows and arrows, and drove chariots, armed with scythes, over their battle-fields—and we are now fighting with Enfield rifles and Armstrong guns. If we look at the history of Asia and Europe for the last few years, there does not appear to be any sensible diminution in the combative propensities of the human race. The Crimea—India—Lombardy, afford strange illustrations of the growth of the more benevolent feeling amongst the children of the great human family.

But when all is said that can be said of the Chinese news of LAST WEEK—of the Armstrong guns—of the Road murder—of the delay in our young Prince's return from beyond the Atlantic—of the follies of the Irish Brigade,—and other scraps and parcels of intelligence of more or less importance, every one knows that the chief point for our consideration is whether the Italian question is to receive a peaceful settlement, or whether Europe is to be plunged again into a series of hostilities. Of course, in our time, the nations of Europe cannot remain at war with one another for a quarter of a century. The fate of kingdoms and empires will be decided henceforward in short and bloody campaigns.

Now, the intelligence from Italy, of LAST WEEK, is of a doubtful complexion—not as far as sub-

stantive results are concerned—but if we look to the chances of a permanent solution of the question. The French Emperor has been fairly foiled in the game of stratagem. He has been as much outwitted by the Italians as he himself outwitted the dull young Emperor of Austria at Villafranca. His idea was that of a federal Italy, that is to say, of an Italy divided into various provinces, each one under the influence of petty jealousies and petty ambition. Of such a confederation the French Emperor, who had borne a large share in driving the Austrians out of Lombardy, and without whose help, indeed, such a result could never have been accomplished, was the natural protector and master. The suzerainty of Italy would have passed from Austria into French hands; at the same time Louis Napoleon would have maintained his pretension in the eyes of the European nations to be considered the liberator of that beautiful land. How all his schemes and projects have been dissipated into empty air by the fortitude, energy, and patriotism of the Italians, the world knows. Instead of a divided, helpless Italy—an Italy relying upon his protection from day to day to secure her against fresh aggression from Austria—Louis Napoleon now sees a country rising into strength and independence—next neighbour to France—and which, in a short time, will be in a condition to contest with her maritime dominion in the Mediterranean. If Italy is to be independent, he will demand material guarantees that her newly-won independence shall not be used against the ambition of France. At the same time the tone of all the European powers, when he insisted in so forcible a manner upon the surrender of Nice and Savoy as the price of the assistance he afforded the Italians during the Lombardy campaign, and of the threatening attitude which he still maintains against Austria, was not such as to encourage the supposition that they would stand by tamely, and witness fresh acquisitions of territory by France. There is his dilemma. A feeling is growing up in France—a feeling far beyond his control—that the existence of a great Mediterranean power, such as an independent Italy certainly would prove, is a fresh element in European diplomacy, and that of its future working, Frenchmen are unable to take accurate account. On the whole, it is exceedingly unlikely that united Italy, under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel, or of that gracious young Prince Humbert, of whom we heard the other day, would consent to act as the satellite of France. In the first place, France and Italy would stand to each other in a false position. From the recent course of events France would be apt to make too great claims upon the gratitude of Italy; Italy might be disposed to deny her obligations, and to maintain that whatever Louis Napoleon had done for her was the result rather of state-policy than of any sentimental sympathy with the miseries of the Italians. In the next place, the Government of Italy will certainly be conducted on very different principles from those which are considered by the French Emperor as necessary for the security of his dynasty. When he seized the reins of government with so forcible a hand some eight years ago, France—not unmindful of his past history—was shuddering at

what might happen if the Faubourgs were again to win the upper hand in Paris. France was sick of revolutions, and of the licentiousness of liberty. What she asked was to be guarded against the excesses of the popular principle. It was considered—let us travel back in thought to the beginning of the year 1853—that under the rule of Louis XVIII., of Charles X., and of Louis Philippe, the experiment of popular government had been fairly tried in France, and had resulted in a miserable failure. If the choice was to be between Anarchy and the Iron Hand, the deliberate choice of Frenchmen was in favour of the man who would ensure them against the results of 1792-93, and the possibilities of June, 1848. The rule of Louis Napoleon, which now partly rests upon habit and custom, in the first instance represented the apprehensions of the French nation in presence of an ascertained past and an unascertained future. If their Emperor, without increasing the financial burdens of the nation in too great a degree, can add a few more names to those which are already engraved on the triumphal arch at the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, so much the better. A purple rag and a successful tattoo are never very displeasing objects to a Frenchman's mind.

Compare the moral conditions under which Italy is winning her way to independence with those which actually obtain in France. In the first place, they are not the excesses of liberty, but the excesses of despotism which are ever present as the bugbears of the Italian mind. An Italian matron thinks of her boy laid low by an Austrian firing party at Ferrara; an Italian wife still mourns over her husband who was buried alive for years, without trial, in the dungeons of the priests at Rome, and whom she never saw again; an Italian daughter weeps for her father who lived to suffer with Poerio, but who did not survive to triumph with Garibaldi. These feelings are deeply engraved into the hearts of the Italian people. When the popular party gained the upper-hand at Rome, at Venice, at Milan, and, for a brief space, at Naples, with the exception of the assassination by the mob of a single ruffian at Parma, the other day, what is there to regret? No one would for a moment defend the murder of Rossi a bit more than he would defend the attempt made, some two years ago, by Felice Orsini against the life of the French Emperor; but when this took place the priests were yet in power, and Rome was not under a popular government. It might also be said that when the people had gained a momentary supremacy they were so constantly under fire, that they had not the time, or opportunity, even if they had had the intention, for massacre and plunder. This is beside the purpose of the argument. The fact remains that the Italians have not any traditions of the guillotine and of revolutionary frenzy to forget. They may aspire to liberty, for they have never abused it. We may feel reasonably certain that if the Austrian war-cloud is dissipated, and Italy becomes constituted into a kingdom, the government will be directed essentially upon constitutional maxims.

There will be the three forms of liberty which are essential to the well-being and growth of a nation; liberty of speech in Parliament, liberty of speech at the bar, liberty of printed speech, or in other words, liberty of the press. There is, on the one hand, a vast amount of intelligence scattered about amongst the urban population of Italy; and, on the other, quite a sufficient pressure of adverse circumstances to prevent the Italians from degenerating into a nation of babblers and dreamers. Now, when we see with what extreme impatience Louis Napoleon regards the freedom of debate and discussion in Belgium, a country of which he may covet the possession, but which does not directly thwart his schemes of ambition, it may not unfairly be inferred that he would not regard the development of liberty in the Italian peninsula with any peculiar satisfaction. May there not come a moment when Frenchmen may say, "After all, are we not as good as the Italians whom we have helped to redeem from slavery with our blood, and with our treasure? Are we not to the full as much worth as the Belgians, whose highest boast it is to be imperfect Frenchmen?" With a constitutional Italy upon one side of France, and a constitutional Belgium upon the other (to make no mention of the Kingdom of the Netherlands). Louis Napoleon could scarcely maintain his system of government, which necessarily involves the repression of all expression—if not of the pressure—of public opinion. Surely such phrases as those which embodied the noble protest made LAST WEEK by M. Berryer against the subjection of the French bar must find an echo in many a French heart. The government of Louis Napoleon and of Victor Emmanuel must certainly be conducted on different principles; and thus there arises a danger to the French Emperor, which would in the long run probably prove more fatal to him than any direct and material danger which he would incur from the entire and immediate liberation of Italy. At the present moment the belief is amongst many who make politics their trade, that he looks with an evil and grudging eye upon such an event as the complete independence of Italy, unless accompanied by a fresh cession of territory to France. The Genoese sailors would prove a far more useful addition to the navy, even than were the Savoyard soldiers to the army of France. These are men of very different mould to the hybrid mixture of soldier and sailor, which is warmed into a state of half efficiency by the rigour of the French law of maritime conscription. Your Genoese is a Jack Tar in the proper acceptation of the word, and would prove a very acceptable addition to the *cadres* of the French navy. Meanwhile Capua has fallen. Before these lines are published, the young ex-King of the Two Sicilies will probably have fled from Gaeta, and Victor Emmanuel and his advisers will be able to turn their attention to the northern region of the new kingdom of Italy, unless Louis Napoleon should transmit fresh orders to General Goyon at Rome. If Italy be independent in the long run, and without fresh territorial concession to France, Louis Napoleon will be what he has not often been—a dupe.

LAST WEEK.

THE intelligence from Italy has almost become wearisome, because day after day the telegraph brings us little more than scraps of foregone conclusions. Victor Emmanuel was to enter Naples—the young Bourbon Francis was to quit Gaëta: the first of these events has come to pass—the other, not. The troops who a week ago were still numbered as adherents of the falling king, during the last seven days have been gradually passing over to the Italian side. The French admiral, who at first had opposed himself to the operations of the Sardinian fleet, after having consulted his oracle at Paris, has ceased to hamper its officers with threats and demonstrations. The drag-net is drawn closer and closer around Gaëta, and in all probability by the time this number of our publication is delivered to the reader, the fallen sovereign will have perceived the uselessness of further resistance, and will have taken his final departure from the kingdom which he and his father so grievously misgoverned. So far it is well; but during the LAST WEEK the eyes of all Englishmen have been turned not only to the other side of the Atlantic, but upon the broad surface of the Atlantic itself. Our young Prince, the heir to the proud sceptre of the British Isles, had been lingering somewhat too long upon his homeward road. There had been, it could scarcely be called, anxiety about him—for reason and experience told us that there was no real cause for apprehension—but at least we should gladly have seen him back amongst us once more. The feeling was honourable to the nation, and to the Sovereign who has discharged the duties of the Royal office in so gracious and temperate a manner, that any anxiety which might have fallen upon her was felt as though it intimately concerned every private household in the land. There was far more in this than mere adulation of the Porphyrogeniti, for it is much to be doubted if many Englishmen, not being actually connected with the Court, would have very seriously disquieted themselves about the sorrows of old Queen Charlotte. The Lady who now sits upon the throne of the Three Kingdoms may fairly reckon upon the love of her subjects, for she has deserved it. She has not only played her own part well, but she has brought up her children in a way which will fit them to discharge the duties of their station; so that, in England at least, loyalty will not be a feeling of by-gone centuries. The greatest concern was everywhere expressed for Queen Victoria—it was almost worth while that she should have endured those few days of suspense, that she might know how strong was the feeling of personal attachment to herself throughout these islands, independently of mere political considerations.

The southerly gale of Wednesday se'nnight, and the telegraph of last Thursday, have put an end to the public solicitude and the private apprehension. The young Prince is back again in the country which one day—may it be a far distant one!—he will be called upon to govern. But how about these lumbering war-steamers, which, upon trial made, turn out to be no-steamers at all, but

just the old frigates and line-of-battle ships, with a skuttle of coals on board to be used in case of dire emergency? Not so had we understood the matter, although of course we ought so to have understood it. The long continued easterly gales of this November will have done us good service after all—although at the Prince of Wales's expense—by proving to us that despite of all our mechanical improvements, and all our outlay, we have not as yet succeeded in getting a steam fleet, but only a fleet which can be used as such for a brief space—and at critical moments. Our task is not yet accomplished—we can scarcely be said to have entered upon it. Whatever the truth may be as to this or that particular form of iron-clad vessel, or as to what may be the preferable lines upon which our war-steamers should be laid down for the future, there can be no doubt that we are but just entering upon the scientific epoch of ship-building. With our unbounded command of iron and coal, with our ascertained superiority in engineering skill, and with the longest purse in our hands, it will be strange, indeed, if we do not keep easily a-head of our rivals. If the British sailor ruled the broad seas in former days, the British engineer must do so in days to come. If under such conditions, and with such means at our disposal, we do not hold our own against the world, we deserve our fate.

This visit of the young English Prince to the United States has been made at no ordinary period either of the world's history or of the history of the States. How is it in all our difficulties—how is it in all their difficulties—that we, the subjects of the British Queen, and they, the citizens of that wonderful confederation of Republics, do not perceive that the best and wisest policy for us both lies in close and cordial union? If we would measure the advantageous consequences which would follow from such an union, not only to all who speak with British tongue on either side of the Atlantic—but to the whole human race—we have but to consider the inevitable results of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States. These would be nothing less than the total extinction of political liberty throughout the world. The principle of military despotism, as put in practice upon the continent of Europe, would, for a time at least, be imposed upon mankind. Where in Europe at the present moment, save in the British Islands, is freedom of thought upon political subjects to be found? Is it in France? ask M. Berryer,—ask all the great statesmen and writers of the Orleans dynasty who have been reduced to silence under the iron rule of the present Emperor! Or is it in Austria, where a free thought, if expressed but in a whisper, is an overt act of high treason against the Hapsburgs? Is it in that miserable Prussia, where human beings, under the vain fictions of constitutional forms, are ticketed, and labelled, and registered, and handled like botanical specimens in a *hortus siccus*? Is it in Spain, where political life might be regarded as dead altogether, if it were not that every now and then a military *émeute* takes place at Madrid, and one general is ousted, and another takes his place, whilst the Sovereign majestically

continues her calm profligacy without reference to the Ins or the Outs, or who may be lying dead under the Puerta del Sol? Is it in Russia—the traditional land of serfdom—where the Czar is at once Despot and High Priest, and where the only question which, at the present moment, is seriously agitating the minds of men, is whether or no the bulk of the rural population shall be slightly elevated above the status of mere cattle? Let us say it—for we have the right to say it—England is the only country in Europe in which the lamp of freedom still burns with undiminished light. Even in the new Italian kingdom—in which we see such promise for the future—there would be total darkness within a few weeks, if the vote given, and to be given, by England amongst the nations, was annulled. How is it, then, that smaller matters (such, for example, as the question about the Island of San Juan, with which the name of General Harney has been so discreditably involved) should ever be allowed to imperil relations which, for the sake of mankind, ought never to be in doubt for one moment? Presuming a perfect accord and harmony of political sentiments between Great Britain and her Australian colonies, the Canadas, and the United States of North America, should such an Alliance as this fear, for one moment, all that could be done by a world in arms? Of course, diplomatic traditions, and dynastic considerations, stand in the way upon our own side of the Atlantic; and upon the other there are the first upheavings of a young nation which is just becoming conscious of its own strength, and a kind of robust contempt for the old political experience of Europe. The best thing that could happen to us both would be to be forced into united action for a common object, and the certain result, as we hope, would be that we should be better understood by our Transatlantic friends. At the present moment they seem to be engaged in the consideration of a problem, the solution of which, in a rational sense, concerns us all; it is nothing more nor less than, whether or no, the confederation which was the work of Washington and of the great civil champions of the revolutionary war, shall be dissolved.

It is the old bone of contention which is cast down upon the floor every four years for American politicians to growl and wrangle over which has given rise to the present dispute. How is it possible that the North American Confederation should ever stand upon a secure or settled basis as long as the opinions of the different states are divided upon the subject of SLAVERY? It must not be supposed that the consideration of this great topic is, in the States, remitted to the mere Philanthropists. The Northern States with reference to Slavery constitute one vast Exeter Hall. As long as we by our cruisers, by our denunciations, by the tongues of our orators, and the pens of our writers, maintained an unceasing crusade against the “domestic institution,” so long, even in the Northern States, did the feeling of irritated patriotism prevail over the belief that the maintenance of slavery was a heinous blot upon the national escutcheon. When we desisted from our well-intended but irrational endeavours,

the still small voice was heard in place of the broad-sides of our cruisers and the abuse of our Philanthropists, and the burghers of New York and Boston took the matter in hand upon their own account. How they have sped we know well enough by the accounts we have received from beyond the great sea during the last fifteen years. Until the present moment the South has been triumphant. The Southerners have compelled the Northerners to act as policemen, and to return to them their runaway slaves. There has been the decision in the highest courts of law upon the Dred Scott case. There has been the extension of slavery from territory to territory, in direct defiance of an arrangement made many years ago, and which was supposed to be a permanent settlement of the question. There have been the sanguinary measures of repression employed the other day when, as it was supposed, a servile war had been set on foot in one of the slave-holding provinces. Northern members of either House of the Legislature who had made themselves conspicuous on the Slavery question have been openly attacked by the Southerners, not with words merely, but with blows—and that in the very chambers where freedom of speech and thought should have been preserved inviolate. All that real ability, and blackguardism still more real, could accomplish to maintain the South as the governing power in the Union has been tried, and until the present moment with signal success: but now the unnatural strain has given way, and the Northern Provinces in their turn have asserted their right to make their voices heard upon the great subject which has for so long a time been agitating the minds of all citizens of the United States. The return move upon the part of the southern states to this apparent triumph has been a threat of the dissolution of the Union.

Now it is scarcely credible that, under any circumstances, this threat should be carried into execution; and it would be a great calamity to mankind in general, and to these islands in particular, if such should be the case. Without reference to the serious inconvenience which would follow to us from an interruption in the supply of cotton, and regarding the point upon broader grounds even than those which affect the welfare of our own manufacturing districts, we, in England, require for the maintenance of our present influence in Europe, that the North American Confederation should be united and strong. England has not struck a blow for Italy, but Italian independence is largely the work of England. In the same way, without requiring that the States should give us national support, we derive an enormous accession of strength from the mere fact that so important a portion of the earth's surface is inhabited by a race of men who could not in any way, in last resort, be induced to throw in their lot with the military despots of continental Europe. If North America were blotted from the map of the world, we and our colonists must stand alone. Possibly, with the help of insurrectionary movements in the various continental countries, we might come off victorious in the contest; but it is an experiment which one would rather not see tried. It is not very probable that this threat of a

dissolution of the Union will amount to much more than the ordinary menace of our own more infuriated politicians in former days to move the stoppage of the supplies. Such a measure was of course possible; but before it came to that, something—most commonly the mover's courage—gave way. One would with difficulty admit the conclusion that the whole population of the slaveholding States—being a slender majority—would be willing to accept the task of keeping down the slaves—being a vast majority—by their own unassisted efforts. A servile war, to be waged by the masters under very unfavourable conditions, would be the well-nigh inevitable result. The fuel to keep the fire alight is there in abundance. Who can doubt that, if animosity between the Northerners and Southerners were carried to an extreme point, but the Northern hands would be ready to apply the match? On the whole, it would seem to be the most fortunate thing that could happen to the Union, that the election of Mr. Lincoln should be carried, if only because it will then be ascertained that a Northern President, elected upon non-slavery principles, cannot by a scratch of his pen bring about the ruin of the Southern provinces; and because the Southerners will discover by experience that their threat of carrying a dissolution of the Union, unless their ideas are accepted without one jot of abatement, falls upon deaf ears. Northern statesmen will end by saying, "We dare not ruin the South." Southern statesmen will be compelled to add, "Nor dare we recommend a separation between the North and the South."

There has been very little done or said as yet in the way of practical suggestions for the abolition or modification of existing arrangements with regard to slavery; but there can be no reason why slavery should not be confined within its actual limits with a view to its total extinction at a future day. As yet the effort has been to extend slavery into freshly acquired territories, which would in due course be hardened into states, and so claim a voice in the supreme legislature, because it is deemed necessary to obtain fresh votes in order to secure the predominance of the South over the North. The necessity for this ceasing, the necessity for the indefinite extension of slavery would also cease in the eyes of Southern politicians, and events would be allowed to take their natural course. There has been a vast amount of party feeling—an exaggerated apprehension of an untried future—in the course hitherto adopted by the Southerners. Let a Northern and anti-slavery President try his hand at the solution of this terrible problem for the next four years, and the slave owners will probably discover that they have little to apprehend from this change in the *personnel* of the supreme administration. After all, we Englishmen can play very effectually into the hands of the anti-slavery party in the Northern States of the American Union if we exert all our energies to procure supplies of cotton from British India, from Africa, or elsewhere. The real way to run the slave owner to the wall is to meet him, and beat him in the open markets of the world. If this will not do, what will? We have tried gun-

powder—we have tried philanthropy—but in vain. As far as theology is concerned, the slave-owners twist Scripture to their purpose, and almost twist us with irreligion because we have liberated the slaves in our own West Indian Islands. For sixty years every effort has been tried by us to abolish slavery. The young Prince of Wales who has just returned from the States—having caught the barest glimpses of the fringe of the system at Richmond—can tell with what result. Surely our philanthropists must admit that sixty years constitute a long period in the world's history, and this period has been given to them; but as far as the North American Union is concerned, the slavery question is in a worse condition than when they first took the matter in hand. It is needless to say that we should rejoice to see the day when the States of the North American Union have purged themselves of this national crime. Until this is done, American liberty is of so dubious a character, that it is scarcely worth talking about it.

It is pleasant to turn from a country, even though it be one with which all our sympathies are bound up by community of language, of religion, of race, but upon which rests so direful a stain, to another which is shaking off chains as heavy as those which ever oppressed the poor negro's limbs. It is something to have lived to see the independence of Italy all but consummated, and to feel that, if life be spared but a short while longer, the consummation will be achieved. Victor Emmanuel has now taken possession of Southern Italy. He is accepted by the all but unanimous voice of the Neapolitan nation, as he was accepted before by Central Italy. No doubt there is a considerable amount of personal sympathy for the King—and he deserves it—for it must never be forgotten that, whereas all other Italian patriots—even when we include amongst them the pure and glorious name of Joseph Garibaldi—only played their lives, Victor Emmanuel threw a crown and sceptre on the board, and dared to stake the Royal condition of his family, that he might throw for the independence of Italy. This was the movement of a great and magnanimous heart. People say that his head is not equal to his heart; but this is the stereotyped form of reproach against every Italian who does not contrive to hit off the precise view for the moment of our public writers and speakers. At least he has had the discretion to choose his counsellors wisely, and when one reflects upon the enormous blunders which a man in the position of Victor Emmanuel might have committed, and upon the fact that he has not committed any blunder at all (except the enforced cession of Nice and Savoy be one), it must be admitted that he has not done so badly after all. Louis Napoleon has made mistakes in the Italian business. Francis Joseph of Austria has made enormous mistakes—so has the Pope—so has the ex-King of Naples—so has the Grand Duke of Tuscany—so has the Duke of Modena—but where is Victor Emmanuel's blunder? It is very possible that the downright diplomacy has been the work of Count Cavour; but even if this be so, he is no ordinary Sovereign who, during such troublesome times, had the good sense to

select the ablest adviser, and to stand or fall by his decisions. It was no slight enterprise to exchange the sovereignty of Piedmont and Sardinia for the sovereignty of the Italian Peninsula, and yet Victor Emmanuel has accomplished this task. There is the more reason that this should be remembered at the present moment, because so bright a lustre surrounds the name of our Italian Patriot, that the deserts of others may be lost sight of, if not forgotten. True, Victor Emmanuel is not Joseph Garibaldi, but he is a brave soldier, and a true lover of his country. All things considered, it is very doubtful if the Italians could have found a better leader for the present movement. A man of daring and aggressive genius—one cast in the mould of the Bonaparte family—would have aroused the suspicions and fears of Europe; but every one knows that Victor Emmanuel's imagination does not run riot beyond the true Italian boundaries. He may yet have a dispute to settle with the Pope, and a final argument with the young Austrian Emperor; but when these matters are concluded in a satisfactory way, Italy has work enough before her for a couple of generations, without entertaining designs upon the territories of her neighbours. It is a country which, after a term of military trials, must be guided in the long run by the maxims of constitutional government—could there be a fitter man for either contingency than Victor Emmanuel? He has shown himself a valiant man in war, and in peace he is content to be guided by the advice of responsible ministers. Italy could better spare a better man.

LAST WEEK, however, has produced a really notable event, in the temporary retirement of Garibaldi from active service. The event is scarcely one which we ought to regret, either for his own sake, or that of Italy. It was not fit that such a man should be mixed up with the ordinary business and ordinary intrigues of public life. He is the man to step forward in great public emergencies, and to represent the heroism and fortitude of the nation. Whilst Garibaldi lives, Italy has a great chief—a leader whom all would follow in days of public difficulty and danger. Of course the instruments to be employed for winning and maintaining the independence of any country must be regularly trained troops, resting upon citadels and arsenals. These, however, are not sufficient in themselves, for the young Austrian Emperor has legions at his disposal, trained to martial exercises and perfect in discipline. Why have they been beaten? Why do their leaders shrink from bringing them again into the field? Simply because their heart is not in their work, and because when they are ranged in line of battle the only motives which induce them to struggle for victory are the soldier's instincts and the natural human desire to save their own lives. There is a great difference between martial ardour of this class and the divine frenzy which fills a man's breast when he is struggling to preserve everything that makes life worth having, and when he knows that it is a less misery to perish than to fail in his attempt. Garibaldi represents this patriotic principle; and should matters take an untoward turn—which seems improbable enough—he is in himself

a future insurrection. It will be found, in days to come, that the popular voice—in this respect just enough—will select Garibaldi from amongst all those who have borne a share in this great Italian struggle, and name him pre-eminently as his country's champion. This man's deeds will justify the choice.

There was nothing so very remarkable in the fact that the highly trained divisions of the French army should have beaten the Austrians in the field; and at any rate, since Louis Napoleon has exacted the price of the service, the less said about magnanimity the better. When France talks about "gratitude," Italy can talk about "Savoy." France preferred gratitude in a material form, and she has got it. The Central Italians saw their rulers fly away, and no one in particular was the hero of the hour, because the circumstances of the case were not such as to call heroism into play. Victor Emmanuel, with his Generals and his Statesmen to back him, has done wonders; but what he has done has all been done with the help of great armies, and of the usual instruments of success. Besides, independently of the means at his disposal, in the crown of Italy Victor Emmanuel will receive a great reward for all that he has risked, and all that he has gained.

But look at the case of Joseph Garibaldi by the side of any or all of these! With a very few followers he lands in Sicily, and fairly tears the island from the grasp of the Bourbon king. He crosses to the mainland, enters the capital of the Neapolitan sovereign, and assumes the government of the kingdom. With such raw levies as he can get together, and backed by the devotion and enthusiasm, rather than by the military skill, of his followers, he holds the disciplined army of the legitimate sovereign in check, and finally defeats it in a great battle under the walls of Capua. He continues to beleaguer the city until a Piedmontese division reaches the ground; and upon the general of that division, from political considerations, and not because the triumph was his own, devolves the duty of receiving the surrender of the citadel. Having done all this, Garibaldi did something more. He directed that machinery should be organised for testing the real wishes of the Neapolitan people upon the question of the annexation to Northern Italy, and, when this was done, he calmly handed over the fruits of his own perils and triumphs to another. *Sic vos non vobis*. The name of Joseph Garibaldi will take its place in history by the side of that of George Washington. Where can a third be found?

And now his task is done—and yet not done. Garibaldi has retired to his little rocky islet in the Straits of Bonifazio; and, unless Italy should again claim his life, and his sword, there he will be content to remain. One or two questions, however, must be finally settled, or he will speedily reappear upon the scene. Whilst a priest holds temporal power in Italy, or an Austrian soldier remains in Venetia, Garibaldi's task is not at an end. He himself has strongly expressed his own consciousness of this when he proclaimed it in his last address before leaving the scene of his last triumphs—"By next spring, if Italy would be free, let her show 1,000,000 men under arms!"

LAST WEEK.

STILL the columns of our public journals are stuffed with accounts of warlike preparations; steam-frigates upon new and improved principles, both for offence and defence, are in course of construction here—volunteers are reviewed there. The French Emperor is strengthening his army of Rome—the Austrian Emperor is reinforcing his garrisons in the Quadrilateral. Victor Emmanuel is still—at the date these lines are written—engaged in administering a kind of homœopathic bombardment to the fortress of Gaëta. Garibaldi, late Dictator of the Two Sicilies, but now the Hermit of Caprera, has hung up his sword, and turned out his two horses for a season, but he claims 1,000,000 Italians in arms as the contingent of Italy next spring. We have a little war upon our hands in New Zealand, and a tedious war still before us in China, for, whatever may be the terms which Lord Elgin may think it proper to impose upon the Mandarins at Peking, it is too much to suppose that they will be adhered to by the Chinese as soon as the military pressure is withdrawn. We will pass over the threats of the Southern States concerning the dissolution of the great North American Confederation as a mere *brutum fulmen*—but although there be no actual warfare, nor any immediate likelihood of it upon the North American continent, there is plenty of violence in Texas and elsewhere.

What is to be the end of all this? It does not follow as an inevitable consequence that because the great nations of Europe are making all these warlike preparations, they will therefore take the field next spring. *Si vis pacem para bellum*—says the old maxim, and certainly upon this principle the desire for the maintenance of peace must be very vehement throughout Europe just now. The true danger seems to lie in the fact that at the present moment questions of foreign policy seem to occupy the attention of every European nation in most cases, though not in all, to the exclusion of those which are merely of domestic interest. This must be. By the railroad, by the electric telegraph, by the spread of commerce, by the interchange of literatures, we have all learnt to sympathise with each other.

An English Liberal is an European Liberal. This may not be true to the same extent of other nations, for upon all points of political economy the great bulk of the Continental Liberals are still mourning over the grave of the late Colonel Sibthorp. Your German or Frenchman can never be a thorough Liberal until he has dismissed from his mind the dogma that he is to gain by his neighbour's loss, and that the nation to which he belongs is proportionably the more prosperous the more it is independent of foreign supply. These fallacies will be appreciated in time for just what they are worth; but meanwhile ignorance of political economy is a great stumbling-block in the path. Capital throughout Europe is still tainted with false opinions upon the subject of exchange; and herein lies great danger to the peace of the world. Could the European Liberals be brought to lay aside their municipal jealousies and apprehensions—to agree upon the objects which they

shall pursue in common, and to stand by each other in troublesome times, we should have a great security for the future. As an illustration of this, take the recent expression of public opinion in this country with regard to the Italian question. It is clearly understood that England has no intention of interfering in the contest in a material way; still the weight of her opinion is felt as though it were an army in the field. Had France been a free country—as England is a free country—and had there been in France the same overwhelming expression of public sympathy with the Italians as has taken place here—the liberation of the Peninsula might have been brought about without a Magenta or Solferino—without the lamentable cession of Savoy to a foreign power. The impulses and processes would naturally have been different, but the results would have been the same, if not more complete. England has sent her free thoughts, France her soldiers. England neither asked for, nor expected, profit from the liberation of the Italians. France did expect it, and has exacted it. In all probability the French Emperor will require further payment before his complete assent is given to the independence of the Peninsula.

Thus, then, we are all intent upon questions of foreign policy; we are all preparing for war, and yet Lord Palmerston thinks, and many men of great experience, and of forecasting mind, think with him that actual hostilities will in some way be avoided. There is no doubt that any war—save one of defence—would be highly unpopular in this country. Despite of the national fanaticism for military glory, there is little doubt that Louis Napoleon found the temper of the French nation not very malleable when he embarked in the Crimean war; and, more recently, in the Italian campaign. All public expression of opinion may be killed in France; but despite of all his laws of repression, it is still a power with which the French Emperor must settle accounts at his peril. War is always unpopular with Prussia, as every one knows who has ever witnessed the amount of domestic misery consequent upon a desire for what is called the “mobilisation” of the army, when the soldiers are called back from their ploughs and their shop-boards to the ranks. Russia is still exhausted with her last enormous struggle; and if the war party in Austria, of which Francis Joseph is the head, should succeed in plunging the Empire once more into war, the base of their operations will indeed be a house doubly and trebly divided against itself! Independently of these considerations, it should be added that the actual position of the Austrian treasury seems to be very desperate. The great capitalists of Europe are of course prepared to discount such an enterprise as an Austrian attempt to recover Lombardy, if it should be brought before them with any considerable chances of success; but fortunately the chances are not considerable. When to the difficulties inherent in the Italian campaign, are added those which would follow from an Hungarian insurrection, which would in all probability take place as soon as the Empire was at war, one should suppose that a capitalist would as soon make advances to the Grand Trunk Line

of Canada, as to the treasury of the Hapsburgs, if the advances are to be expended upon gunpowder. By recent accounts, too, French finance is not in a very flourishing condition; and it would be strange if it were so, considering the monetary scale upon which the enterprises of the Emperor have been conducted. Europe has never yet seen the true French bill for the Russian war. The expenditure both of actual wealth, and of male adults in the prime of their strength (who are wealth in another form), must have been enormous.

That Italian campaign, too, must have cost the French tax-payers a good round sum; for Savoy and Nice, although a tangible return for the expenditure, have not as yet brought back any grist to the Imperial mill. Take the French expenditure upon the arsenals—upon the new ships of war—upon the rifled cannon—and other matters of military preparation, and the sum total, if fairly laid before the French nation, would give them serious thoughts for the future. Greater, however, even than this expenditure upon war, and preparations for it, must have been the sums spent upon the civil management of the country in various forms. How much improper expenditure must have been tolerated in order to maintain the zeal of partizans at a proper point of fervour! How many bubble schemes must have been winked at, if not actually encouraged, as they certainly have been by the machinery of the *Credit Mobilier*, and by direct concessions from the Government! The capital sum which would represent the extent to which the partizans of the Emperor have profited by the institution of the Empire must be very considerable. At the present moment we find that the subject of Finance—as well it may—is occupying the serious attention of the Emperor.

Money is scarce in France, but in the first days of LAST WEEK the Bank of France had still obstinately refused to have recourse to the natural remedy which we in England know to be a regulation of the public discounts on conditions which may be in harmony with the actual commercial position of the country. To do this would be to confess that France has of late been outspending herself—that there has been over-speculation, and injudicious speculation, and that the time had arrived when the nation must pause awhile, and allow the restorative action of accumulation to repair the breaches made in the national prosperity. The Emperor as yet has preferred the false system—speaking in a commercial sense—of borrowing money in order to maintain the profuse expenditure, and to encourage the speculation which must have been injudicious, or France would now be a lender, and not a borrower. It is clear that the Emperor has taken the matter directly in hand himself, and is interfering in the very details of the difficulty. A large portion of the stock of specie in the French Bank is silver. Silver is a commodity just like tea, or tobacco, which is always purchasable at its fair value in the markets of the world. The means of the Bank Directors are crippled—here they have in hand a stock of silver with which they might tide over their present difficulties, but Louis Napoleon would not for a time permit them to part with a single bar.

It is to be regretted that we have not before us a true balance-sheet of the French Empire. The figures presented from time to time by the Government to the pseudo-representatives of the nation are of course fallacious. If our own share in the Crimean war cost us 100,000,000*l.*, what was the amount of the French bill? for the Emperor went into the business far more heavily than we did. Was the cost of the Italian campaign much less? What is the figure which would represent the French share in the China business? What is the total real addition to the National Debt of France since Louis Napoleon took the French government in hand? Something appalling, if the statements are fairly made.

At the same time the position of the French Emperor is different indeed from that of his Austrian brother. If Louis Napoleon is minded to go to war next spring, he will find plenty of capitalists to advance him the money upon reasonable terms, even if the opening of public loans in France be not responded to in as speedy and satisfactory a way as heretofore. It is most probable that he will not go to war if he can help it, because the seat of hostilities would again be the Italian Peninsula, and in the present temper of the European cabinets any serious attempts at territorial aggrandisement in this direction upon the part of France would no doubt give rise to an opposition which even a man of so firm a mind as the French Emperor had rather not encounter. Now, he cannot afford to go to war again unless at the close of the campaign he is prepared to show the French nation that he has gained for them an equivalent for the expenditure of blood and money which must certainly be incurred. The phrase of going to war "for an idea" may sound vastly well in the columns of a French journal, but it conveys cold comfort to the humble peasant family in Languedoc, who have been called upon to sacrifice poor Jean-Marie, or Pierre, in obedience to this magnanimous impulse. Still less does it carry consolation to the French tax-payer, whose liabilities to the treasury are every year heavier, and still heavier—for your French tax-payer is proverbially a hard-fisted man.

The ignorant impatience of the people under taxation is still greater in France than in England; and even here people are grumbling loudly enough about our temporary income tax, which next session will very probably be screwed up to a shilling in the pound. Still we must not be blind to the fact that Louis Napoleon may be forced into a war against his will. A rash and inconsiderate movement at Vienna might force him once more to despatch the armies of France into Italy. He could not stand by quietly, and see those results to which the blood of the French nation has so largely contributed actually neutralized. This would be to confess failure—and failure is a word which must be blotted out of the Imperial Dictionary, or it will be found to have a terrible synonym. The peace of Europe next spring actually depends upon the action of the Austrian Court,—and who will be bold enough to do more than hazard a conjecture as to what this action will be? What the calculations of prudence would be we can tell; but who can foretell, with

any approach to certainty, the vagaries of imprudence? Not so long ago, we were all saying that the late Czar Nicholas would never be mad enough to cross the Pruth. He crossed it, however, and the penalty was the forfeiture of his own life, and a check in the development of civilisation in Russia, which will scarcely be repaired in the lifetime of this generation. Again, we were all saying that the Austrians would never provoke a conflict with the French armies. Magenta and Solferino were the illustrations of that prophecy. Matters are still more desperate now than they were two years ago. The whole Peninsula, up to the Venetian frontier, is in the hands of the Italians—save the Patrimony of St. Peter, which is a sort of French garrison. The discontent in the Austrian Provinces—especially in Hungary—has risen to a point which no longer admits of misunderstanding or concealment. The situation is desperate—but Despair is not always the safest Privy Councillor. There is not an Austrian statesman of much account; not even a man of the mark of Felix Schwarzenburgh; and a true statesman is much needed in Austria just now.

Let us not, in our just antipathy to the cruelties and abominations of Austrian rule in Italy, ever lose sight of the fact that the existence of a powerful military monarchy in the south-east of Europe has been found throughout historical ages necessary to our own security. What may be the political action of this new Italian kingdom, we know not as yet. That it will be for good, we hope, and believe—but we are standing upon the brink of an untried future. That old Eastern enigma still remains unsolved at Constantinople. It is not too much to say that the very greatest uneasiness is felt among English statesmen upon this point. The extinction of the military power of Austria, and the consequent French monopoly of military power for aggressive purposes on the Continent of Europe, would scarcely be a result which Englishmen could see with satisfaction. The Turkish Empire—do what we will—is crumbling and decaying before our eyes; and in all probability men now in the prime of life will live to see a solution of the question.

With the history of Europe behind us from the days of Henri IV. to the days of Louis Napoleon, one would scarcely wish to see so vast a preponderance of military power in the hands of Frenchmen as would certainly follow from the destruction of the Austrian Empire. If Francis Joseph could be induced to part with Venetia by way of sale, and to govern his Empire, especially Hungary, in a constitutional way, what a glorious future might still lie before the Hapsburgs! As the great Danubian Power, Austria would be a far more important member of the European Confederation than she has ever yet been: and destinies might yet await her in the East, which would place her in a position which she could never have achieved as the unreasoning task-mistress of unfortunate Italy.

In the absence of any great political events during the LAST WEEK, our space may fairly be devoted to speculations on the future. Now a

received a certain amount of discussion during the last seven days, which, if there be any kind of truth in it, may grow into the most important event of our time. We all know pretty well the system upon which Louis Napoleon is in the habit of bringing his schemes before the world. The rudimentary element out of which a Russian War or an Italian campaign grows, is a suggestion in a French newspaper. The idea contained in this suggestion is either destroyed, or allowed to drop, according to the effect which it is found to produce upon the minds of the French nation. The suggestion put forth in one newspaper is contradicted in another—a discussion follows, and if it be found peculiarly unpalatable, in due course a contradiction is put forth in the "Moniteur," and there for a time is an end of the matter. Supposing, however, that affairs take a different turn when the journalist once tosses the shuttlecock up in the air, a band of pamphleteers are appointed to keep it up, and should their endeavours, too, be crowned with success, in due course the French People are allowed to obtain an inkling of the Napoleonic idea upon the subject. Now the shuttlecock of LAST WEEK is nothing more nor less than a suggestion that Louis Napoleon, after the lapse of somewhat more than three centuries, should follow in the steps of our own Henry VIII., and declare himself to be the head of the Church in France—as Queen Victoria is the head of the Church in England. Of course, at this preliminary stage, the suggestion leaves to the Pope all supremacy in matters of faith; but in such a matter as this, the first step is everything; and the higher French clergy, acting under the auspices of the Emperor, would soon become the arbiters of the national faith of France. The attempt is a bold one, and would certainly conciliate to the Emperor the sympathies of the vast bulk of the English nation. What are the chances of success? There can be no doubt that at the present moment the Pope, and the Papal Court, are profoundly discredited throughout Europe.

In the Italian peninsula itself, Pio Nono is looked upon as one of the two great remaining obstacles to the independence of the country. A similar result has been produced by the Concordat in Austria. The amount of exasperation against the influence of the priesthood in all the daily affairs of life, can scarcely be credited by any but those who have mixed familiarly with the peasantry of Austria. On the Danube banks your ears are stuffed with stories—no doubt many of them grievously exaggerated—such as those which animated Luther to his great attack upon the Papal power. These are at least evidence of the animosity entertained by the people against the priests. In France itself Louis Napoleon has been dealing of late in a very high-handed way with the upper and Ultramontane clergy. He has signalled the protests of some of the bishops as treason against the French nation and his own government. He has suppressed the journal which was emphatically the organ of the party. He has sternly forbidden any organised collections for the benefit of the Holy Father, who is now somewhat hardly pressed under the head of Ways and

there is not a more significant sign of the times than the scantiness of the contributions forwarded by the faithful throughout the world to their Spiritual Chief in the hour of his need. This is a matter with which Protestants are not concerned. We are not expected to subscribe Peter's-pence, or widows'-mites, for the benefit of the Pope; nor have we cast any obstacle in the way of such collections. We simply note the fact that now, when the necessities of the Papacy are the sorest, subscriptions do not flow in in any very lavish manner. If we adopt the pecuniary test, then, as a means of forming our judgment as to the degree of attachment felt by the Roman Catholic laity throughout Europe to the Holy See, the decision must be that the zeal of the faithful has grown cold. The French bishops send forth angry addresses, allocutions, or by whatever name such episcopal admonitions are aptly described. Dr. Cullen and his colleagues exhaust the vocabulary of abuse against the malignant and ungodly men who are endeavouring to save the Pope and his advisers from the temptations and anxieties of temporal sovereignty—but there are no assets forthcoming! It is calculated that by Christmas next Pío Nono will be absolutely bankrupt, and unable to pay his way. Then at last there must be an end of the undignified struggle which has been protracted too long for the true interests of the Church.

It is at this point when the last stiver in the Papal treasury has been paid away—and when there would appear to be so little solicitude on any side to replenish the empty coffers of the Vatican, that the French Emperor takes the matter in hand. He suggests that as the temporal sovereignty of the Pope has actually collapsed in Italy—nay, at Rome itself—despite of all his efforts to avert such a catastrophe, it would be well if the Church in France were placed upon a more stable footing. Here is the very suggestion as it has been set forth in the pamphlet of M. Cayla (the shuttlecock). “The Emperor, as head of the national religion, would have no need to break with Rome with respect to dogmas. The Pope, as simply a Spiritual Sovereign, would continue to exercise an influence over Catholicity, the greater as the Papacy would again approach the simplicity of the Primitive Church. As regards France especially, the Head of the State would direct the administration of public worship as a sovereign. Paris being the centre and the heart of France, the Archbishop of Paris would be named Grand Patriarch.” It is needless to enter into the details of M. Cayla's scheme. These are of little importance in the presence of this one tremendous fact—the secession of France from obedience to the See of Rome.

Is this to be? Nothing, of course, is as yet decided, save that Louis Napoleon, who provides the intellectual food of the French people, has permitted—possibly, directed—that the subject shall be publicly discussed.

If we consider the probabilities of the case, it seems likely that the French Emperor is of opinion that he can now dispense with the ecclesiastical ladder which stood him in such stead when he first attempted to mount the Imperial throne of France. The day has gone by when he would condescend to humour the Breton peasantry by

pilgrimages to the shrines which they held sacred, and by observances which they esteemed as necessary to salvation. He is the man who, of all others, is most deeply interested in arriving at the truth as to the convictions and wishes of the French nation; and who, of all others, has the best machinery at his disposal for the formation of a just opinion upon the point. Now, he has shown by overt acts that he will not tolerate any opposition to his will on the part of the French bishops and higher ecclesiastical dignitaries. With a few lines in the “*Moniteur*” he reduces them to silence.

Louis Napoleon would not venture upon so bold a policy if he did not feel that he had the support of the French nation at his back. It is true that his uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte, when he was considering some sixty years ago with his chosen councillors as to what steps would be the wisest for the restoration of religion in France, discussed with them this scheme for vesting in himself the Headship of the Church in France, and decided against it. He did so merely upon political grounds. It was important that France should remain one of the great Roman Catholic Powers. The common bond of union between these Powers was their obedience to the Holy See. If he had proclaimed himself Head of the Church in France, he considered that the inevitable result would have been that, even upon doctrinal matters, France would soon stand alone in Europe, or in other words, the bond of a common religion between France and other nations would be snapped asunder. Besides, if the Headship of the Church were nominally vested in the sovereign, it was certain that there must be some great ecclesiastical dignitary—call him Archbishop, Patriarch, what you will—to whom must be delegated the exercise of spiritual functions.

Might not such an one, if a Frenchman, resident at Paris, become very troublesome to the Government, if France should fall into a fit of fanaticism? Given a Napoleon upon the temporal throne, he would, no doubt, manage his archbishop well enough. Given a Napoleon upon the archiepiscopal throne, might it not happen in days to come that he might bring the temporal Emperor under his control? For these reasons, and certain others which we are precluded from setting forth here by consideration of space, Napoleon Bonaparte concluded that if Rome had not been in existence, it would have been incumbent upon him to invent Rome, for the graceful government of his people in spiritual matters. It was safest, he thought, to keep his High Priest at a distance from the seat of empire, and in a position in which he must, in a great degree, be at the mercy of the powerful chief of so mighty a nation as France.

It is certainly as yet too much to say that the views of the nephew differ from the views of the uncle upon this important point. When his head was turned, and he became intoxicated with success, even Napoleon Bonaparte did not adhere to his original idea, but made the Pope a State prisoner, and treated him in a manner which was certainly not calculated to promote respect for religion throughout Europe.

LAST WEEK.

THERE is in every week, as it passes away, an event which occupies the attention of the English public, almost to the exclusion of all others. It may be the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Naples, or the difficulties of the Bank of France, or the Road murder, or the election of an anti-slavery President for the United States, or a terrible railway accident, as recently in the Trent Valley, but there is always one event which overtops and overshadows all others. If one comes to think of it, fifty-two great events in a year form a considerable total. Take the average business life of a man whose existence is prolonged to the usual term of human life, as consisting of forty years—from twenty to sixty years of age—he will then have lived through upwards of two thousand great public events, independently of those lesser, but perhaps to himself, more interesting incidents which distinguish his own private career. Now, during the *LAST WEEK*, beyond all question the event which has most been canvassed and discussed has been the capture of certain of our countrymen by the Chinese just as the allied forces of Great Britain and France were about to plant their flags upon the very walls of Peking.

Lord Elgin's own opinion seems to be that absolute treachery was not intended. The Chinese had not of malice aforethought laid a plan for the capture of the Plenipotentiaries; in other words, intended a repetition of the treachery at the Taku Forts last year. This time—so it was at first suggested—the idea was not to surprise and slay a parcel of unfortunate seamen, but to kidnap or kill personages of no less importance than the representatives of the two Western nations. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were to be invited to a meeting with the great Chinese dignitaries appointed to treat with them; there was to be a stipulation that only such and such a force was to be displayed on either side; the Chinese were to hold in concealment troops so numerous that both by their numbers, and by the effect of surprise, they might safely calculate upon bearing down any opposition from the European escort; and then—what? Were Lord Elgin and Baron Gros to be carried about in bamboo cages, and exposed to the scorn and derision of the mob of Peking, that it might be seen in what small account the Imperial Government held their barbarian enemies? Were they to be well-treated, on the other hand, and brought to admire the clemency and mercy of the Emperor? Were they to be crucified, or cajoled? Was their entry into Peking to be greeted by an illumination, or an impalement, the Plenipotentiaries being principal actors in the latter ceremony? The hypothesis seemed so probable and so completely in accordance with what we have known of the character of the Chinese, and of the spirit as well as the forms of their dealings with Europeans, that it is no great wonder if it found ready acceptance not only in the Allied Camp—but, even more quickly, here at home. Lord Elgin, however, in a despatch which he addressed to the Foreign Office just after the event, and which was published *LAST WEEK*, gives as his own opinion “that in this instance there

was that mixture of stupidity, want of straightforwardness, suspicion, and bluster, which characterises so generally the conduct of affairs in this country.” He rests this opinion on the ground that San-ko-lin-sin, the Imperial General, must have already received such substantial proof of the superiority of the Europeans in the field that he would not in all probability have courted a renewal of the contest. It must be said in answer that the conduct of the Chinese has invariably been just what Lord Elgin supposes it is *not* in this present instance. At what period of active hostilities—or during negotiations for peace—or at its conclusion, has treachery ever ceased not only to be the ingredient, but the distinguishing feature in the dealings of the Chinese with the Western nations? In the present case it is admitted that this Imperial General covered the ground assigned for the occupation of the allies with his guns and troops—and did all that in him lay to put them at his mercy. Whatever his intentions may have been, there were the preparations for his perfidy—and the perfidy itself.

In dealing with such a people it is impossible to say what turn events may take. Your Chinaman is not like what we call a mere savage—the toy and sport of his own impulses and passions. He reasons—perhaps he makes a greater show of reasoning than we do—but from precisely similar facts he draws inferences directly the reverse of those which would occur to the mind of a European. Give an Englishman and a Chinaman similar premises—each will work the matter out in his own way; the appeal, in either case, will be to the logical sense; and yet their conclusions will be different as black from white. The Peking mandarins might, at any moment, make up their minds that the European prisoners should be sternly dealt with, just at the very moment that the preservation and safe return of the captives would be of the most vital importance to themselves. An idea seems to be projected into the Chinese mind by way of refraction. Still, with all this, the vast weight of presumption is happily in favour of the re-delivery of our countrymen in safe condition. They, or some of them, had been seen in a cart on their way to the city of Peking—under escort, of course—and not ill-treated. Four days after their capture, intelligence had been received that they were alive and well: the wonder perhaps is that in four days they were not given back. One great element which may be fairly taken into account in estimating their chances of safety, in a favourable sense, is that Mr. Parkes is amongst the number, and he is perfectly well acquainted not only with the language but with the character of the Chinese. Many acts of stupid cruelty, of which we seek in vain for an explanation, must have been the mere result of want of power of communication. The captor cannot come to an understanding with his captive for the simple reason that neither understands a word which the other says, and the executioner's sword cuts the Gordian Knot. Mr. Parkes, however, has many enemies at Peking—certainly his old antagonist, the Hoppo—amongst official persons who had been employed at Canton during the Lorcha war, of which, and not without

a certain amount of reason, he is considered, in China, as the originator and cause. His old opponents may consider that the present moment is an apt one for avenging the griefs of Commissioner Yeh, and their own losses and anxieties, upon Mr. Parkes, and for his sake upon all his companions in captivity and misfortune. Speculation can go no further. Lord Elgin has informed the Chinese authorities that he will neither treat with them, nor suspend military operations until the prisoners are restored to liberty. Let us look forward to the arrival of the next mail from China, with reasonable expectations of good tidings as to the fate of our countrymen.

This untoward occurrence does but furnish fresh evidence that the attempt to deal with these strange samples of humanity as we would deal with the governments of the Western world, will simply end in disappointment. If such be the spirit which presides over their negotiations even now, when they have received a few broad hints from the Armstrong gunners, what hope would there be that they would adhere to any conditions which might be imposed upon them, and which were to be fulfilled at a future day, as soon as military pressure is withdrawn? The intelligence of Lord Elgin's policy, immediately after the first engagement, in which the Tartar troops had been routed in so ridiculous a way, was not received in this country with any peculiar satisfaction. The private letters which have come to hand by the last mail prove that the impression upon this point in this country is identical with that which was stamped upon the minds of our countrymen, being residents in China, as soon as they heard what had been done in the North. The opinion of the leading commercial houses engaged in the China trade is, that it would be better if the trade were entirely stopped for a while, rather than that it should be exposed to these constant interruptions, which paralyse the foresight of the merchant, and confound his most carefully devised calculations. "Let us know, once for all, where we are, and what we are about," is the cry from Shanghai to Hong Kong. The ruling men at Peking, whoever they may be, must be convinced at length that they are dealing with a Power which, as far as they are concerned, is irresistible. It does not, happily, seem necessary, in order to ensure this end, that any system of sanguinary operations should be carried out. There is wanted such an armed demonstration at Peking as should not leave the smallest shadow of doubt in the mind of any inhabitant of that city—and chiefly in the mind of any person connected with the present system of administration—that the days of blustering at Europeans, and rejecting their overtures for intercourse upon an equal footing, are at an end. Whether it be sufficient for this purpose merely to enter Peking in military triumph—or whether it will be necessary for a period to retain possession of a part of the city—we, at this distance, are unable to say; but it is clear that such an impression must be produced as will make the mandarins think better of it, before they court a second visit, or visitation, from European troops.

As far as we may judge from the very interesting

state papers which fell into the hands of our countrymen some months ago, China, at the present moment, is ruled by a Tory clique, composed of men whom in our country we should call Lords Eldon and Ellenborough, but China must have her Peels and Palmerstons, aye, and her Cobbetts, O'Connells, and Brights. As far as Europeans are concerned, no form of Government could be more unfriendly than the present. If the presence of the European forces in Peking should lead to what we should call a "ministerial crisis," and an "infusion of young blood" into the administration, both Englishmen and Chinamen would be much the gainers.

After all, it is time that the Chinese question should be divested of its grotesque and absurd conventionalities of thought. Life in China is not passed as it is represented upon that famous plate with its pagoda, and its bridge, which is so familiar to us all from our earliest years. It is a very grave event in the history of the human race that one-third of the human beings now crawling upon the surface of the planet should at length be brought really into contact with the vigorous and scientific thought of Europe. The Chinese are pre-eminently an industrious, a persevering, and an ingenious race. That they would ever assist in promoting scientific discoveries, or that China could under any circumstances produce men of superior intellect, it is not for us to say. The evidence upon this matter is not before us. We do not even know what has been in China. Who shall say what may be, if the labours of this vast hive of human beings should ever receive a proper impulse and direction? The peasantry of China seem to be quite upon a par with the French or English peasant, and they are numerous as the sands upon the sea-shore. We may well suspect that if access had ever been obtained to those vast and flourishing towns of the interior, which are scarcely known to us even by name, it would be found that the burgher of Soo-chow-foo was quite as intelligent a man as his brother of Derby, or Blois. We are talking at our ease, now we have enjoyed a few years of railroads, of the electric telegraph, of a free government, and of a free press. But what was the state of England, and what the state of France, forty or fifty years ago, when compared with what it is at the present time. These myriads of Chinamen, or at least as many as knew of our existence, are by all accounts not only desirous, but eager to accept our offers of commercial intercourse; and so they find their profit in it, be sure that they will not be the first to break the bond. The only point which can yet be affirmed with certainty of John Chinaman is, that he is a keen and shrewd trader. This is not a bad basis upon which to build the intercourse of nations.

As important work as ever was taken in hand since history has been written, is now being carried through in the North of China. Let us not be led astray by the idle cries of the pseudo-philanthropists. The time has arrived when Europe and China must be brought together, and all the ridiculous shams and caricatures of government, which have hitherto interfered with this result, be swept away, peacefully if possible—if not, by the

strong hand of power. We have not tolerated the misgovernment of thirty millions—why should we stand by quietly and witness the degradation and oppression of three hundred millions, if we have the power to prevent it, and that without a violation of the canons of public policy and right which regulate the intercourse of nations even in the Western world?

Before we take leave of these distant Eastern regions, it is pleasant to think that by intelligence received LAST WEEK from Japan, our intercourse with the Japanese seems to be proceeding in the most friendly manner. Mr. Alcock, our envoy at Jeddo, had not only succeeded in obtaining from the Government facilities for travelling in the interior, but he had actually gained permission to visit the sacred mountain of Fusi-jama. This is almost as though one should say in the old days of Turkish bigotry that a Christian had been admitted to profane the famous Mosque of Omar with his infidel tread. Matters must have been shrewdly enough managed at Jeddo; and there can, at the bottom, exist no very unfriendly feeling towards the Europeans at Japan when such a concession was made. It would no doubt have been much easier to have moved the Japanese Government to yield a far more important point. The Alpine Club would not do amiss to turn their attention to Fusi-jama, now that they seem pretty well to have exhausted the catalogue of Schrekhorns and Wetterhorns, and reduced the ascent of Mont Blanc pretty much to the dimensions of a vulgar stroll.

True, the height of the mountain is only guessed at 14,000 feet above the sea-level by the English visitors, although the Japanese themselves place it at 17,000; but the marvellous beauty of the scenery—so it is said—more than atones for any deficiency in mere altitude. Mr. E. B. De Fonblanque has forwarded home an account of the ascent which, though written under date Sep. 20, from Kanagawa, in Japan, was only received and published in London LAST WEEK. After writing with enthusiasm of the beauty of the scenery, which, as he writes, cannot be equalled within the same compass in any part of the world, he speaks with delight of the cordial and gentle manners of the people. The travellers, who were of course to the Japanese villagers, just what Japanese travellers would be to us, were not pressed upon or annoyed even by the curiosity of the people. In the course of their journey they did not see either a drunkard or a beggar. The houses were clean, and in good repair; the little gardens were well cultivated, and decorated with ornamental flowers. Everywhere signs of peace and prosperity were seen. The journey thus undertaken was not an inconsiderable one, for the party had to travel six days before they reached the foot of the mountain, and under the auspices of the priests, commenced the ascent. At every half-mile, until the real rough scrambling began, they found seats for repose, and were presented with quaint little cups of tea, just as in Switzerland: at various unexpected turns, there are found little sheds where Alpine-strawberries and cream are displayed before the not ungrateful tourist. When the top of the mountain was attained, Mr. Alcock displayed the British flag. The party

fired twenty-one rounds from their revolvers into the crater of Fusi-jama, and Queen Victoria's health was drunk in champagne, to the astonishment of the Japanese, who seem to have considered the firing and the bumpers of champagne as elements in a religious ceremony. It appears wonderful that, amongst the hundreds and hundreds of enterprising young Englishmen who are in want of an occupation, the idea has not occurred to some one or other of the number to make Japan his own in a literary sense. A few years ago it would have been as impossible to raise the veil which had hung over these islands for centuries as it would have been to penetrate, unchallenged, into a fortified town in time of war. All the efforts of Sir Stamford Raffles and of other marking Englishmen to effect an entry into this mysterious empire had been paralysed in the presence of Japanese obstinacy and Japanese traditions. The Dutch pedlars might come to Nangasaki if they would, leave there what merchandise they might judge fit for the Japanese market, and receive such Japanese wares as were assigned to them in exchange by the Japanese authorities—but there was an end of European intercourse with Japan. Now, matters are changed. The entry into Japan and the rupture of the old traditions have been effected.

If an Englishman—a young man, with a few years of life to spare—wanted to go to Jeddo, there take up his residence, learn the language, and so recommend himself to the “best society,” that all suspicion of his intentions should be removed, he might, in all probability, before a couple of years had elapsed, have the run of the country. It would be like a glimpse of Mexico or Peru, when the Spaniards for the first time landed upon the shores of America. Here is a high civilisation, with which Greece, Syria, and Rome have not been concerned. Religion, policy, laws, agriculture, war, manufactures, literature, the drama, the manners of the people, would furnish a chapter in “The Japanese at Home,” which would certainly be read with deep interest. There would be no hardships, or fevers, or sickness, such as infallibly fall to the lot of the African traveller, and such as Dr. Livingstone recently endured. If a man's inclinations lead him towards either Pole, into the Arctic or Antarctic regions, where so many of our countrymen have found their icy graves, he must at the very least make up his mind to months of dreariness and despondency, ungladdened by the rays of the pleasant sun. Leichardt and his companions had their Australian troubles—but a ramble in Japan would be a mere pleasure excursion.

The facilities for travel—railroads excepted—appear to be quite equal to those which we find in Europe; the hotels or guest-houses, as our own landlords would say, “replete with every comfort the most fastidious taste could desire.” Within two months, a traveller starting from the London Bridge station might be in Jeddo, and so he chose the proper season of the year, the voyage itself would be but a yachting excursion of the most delightful kind. Why will not one or more young Englishmen, with sufficient means, and ample time at their disposal, give three, four, or five

years to Japan? At thirty years of age they might be famous, and never would the Temple of Fame have been approached by a more flowery path.

An event of some importance in the last days of this month, which has just expired, has been the return of Sir James Brooke to Borneo. The illness which for a time had paralysed the exertions of this great Englishman has passed away, and he has now returned to the seat of his government with energies renewed, and, as it is to be hoped, with a better understanding with the authorities at home, than at any previous period of his career. Now that the importance and real significance of the exertions of this noble life are better understood in our Government offices, English statesmen are coming round to the opinion, that the judgment of the country with regard to Sir James Brooke has been wiser than their own.

The Indian Archipelago will soon be the theatre of great events, for the Dutch even now are engaged in a conflict with their native subjects, which, for intensity, and sanguinary incidents, may well be compared with the mutiny of our own Indian troops. The turn which affairs may take is quite problematical, and the greatest apprehensions as to the event exist at Amsterdam and the Hague.

The results and intelligence of the LAST WEEK warrant an especial notice of recent occurrences in those distant eastern regions, which, but a few years back, were known to us in so imperfect a manner that any one who from his own personal experience could tell us something about the British Factory at Canton, or the custom of merchants at Batavia, was looked upon as a very remarkable man. Still we must not forget what is passing nearer home. By the continental mails of LAST WEEK we hear that the political agony of the young King of Gaëta is still prolonged, and that Pio Nono—Priam-like—is still brandishing his now headless spear in the face of his many foes. The news from Hungary and Austria is, perhaps, of the highest significance.

The Austrian Empire is in extremities, and the government of the country, and the chief authority upon all propositions for change, are practically vested in a few old gentlemen, a few old ladies, and the Court confessors. These strange representatives of statesmanship are just now suggesting concessions which are indeed no concessions at all, but rather aggravations of the old misrule. The strongest discontent—discontent so strong that it bids fair to produce fruit in action—is felt even in the Tyrol, and the Tyrolese mountaineers have hitherto been the most staunch, the most unswerving, and the most bigoted partisans of the Hapsburgs. In Styria, Carinthia, Salzburg, it is the same thing, and whilst the Empire is really in danger of dissolution, the effete advisers of the young Emperor are engaged in defining with curious precision who shall, and who shall not, be admitted to the ecstatic privilege of wearing a red coat with gold lace. Bad as all this is, it is nothing to what is occurring in Hungary, where, in very truth, Francis Joseph must conquer in the field if his resolution is taken on the side of despotism.

But the very soldiers on whose fidelity he must place his reliance would, to all appearance, be the first to rejoice at his defeat.

Three hundred thousand men in arms constitute the force which has been arrayed for the defence of Venetia should the Austrians be attacked there in the forthcoming spring. It is a mighty army if the troops were but faithful and well fed; but neither of these conditions are fulfilled. The Austrian officers are engaged in executing their own soldiers for insubordination and mutiny, and it seems more than doubtful what their conduct would be if they were led into the field. Judicial blindness has struck the Austrian Emperor and his advisers, and they will not see the writing on the wall, although to all eyes but their own it is written in a reasonably firm text-hand. Politicians in London tell you that before the conflict is actually commenced, the Austrian court will not refuse to part with Venetia, as old Trapbois would have said, for a consideration—but as they are called upon to sell not only Venetia, but their revenge upon that Italian race which they have so bitterly scorned, it seems questionable if they will be brought to terms before another sharp lesson has been administered to them at the bayonet's point. It may well be that the best thing which could happen to the Italians would be to be called upon to join in a common enterprise, which would cause them to forget for a while their sectional antipathies, and break them into those habits of discipline and self-control, without which a nation never yet was great.

Meanwhile the French Emperor is playing fast and loose with the Italians, as always since the peace of Villa-Franca. But for the orders issued to his naval commanders the Sardinians would now be in Gaëta. But for the presence of his troops in Rome, the Pope would now be far enough away from the Eternal City. It seems to be his policy to allow the Holy Father to drift down into a condition of insolvency, although what his next step will be, when the bankruptcy of the Vatican has been declared, is not so clear. The French regiments are steadily reinforced within the limits of the Patrimony, and there is nothing in the military movements to show that the French have the remotest idea of giving up the capital of this country to the Italians. As long as foreign troops remain in any portion of the Italian Peninsula the spirit of the people can never be what it should be amongst a nation of free men. The French drum, as it rolls whilst the regiments of the French Emperor pass in and out of Rome by the Porta del Popolo, marks that Italy has not yet attained her independence. To use the old form of expression—if the heart of an Italian patriot could now be opened, the word "Rome" should be found marked upon its core.

But whilst Louis Napoleon is so busy in Italy, he is not forgetting to keep the attention of his own subjects alive. He, too, has promulgated his phantom of a constitution, which just seems to amount to this, that in the French Chambers—elected as they are known to be—a certain amount of discussion upon the measures introduced by the Imperial Ministers may be allowed.

LAST WEEK.

THE Emperor of the French has just shown himself infinitely superior in statesmanship and intelligence to the courtiers whom he has hitherto used rather as the instruments of his policy than as his councillors and colleagues. For some nine years past France has been dumb. For nine years that great country which has contributed so much to the intellectual life of Europe has been struck with the curse of sterility in this respect. What has become of all the great speakers, and writers, and lawyers, and dramatists, and actors, and painters, who exercised so great an influence upon the thoughts, and who so much guided the taste of the human race? Without stopping to inquire whether in all instances this authority was exercised for good—the great intellectual stir and hubbub were a fact. But for nine years, with some inconsiderable exceptions, such as the work of M. E. About upon the Roman Question, there has not been a historical or political publication from the Paris press which has been spoken of in the capitals of other lands. If we make exception of an impure work or two, which had better remain unnamed, there has not for nine years been a work of fiction produced by French writers which deserves the name. What has become of Thiers, Guizot, Barante, Thierry, and of those who should have succeeded them when the hand of death had fallen upon any of the illustrious band? Balzac is gone; Dumas the elder has turned buffoon; Charles de Bernard, the most graceful of French novelists, will write no more pendants to the *Femme de Quarante Ans*; but where are those legions of busy pens which used day by day to contribute so largely to the amusement of France and of Europe? Lamartine writes no more “Reveries;” Victor Hugo seems to have hung up for ever one of the two only lyres which ever vibrated to French song. Even upon the stage Rachel, Bouffé, Déjazet, have left no successors. The great race of French painters has died out; and, with the exception, perhaps, of Rosa Bonheur, who is there to follow in the footsteps of Paul Delaroche, of Ary Scheffer, of Gudin in his prime? Music, too, that soft art which tyrants love, seems to have died an unnatural death in Paris. The pulpit and the bar have been reduced to equal silence, if we make honourable exception of two or three efforts made by members of the Parisian bar, at the risk of their own fortunes—perhaps of their personal liberty. They went down to plead, as our own great constitutional lawyers did in London in the arbitrary days of the First Charles or the Second James—true to the tradition of their order, and to their own dignity—whatever might be the cost. Of political eloquence the less said the better. The condition of Louis Napoleon’s power has been that he must consign all French orators to the lock-up, or drive them out of a country which they might animate to moral resistance, if not to armed rebellion.

Now the small men whom the French Emperor has been compelled to use as the tools of his policy hitherto have not, as their Master has, the intelligence to comprehend that you cannot kill, though you may stamp under foot for a while, the intellectual energy of such a country as

France. The cuckoo cry of all tyrants great or small,—Francis-Joseph, now of Austria, or Squire Western, late of Somersetshire, has always been material well-being for the working classes—but against intellectual struggles—war to the knife! What does a man want more than a belly-full of victuals, and a kind master? It was not so long since in our island there were not wanting buzzards—Honourable Buzzards, too, duly girt with swords as Knights of Shires—who were not ashamed to say that Education was a country’s curse. We—for our parts—have done with human folly in that kind, but it is just in the same spirit that the Mornys and Walcowskis of France have counselled the Emperor to maintain the Imperial ban against Genius and Intellect. Louis Napoleon knows better. Shakspeare’s Moor pauses by the lamp in Desdemona’s death-room.

Put out the light—and then—put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, &c.

It is one thing to extinguish a lamp, and another to kill for ever that vital spark by virtue of which the eye sees—the ear hears—the brain understands—the heart thrills with sorrow or joy. Louis Napoleon, too, has paused for a time before his lamp—how dim it now is!—which represents the genius of the French nation—but he has arrived at a happier conclusion than the Moor. The parallel, to be sure, will not hold throughout, for in the war—had war *à l’outrance* been declared between Cæsar and his legions, on the one side, and that little flame on the other, the flame would have conquered in the long run. Louis Napoleon has had the sense to perceive this. Count Morny offers the extinguisher with a grin.

Amidst the signs of the times which may be looked to with reasonable confidence, here is one. Whenever Louis Napoleon is about to do anything, or to enter upon any course of policy which is really for the good of France, he sends for Count Persigny. Whenever he intends an act, or a course of policy which makes the judicious grieve, the first thing is to get Count Persigny out of the way. This Count Persigny is a Frenchman to the heart’s core, which is his praise. He is a Bonapartist by political conviction, and who shall blame him for sticking fast to his party? More than this, he is a personal adherent of the present French Emperor, tried and found faithful through years of penury and adversity. Thus he has earned the right to speak out, and he does speak out. If Louis Napoleon never heard a word of truth from the lips of any other man, he would hear it from Count Persigny. The late French Ambassador to the Court of St. James’s, and actual Minister for the Home Department at Paris, has shown that neither by threats nor by favour, neither by appeals to his fidelity, nor by apprehensions for his own future, can he be induced to give the sanction of his name to a course of policy which he deems injurious to the Emperor, and the Imperial cause. Louis Napoleon knows this, and he knows the value of the man. Neither Count Persigny nor any one else can be said to possess absolute influence over Louis Napoleon in last resort, if his mind were once made up; but in the

making of it up, Persigny's advice, no doubt, counts for much. It may be taken as a great guarantee of the Emperor's sincerity, that at so critical a time he has entrusted the direction of his domestic policy to Count Persigny. There is harmony between the measures announced, and the man who has been appointed to carry them into effect.

This resolution of Louis Napoleon's—independently of its influence upon the future fortunes of the French nation—has a direct and positive bearing upon the results of the time. To us, subjects of the British Queen, it is all important, because it is a pledge of peace. We shrink from an armed contest with France, not because we are under the influence of any unworthy apprehensions, nor that we have any reason to dread the issue of the contest more than our forefathers had, but because we know what the inevitable result of such a war must be. The records of Europe are there to show that during eight centuries England and France have attacked each other under many forms, and with alliances of various kinds; and after years of struggle, and misery, and bloodshed, each nation has remained just where it was as regards the other—but not so far advanced in wealth and civilisation as it would have been had the swords remained in the scabbards. What has been, will be—all Armstrong guns, rifled cannon, steam-rams, Minié and Enfield rifles, Cherbourg and Portsmouths to the contrary notwithstanding. This nation or that might acquire a slight preponderance at the outset of a contest—it is probable enough that such momentary preponderance would not be in favour of England—but after a few years or months of fighting, and when each nation had brought its full strength into play, there would be little indeed—save slaughter—to show on either side in the way of gain. Therefore it is that all Englishmen of the present generation, who have outlived the first hot fervour of their youth, are anxious to avoid the renewal of struggles which have cost so much, and led to so little. Nor if we had it in our power to ensure the destruction of France, ought we to wish it.

The human race would not be the gainers if the continent of Europe were handed over to the stupid despotism of Austrian officers, nor to the guardianship of the Prussian police, as that notable institution is worked out by the Hinckeldeys and Stiebers of Berlin. We may go further, and say with perfect confidence that no Englishman of common intelligence does desire to see the nation engaged in war with France. The danger is all from the other side—and the danger mainly consists in this, that, from that second day of December on which Louis Napoleon seized the reins of empire with so firm a grasp even until now, the armed force and military energy of France have been at the disposal of a single man, and that man the most sober of speech, the most impenetrable in design, of whom we have had knowledge in these modern days. All the mischief might have fermented in the laboratory of a single brain. The first intelligence we should have received of the attack would have been that the expedition was about to set out, if we had been fortunate; that it had arrived at its destination, if we had at all relaxed in our vigilance

and suspicions. What had we in which we could trust but the bare word of the man who invited the Deputies to an entertainment at the Elysée on the very night which he had assigned for their arrest?—who had loudly declared that he was not prepared for war at the very moment when he was about to cover Lombardy with his legions, and to make trial upon the Austrians of his new and formidable artillery? We might indeed suppose that a ruler who has given proof of such strong sense as Louis Napoleon has done would not, save as a last desperate throw for empire, rush into a contest with England—but the calculations even of prudent men are sometimes mistaken.

In a word, all was mystery and darkness, and so it must have remained, had not the French nation been once more admitted to the privilege of self-government. Either the resolutions announced are a sham—in which case nothing is done—or the privilege of parliament at Paris will develop itself into its natural consequences. Freedom of debate means publication of debates. The publication of debates means the liberty of the press, and the liberty of the press means that a nation dwells in a glass-house, very much to their own advantage and to the advantage of their neighbours. If Louis Napoleon is honestly backed by the support of the great French statesmen, who have declined all share in the administration of public affairs since the *coup d'état*, the parliamentary system may again be established in France. They have the experience of the Past before them. They have seen to what deplorable consequences the abuse of parliamentary privilege, and of the liberty of the press, led during the years 1830-48.—are they willing again to try the event? Whilst Louis Napoleon lives and reigns, France can scarcely be a constitutional country—that is to say, a country where the sovereign is a state-cypher, and the minister a creature of a parliamentary majority. But if Berryer, Thiers, Guizot, in their old age, and other considerable French statesmen who have been too long under eclipse, would lend the Emperor their assistance to build up once more a parliamentary system more in accordance with the genius of the French people than the one which degenerated so speedily into mere licentiousness of speech and writing, happy would the day be for France, and for Europe! It must not, however, be supposed that Louis Napoleon would tolerate any form of parliamentary government which would give to individuals, or to parties, the power of conspiring against his throne or dynasty, or of animating the country to any serious resistance to his authority. Should it ever come to this, there is a 2nd of December in the calendar of every year!

It has been suggested that a minor and secondary object which the French Emperor has in view is to obtain the sanction of a free Chamber, which should in some degree represent the country, to the measures which he may deem necessary for his own extrication from the Italian—mainly, from the Roman difficulty. There may be truth in this. An inference may fairly be drawn from the juxtaposition of events when such a man as Louis Napoleon is concerned. The position in which he is placed at Rome seems to us untenable

at the present moment, and the present moment is the one he has chosen for the summoning of a Chamber which may possess some claim to independent thought. He can scarcely, in the long run, persist in undoing at Rome, and in its immediate neighbourhood, the work which he did so well, and at the cost of so much French blood and treasure, in the north of Italy. He who has done so much to free the Italians from the Austrian yoke, must find himself but awkwardly placed if he remains one of the two great obstacles to the complete independence of the Peninsula. Arguing from the tortuous policy which he pursued with reference to Nice and Savoy, it has been supposed that he would never be brought to give his consent to the entire liberation from foreign influence, and to the consolidation of Italy as a strong and united kingdom, unless he were to obtain for France considerable territorial aggrandizement down about Genoa—in the island of Sardinia, or elsewhere; and no doubt both his past and present policy lay him open to such a suspicion. At the same time, it is difficult to suppose that a man who has shown himself possessed of so much foresight and prudence, should not discern that the inevitable result of such an acquisition of territory—so played for, and so won—would be that the cabinets of Europe would be drawn into a coalition against him, and that his isolation in Europe would be the price which he must pay for his gain of territory. Such a consideration might well give pause, even to a ruler of so firm a mind.

As the aspect of affairs stands at present, Louis Napoleon may still rest upon the friendship and alliance of England; and as long as France and England remained united, no French sovereign has ever yet been driven from his throne. Louis XVI. quarrelled with us about our American colonies;—his end—poor soul!—was tragical enough. Napoleon Bonaparte maintained a duel to the death with us for years—the end of his life was occupied in dictating the history of this contest at Longwood. Louis Philippe, after many years of ostentatious friendship, preferred the policy of Louis XIV. to that which had been the inspiration of his own common sense. He indulged himself in dreams of power in the Spanish Peninsula; and, as has been since pretty well ascertained, he was actually preparing for hostilities against this country when he was overtaken by the days of February. He invaded this country in person, landing one morning at Newhaven upon the Sussex coast. He died amongst us, and his children remain under the protection of our laws, and of our Government. We cannot conquer France; but it seems to be historically proved, that despite of all their expressions of national antipathy, the French people themselves will, in the long run, drive from power any one of their sovereigns who involves them in hostilities with the British Islands. The lessons of history are scarcely thrown away upon Louis Napoleon.

A true and cordial alliance with this country is to him a far better guarantee for the security of his dynasty, than an acquisition of territory which, if inconsiderable, would be of no great use to him, if considerable, would stir up against him

the jealousies and animosities of Europe, with England at their head.

The assent of a Chamber would be all important for the success of any measures which the French Emperor might deem it necessary to take for the evacuation of the Patrimony of St. Peter, and still more so, if he should have it in contemplation to bring about the secession of the Gallican Church from strict allegiance to the Roman See. The time chosen for so considerable a change in his policy as the restoration of free speech to the Chamber, coupled with the existing anomalies of his position at Rome, and with the annoyances he is now receiving from his own clergy, may lead one to the conclusion that he is about to invoke the assistance of the nation to help him out of the difficulty. But this is guess-work. We must see further into matters before we venture to accept the suggestion as more than a probable one. This summoning of the French Chamber—this tardy appeal to the French people, is certainly the most important event of LAST WEEK.

In all other respects the situation of affairs upon the continent of Europe remains unchanged. Cialdini has begun the bombardment of Gaëta, the young ex-King still lingers in the citadel, and the Pope remains at Rome. Hungary, indeed, by the latest accounts, is far more incensed than ever at the last attempt made by the Imperial Court to deprive her of the last rag of her liberties under the name of concession. The Hungarians refuse to pay the taxes, and the Austrians threaten to place the rebellious provinces at once in a state of siege, so that what between Hungary and Venetia, Francis Joseph seems to have business enough on hand for the ensuing winter and spring. But our domestic chronicles during the LAST WEEK have not been so devoid of interest as for some time past. We have had a *cause célèbre* in the trial of the cause Dent v. Denison, which was tried before Sir Cresswell Cresswell and a special jury down at Westminster last week. We have had a ludicrous attempt over in Ireland to galvanise the old Repeal Agitation into something like fresh vitality. Finally, in a letter from Lord Ebury to the Editor of the "Times," we have seen the discussion with reference to the best means of alleviating the miseries of our suffering Poor in London during the ensuing winter brought to a head. Of these three subjects the last is the only one of real importance—the other two only deserve to take their place amongst the follies of the day. A certain section of the Irish people, and more particularly a certain section of the Irish members, cannot be brought to understand why the patronage of the Treasury and of the Government is not more particularly exercised in their behalf, as in the good old days when Ireland was a source of serious uneasiness to British statesmen, and when Daniel O'Connell used to work up the Irish peasantry as fine raw material for his own political purposes. They have accordingly, under the chivalrous guidance of The O'Donoghue, sounded the first notes of a fresh Repeal Agitation. O'Connell, with all his gigantic aptitudes for the business he had taken in hand, miserably failed in carrying it

through. The glories of Smith O'Brien were eclipsed for ever in the cabbage-garden of Balin-garry; his colleague, O'Meagher of the Sword, having previously retired from the scene at Lime-rick under the influence of a nervous attack. The days have fled for ever when the Irish Brass Band in the House of Commons could command their price for silence as regularly as a troop of German musicians are accustomed to levy black-mail on a peaceful neighbourhood as the consideration for "moving on." Perhaps the death of John Sad-leir, a man who had a real head for political combinations, was the event which extinguished the last hope of the impudent political adventurers who trafficked in their country's name for their own personal advantage. John Sadleir might have organised an Irish Party which would have enabled him to deal with the Government face to face—but that hope perished one misty morning on Hampstead Heath, when the lifeless body of that keen-witted schemer was found by a passing labourer near where the donkeys usually stand.

There is little danger now to the country from the union of a Rump of Irish members in the Lower House, ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder. A political chief who had bargained for the support of such a band, would incur so much indignation from the country that his own lease of power would be brought to a speedy conclusion. The British Empire can no longer be governed by a combination between the representatives of a dozen, or even of a score, obscure Irish constituencies. Of Irish agitation there is an end, because it no longer represents a truth. If Irishmen, in the absence of any true grievances, should still remain of opinion that they do not enjoy that share in the government of the country to which they are entitled, they would do well to hold a conference with the First Minister of the British Crown—a countryman of their own—upon the point. Perhaps the abolition of the useless and vulgar pageantry in Dublin would be the best answer to this new cry. Lord Palmerston and his colleagues may justly congratulate themselves that they have held the balance with so even a hand in the administration of Irish affairs, that they have equally incurred the displeasure of the extreme Papist, and of the extreme Orange faction. A good word from either would have exposed them to the suspicion of the empire.

The story of Mr. Edmund Beckett Denison, and of his pertinacious fight for a legacy of 45,000*l.*, was certainly a curious episode in the intelligence of LAST WEEK. Here we find a gentleman of acknowledged ability and position, to say the least of it, so dead to all delicacy and propriety of feeling, that he absolutely prepared, with his own hand the draught of a will for the late Mr. Frederick Dent—the well-known watchmaker—added his own name as executor with full powers, leaving a blank for the insertion of the name of the residuary legatee. The name of Edmund Beckett Denison was subsequently inserted as such residuary legatee, and under the bequest—had it taken effect—he would have become entitled to the sum of 45,000*l.* The disposal of so large a sum in Mr. Denison's favour would have been to the

injury of Mr. Dent's own mother, and of others—his close relations. On the 1st of April Mr. Dent revoked the will, by causing it to be torn in his presence; and on the 25th of the same month he died. It was admitted that, on the 10th of March, Mr. Dent was of competent understanding to make a will. The question for the jury was, whether, on the 1st of April, he was equally of competent understanding to give directions for its destruction? The jury, after a very few minutes' consultation, found a verdict in favour of the plaintiff, Mrs. Dent, the mother of the deceased, and thus the family have not been despoiled of the property for the benefit of a stranger.

The third subject named is one which at the present season of the year is very properly attracting a large share of attention. As many of us as are blessed with the comforts of a cheerful fire-side, of warm clothing, and of abundant food, must not forget that in this huge town of London there are thousands and thousands of miserable creatures who are not so utterly and absolutely destitute that they will consent to apply for admission to the public workhouses, and who yet are suffering all but the extremities of human misery. Political Economy bids us leave such unfortunate persons to their fate—Humanity refuses to comply with the stern direction. Some persons are opposed to the granting of any relief save such as is doled out from the public funds; others, of softer feelings, are for giving almost indiscriminate relief. If we were absolutely compelled to make our election between the economists and the philanthropists, the more merciful course to the poor would probably be to cast in our lot even with the sternest devotees of the Poor Law. Should any such project as the one which has been talked about for the last few weeks ever take effect, it would do more to demoralise the poor of London, and to foster hot-beds of crime, than any which human ingenuity—misdirected—could devise. Let the vagabondism and idleness of the country once clearly understand that, here in London, food and shelter and warmth are to be found without labour, and the metropolis will soon be inundated with applicants for relief upon such easy terms. By all means let each of us give, and give freely, from our own abundance to the necessities of the poor whom we know to be deserving of such sympathy and assistance.

As soon as any one departs from this plain and obvious course of giving charitable aid *only* in cases which he knows to be deserving of relief, the chances are that he is doing not good, but harm, to the individual, and inflicting incalculable harm upon the community. It is not of course necessary that all of us, engaged as we are in occupations which exhaust all our energies, and absorb our whole attention, should convert ourselves into district visitors. That is clearly impossible; but at least, before giving alms, we can satisfy ourselves that each case brought before us has been investigated by persons on whose intelligence and firmness we can place reliance. For this purpose small associations, if associations there must be, are better than large ones. Where the area of inquiry is limited, the conclusions arrived at are more satisfactory.

LAST WEEK.

THE intelligence from China which was published in London on Saturday last was satisfactory enough in a political sense. The march upon Peking, and the military occupation of that great city, which had been represented by certain of our public men as enterprises most dangerous, and difficult of accomplishment, have been actually achieved. The Emperor of China has fled to the northward, and has left our negotiators to deal with the municipal authorities of Peking in place of his own ministers. This is much as though Queen Victoria had fled to the Scotch Highlands, and left the Lord Mayor of London to settle matters with the leaders of an invading force which had actually succeeded in taking possession of the metropolis of the British empire. This last subterfuge in action will be of as little avail, in the long run, as any of the diplomatic shifts and evasions which preceded it. It is the act of a debtor, who, instead of facing the importunity of his creditor, runs away; or, if not this, it is as though a man should commit suicide in order to evade the chances of a fight. It seems that the Allied Armies must be content to occupy Peking throughout the winter—but at least we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that this can scarcely prove Sebastopol over again. This time we are within—not without—the walls of the city. There is shelter. The ordinary measures which have been taken by the Chinese themselves for victualling Peking during the winter will also suffice for the French and English troops. There is food, and for the same reasons clothing is also to be procured upon the spot. Reinforcements of men and additional supplies of the munitions of war will no doubt be forwarded without delay to the scene of action. Although the stormy seas of the north of China will scarcely admit, during the winter season, of the presence of a naval force in those waters, the basis of operations upon the coast appears to have been secured, and the communication between the sea-board and the capital is easy, is open, and is short.

There is, however, a very painful drawback to the satisfaction with which this intelligence would otherwise have been received. Six of our countrymen have been captured, not in war, nor in the course of warlike operations, by the Chinese, and as yet the fate of two is unknown. As we are precluded by considerations of space from discussing this subject in our present number, we will defer all remark upon it until next week. Indeed, sorrow and indignation at the possible murder of Captain Anderson and Mr. De Norman (if we are to credit the story brought back by the Sikhs), and our apprehensions for the fate of Captain Brabazon and Mr. Bowlby, to say nothing of the miserable story of the captivity

of Mr. Parkes and Mr. Loch, would scarcely permit an Englishman as yet to speak of these Chinese matters in a calm and temperate spirit. The facts themselves are but half known, and, as communicated thus far, they leave us a prey to all manner of perplexities. Under what circumstances did our countrymen surrender to the Tartar brute who commands the Chinese armies? Were they together at the time, and were they separated afterwards? or were they captured by twos and threes, and, separated from the first, did they endure apart their indignities or their fate? Of Mr. Parkes and Mr. Loch it is said that they do not know where the rest of the captives were; but suppose them still to be with San-ko-lin-sin's army, and whether in or out of Peking was unknown to them. From this we are rather inclined to infer that the six English captives had lost sight of each other before Mr. Parkes made his appeal to the Tartar general. Mr. Parkes could speak the language of the enemy; he could urge at once, with the energy of a man pleading for dear life, all the considerations of policy which entitled him and his companions to humane treatment, if appeals to the honour of the Tartar ruffian to allow them to return were in vain. If Mr. Parkes failed signally—if the only answer was a treatment at once contumelious and cruel—what hopes may we cherish as to the treatment of those who had not Mr. Parkes's facilities, but were left to combat in hopeless silence against the obduracy of their captors? We are told that two of them succumbed at last to the exhaustion inflicted on them by insufficient food, by lacerating bonds, and other inhuman tortures. We are left to our imagination to infer what the latter may have been, and to picture two of our countrymen sinking slowly, perhaps by the most atrocious cruelties, almost in reach of our triumphant forces. There is, however, a bare possibility, to which the "Times" adverts, that even they may be still living, and that the Sikhs may have brought us back a lying report. As regards Captain Brabazon and Mr. Bowlby, apparently nothing whatever is known. There is no reason why *they* may not be still in captivity at some distance from Peking; or, better hope still, they may have been already released, and we may learn this welcome intelligence by the next mail. The interest which attaches to their particular fate is the greater, from the entire obscurity in which it is hidden, and we feel on their behalf a deeper anxiety, because we can entertain a more reasonable hope. Encouraged by the "Letters from Head-quarters" which are now publishing at the very moment we are closing our third volume, we are rejoiced to hope yet, with some confidence, that they may eat their Christmas dinner with their comrades in Peking.

LAST WEEK.

CHRISTMAS has come upon us with a severity and rigour which could scarcely have been looked for after our experience of the last quarter. For nine months of the year which is now at its last icy gasp we were playmates of the Patriarchs who lived in the flood-time; since then we have been indulging in dreams of an autumnal Arcadia. After what we had gone through—Pooh! pooh!—winter with its hearty frost, and its red holly-berries; with its skating school-boys, and rosy cheeked maidens,—all these were visions of the past.

There was to be no more Spring—no more Summer—no more Autumn—no more Winter—but a sort of 'slab' mixture of the seasons—a Hecate's cauldron of jumbled opposites of the thermometer and the barometer. Old Christmas has come notwithstanding—just as in the days when you, and I, and all of us, good friends, looked forward to his coming, as we have since done to this or that bauble or counter in the game of life. They were good times those—but not better than times since—not better than times now, if we will rid ourselves of mawkish sentimentality—not better than times to come for all who have striven, amidst much stumbling, to do their duty here below. We look back at the 'good old times'—times present will be the good old times a quarter of a century hence—and that we may be able to think of them as such when we grow old and grey, let us all just now make a store of kindly acts, and warm sympathies with our poorer fellow-creatures. The Alderman in his providence 'lays down' port—let us all 'lay down' a few dozens of good deeds this Christmas, and we shall see how richly the thought will smack in our mouths twenty years hence, when the memory of them is somewhat crusted, and they are tawny in the flasks of Time. Oh! for the beeswing in a well-spent life!

Let not all such thoughts evaporate in mere emotion. Christmas has come with its joys for the thousands, and its bitter, bitter trials for the millions. When we poke our fires, London is not warm—but, on the contrary, exceedingly cold. For this week it is not our intention to trouble our readers much with the intricacies of European politics, or what Pall Mall calls the eventualities of the coming Session. The human race is not always and necessarily occupied with Parliamentary Bills, nor even with making shrewd guesses at what is passing in the dark caverns of Louis Napoleon's skull. There is something in the Journal of Life, besides the leading article. Therefore, if there be a passage in the Chronicles of LAST WEEK over which we would linger, it is that description which has been given us of the homes of the rural Poor—illustrated as it has been by corresponding pictures of the destitution of London, and of our great cities.

There the evil is—what is to be done? Clearly promiscuous alms-giving is not the remedy—clearly one may be a subscriber to many societies, established on principles of the purest philanthropy, without much real benefit to anybody but the bland secretary and tidy matron. Fie, on this society work!—what slovenly Chris-

tianity it is!—what a lazy way of obtaining admission to Paradise as a Life Governor! What an easy thing it is to sign a cheque—what a difficult thing to get to the Heaven of good men! Yet would we not that our counsel should be given in mere empty phrases which do not point to definite action. Everyone who reads these lines knows well of a score, or of a dozen of his fellow-creatures to whom he might be of use if he would but give himself the trouble. We cannot furnish each of our friends with a list of her or his out-patients, but each of us has such a list printed in very efficient type upon his heart of hearts.

There is the old man who claims from us the tribute of respect—the old lady who is young again when the young honour her—the child craving for its frolic—and the poor starving creatures in the three-pair back, who would be happy with a blanket and a morsel of food. Can you fancy the "Pauper,"—that is the term of art,—who enjoys a well poked fire, as the late Lord Hertford would have enjoyed a *Suprême de l'olaille*? Let us who are able-bodied, and in the prime of our strength, see what can be done for each one of these needy classes, for that one of our fellow-creatures who craves but for a smile, as well as for him who asks but for a crust. Above all things let us avoid thinking of the neediest amongst them as of "cases." To be sure we are all "cases" in one sense, and the best among us is a very doubtful "case" indeed; but the jargon is unsafe; it savours of the work-house, and leads to hardness of heart. Once again we add, Old Father Christmas is here, not only with his jollities, but his terrors. When the faggots burn brightest, and the blue flame flickers clearest over that rich pudding which is so frequently concocted towards the latter end of the month of December—think of the Fleet stocking—think of the poor debtors for whom no puddings are boiled, for whom no crackling faggots give out their cheerful roar. Think, in short, at Christmas time of all who need sympathy and help!

And there are some amongst us just now who do need sympathy from every British heart. It had been our intention for this our LAST WEEK to make no reference to political or to public events, as thinking that for Christmas week in every year there was a pause in all such matters. But the memory of our fellow-countrymen basely betrayed and cruelly tortured to death by barbarian hands in China comes between us and the innocent mirth of these Christmas times. For some there is no hope—for some hope has flickered down to a small and vanishing point indeed. Had they perished in fair battle for their country's cause, we should have mourned them less, but still it would have been, as Englishmen say when they clench their teeth—"all right." But the thought of Anderson and De Norman so foully murdered—and we fear of Bowlby and Brabazon and their companions, whom we can scarce hope to see in life again, comes across one with a shudder. It is as though some one had stepped over one's own grave, as the old superstition is. Christmas has come to us all—save to the afflicted families of these our unfortunate countrymen. What can we do to succour them?